

THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCES

By CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR,

Author of "In Louisa County," "Mrs. Merriwether's Wedding," etc.

COMPLETE.



LIPPINCOTT'S

MARCH, 1899

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE
SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY

CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR,

AUTHOR OF "IN LOUISA COUNTY," "MRS. MERRIWETHER'S WEDDING," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1899.

THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I.

MRS. FORSYTH leaned back in her seat in the corner of the opera-box and looked up at the young man standing beside her.

"It is delightful to meet you again," she said warmly. "I haven't seen you since my wedding, in which you took such a prominent part."

"A prominent part?" said Trenham inquiringly.

"Oh, don't tell me you have forgotten all you did for us," said Mrs. Forsyth. "You surely recall that wretched misunderstanding that came so near separating us finally. Why, John and I have been remembering you in our prayers ever since,—whenever we remember to say them. We devoutly believe that but for you we would still be thinking all sorts of disagreeable things of each other and making ourselves very unpleasant to our friends."

"I remember that little misunderstanding, certainly," said Trenham, "but you overrate the value of my services. I was merely what the ministers call 'an humble instrument of grace' on that occasion. You and Mr. Forsyth were as certain to have made it up again and come together as—as——"

"The two halves of a pair of scissors?" she suggested.

Trenham laughed. "That simile did not occur to me," he said; "but if it strikes you as appropriate I have no fault to find with it."

"Well," continued Mrs. Forsyth, "it may be very commendable in you not to remember your own good deeds, but I can't say I am as much impressed by your forgetting the fact that a grateful couple

tendered you the proud post of best man at the wedding. That was an unheard-of innovation, you know, because you were not John's friend, but mine."

"Don't you think it is rather cruel of you," he replied, "to remind me how I was required to officiate at the funeral of my own hopes? I have been trying to forget that."

"I see you haven't forgotten how to make pretty speeches," she laughed back at him. "That sounds graceful even to one who has grown accustomed to the proverbial gallantries of Southern men."

"You flatter me. I could never hope to compete with them. I had even forgotten for the moment that your ears were used to such music. It seems so like old times to see you here that I am tempted to believe you have never been away."

"Yes, it is good to be back," she answered with a contented sigh. "Do you know any unhackneyed way of saying 'There's no place like home'?"

"Unfortunately, no. But I pardon the platitude for the sake of hearing you express the sentiment. Your friends can't help feeling a little jealous that you should come back to us looking so well and happy; so supremely contented with your lot; so entirely able to get along without us. We've all been singing, 'They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,' and here our 'Nelly Gray' comes back looking younger and handsomer than ever."

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "That is simply perfect," she said. "I haven't heard anything in Georgia that approaches it, and I have met the best the land affords. I always told you you were something of an exotic, you know; you don't smack of the soil in the least."

"Then I will make no more compliments. I will conceal my feelings. I am nothing if not a Northerner."

She laughed merrily. "There it is again. You surely are a changeling. If you had worn a soft hat and put your hand on your heart and said, 'Nothing if not a Georgian,' I could have believed you were a Confederate survivor but for your youth. You would find yourself upon your native heath if you would come home with me."

"I presume you mean that for a compliment," said Trenham, "so I will let it pass; but I never expect to endanger my life and liberty by venturing upon Southern soil."

"You are very wise," Mrs. Forsyth replied; "you would imperil both. I know several girls there whom it would be dangerous for you to meet."

"No doubt. But I do not think I should surrender utterly. The Southern type of beauty does not appeal to me. I like strong, helpful women,—women who are capable of holding their own in the world, who do not lean upon any one. I should like my wife to be my equal in all things."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Forsyth dryly, "then our girls would not suit you; they are taught to regard themselves as your superiors."

Trenham laughed. "I cry you mercy," he said. "I am always worsted in a tilt with you. And yet you might have spared me; you were not a Southern woman."

"I was not, but I believe I am growing to be. I like the people even more than I do the place, and it is the people, after all, who make the place."

"Do you find them very different from other people?" asked Trenham with interest. "I have a pet theory that the best people are alike the world over."

"That is true in a measure; and yet in an old, settled community like the one in which I live, where every one knows everybody else, and every third family is related, there is a good deal of local color. They have their own ways, their own customs, even their own fasts and feasts; they keep Christmas rather than the Fourth of July; and the women wear what is becoming without caring much if it is the fashion."

"They don't keep the Fourth of July? Do you mean they are still unreconstructed?"

"Oh, no. They are patriotic enough. But it is a matter of custom. The Fourth is in hot weather, when every one who is not out of town is doing nothing but trying to keep cool; and then the day has been appropriated by the negroes, and what they adopt the white people drop by tacit consent. I don't believe, for instance, that they stopped saying 'lady' and 'gentleman' because it was the fashion, but because the negroes borrowed the names and made them their own. My friend's little boy told her, when she asked him who was at the door, 'It isn't a white woman, mamma, it's a colored lady.' He had learned that from his nurse."

"Pray, don't stop," said Trenham, as she took up her opera-glass; "I am extremely interested."

"I have often tried to analyze the charm of the place," she resumed after a pause, "and I cannot. Sometimes I think it is because they are all like one big family. You have no idea how numerous and intricate are the relationships; how traditional friendships and inherited feuds regulate society. But the best of the people have a certain simplicity and old-fashioned unworldliness that is very beautiful. And there is a vein of romance in their character; you can fancy the men counting the world well lost for honor, and the women for love."

Trenham was regarding her attentively. "I think I can help you," he said. "At least I can offer a suggestion. I'll put it in the form of a question. How much of this 'nameless charm' is Georgia, and how much is John Forsyth?"

She blushed vividly. "That was hardly fair of you," she said.

"I am ready to cry quits, and to admit to an old friend in confidence that a good deal of it is John Forsyth."

She recalled this conversation distinctly, one morning during the following summer, when she encountered Trenham on the streets of the city where she lived.

She drove her cart up to the curbing and hailed him.

"So you have taken your life in your hands and come to Georgia?" she asked when they had shaken hands.

Trenham looked over his shoulder apprehensively before replying. "Ye-es," he said, "and so far I haven't seen a pistol or a bowie knife, but I have no doubt they are lying in wait for me somewhere."

"So long as you keep on this side the Savannah River you may escape," she advised gravely. "I wouldn't venture into South Carolina, though. There were two men shot in a little town there last week. They went to a party and misbehaved—drank too much, I believe. Anyhow, some one asked the host who killed them. 'Well, I don't know who killed them,' he drawled, 'but all the good people in the town shot at them.'"

Trenham laughed. "And you think all the good people would shoot at me?"

"They might if they knew your character. However, I'll offer you the shelter of my fortress while you are here. Get in and tell me where to drive for your bag."

"You are too kind," said Trenham, "but I leave to-morrow night, and I have an engagement with a man at my hotel this evening. It's the business that brought me, or I would shirk it with pleasure."

"Then spend to-morrow with us. We dine in the middle of the day, and we can show you something of the place after it gets cool in the evening."

"Then it does get cool here?" he inquired incredulously.

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "Well, cooler than this," with a glance down the broad asphalted street, above which the air was quivering in waves of intense heat.

"I don't know which has impressed me most," he continued, "the scorching heat of the streets, or the delicious coolness of the girls in white dresses. They wear the thinnest, softest, most ethereal gowns, and look like Niphetos roses."

Mrs. Forsyth brightened with pleasure. "Are they not pretty?" she asked.

"Beautiful! Even the ugly ones are pretty."

"But you haven't said you would spend to-morrow with us," she reminded him.

"Oh, that goes without saying. You know I couldn't resist the temptation. I'll come with pleasure, and I won't keep you here in this heat any longer."

She repeated the conversation to her husband when they met at

dinner. "I want to ask one of our prettiest girls to dine with him to-morrow," she said. "He was entirely too indifferent about Southern girls when I met him in New York. I want to give him a lesson. Whom shall I ask?"

Her husband reflected.

"As you have only one day for it, I think you had better ask Barbara Windford," he advised. "You know the old rhyme:

Blue eyes kill with many a pang,
But black eyes kill with a sudden bang."

His wife clapped her hands. "The very thing!" she said. "John, you are the most resourceful husband I ever had. You always have a valuable suggestion upon every subject, from the serving of a dinner to the wording of a letter of condolence. What a glorious couple they would make!" she added after a pause. "I wish they would fall in love with each other. Arthur is a charming fellow, even if he is the least bit conceited, and they seem almost made for each other; she is such an ideal brunette, and he looks like the sun-god, with that splendid yellow head of his."

Her husband's countenance fell. "Just hear yourself," he said. "And you swore to me you preferred dark men."

She came round the table and leaned on the back of his chair. "For myself, yes," she said with an affectionate little gesture, "but not for Barbara Windford."

II

MISS WINDFORD arrived early the next morning, as she had been warned to come, and her hostess met her with a wail of despair.

"I never was so glad to see any one in all my life," she began. "I am in the greatest trouble. My dear old cook, who was raised by John's mother, had a fall last night, and is suffering so that she can't leave her bed, and the incompetent I have in the kitchen doesn't even know how to cook rice."

"That's too bad," said the girl sympathetically. "But then Uncle Priam is such a splendid cook, he'll attend to everything. Mr. Forsyth's mother raised him too, didn't she? I remember hearing my father say what a delightful housekeeper she was; he said she made the most delicious biscuit he ever ate, and that Priam and old Aunt Dilsey were the only things she ever raised that were not light."

Mrs. Forsyth did not even attempt to smile. "Oh, if Priam were only here," she said, "I wouldn't hesitate to dine the Prince of Wales. But he has gone to his mother's funeral,—of all the days

in the year,—and as if that was not bad enough, my parlor maid came to me just after breakfast and asked leave to go for some medicine for her sick child; she said she would be back in fifteen minutes, and I haven't seen her since. I don't know what to think of it," she went on dolefully. "Usually I can pick good servants off of the trees."

Barbara took the anxious face between her cool palms. "My dear woman," she said, "have you forgotten that this is the Fourth of July? You won't see your maid till bedtime. I was so glad you asked me to dinner, for I doubt if we have any at all at home."

Mrs. Forsyth threw up her hands with the gesture of a tragedy queen. "The Fourth of July, and I had forgotten it!—I, a Northern woman, who prides herself upon her patriotism! It serves me right. If I forget thee, oh, Independence Day, let my cook forget her cunning and my housemaid cleave to the roof of her house."

"By all means," said Barbara, "that is exactly what they will do. Do you think your butler's mother is really dead?"

Mrs. Forsyth smiled. "I am sure of it," she asserted. "Very likely the Fourth has something to do with the haste with which they arranged the funeral. It was a temptation, of course, to have two celebrations the same day. But though the cook and the butler are both what you call 'settled,' the housemaid belongs to the new *régime*; I'd expect nothing better of her. At all events, I'll have to spend the day in the kitchen, and you must entertain Arthur. 'He's a lovely fellow, and I think you'll like him, but even if you don't you must talk to him so fast that he won't know I am out of the room, and if dinner is delayed, remember what Madame de Staël's servants used to say: 'Another story, madame; the roast hasn't come.'"

They were interrupted by the buzz of the electric bell, and Mrs. Forsyth herself admitted Trenham, looking more like the sun-god than ever in a suit of white linen.

Miss Windford advanced from the shadow of the darkened parlor and greeted him. Her voice was low: in contrast to his sharper accents and more exaggerated consonants, it sounded as if a more tuneful instrument had been touched by a more skilful hand.

Trenham held his breath to hear her, and when she ceased made haste to say something to make her speak again.

"What a lovely old house this is!" he said, with a glance at the high white ceilings with their heavy plaster cornices, and the white Corinthian columns that divided the room into two.

Mrs. Forsyth had left them upon the appearance of a dusky apparition in the doorway, and Barbara answered: "Yes, it was built by Mr. Forsyth's grandfather. It is one of our show places, and it is just as well you began by admiring it; I should have required it of you in the next few minutes. It was really very clever of you, and saved me the trouble of trying to bring it into the conversation with some show of relevancy. But I have been brought up to be-

lieve that Ya—that Northerners are naturally smart about everything.”

“You were going to say ‘Yankees,’” he said reproachfully.

“And if I was,” she answered boldly, “are you not proud of the name? I would be if I lived at the North.”

“Well, if you put it that way,” he admitted. “But I did not think you thought I would be proud of it.”

“And I was also brought up to believe that you did not care what people thought, so long as you enjoyed the approval of your own consciences.”

“I shall begin to wish you had been brought up differently, if you put me so in the wrong.”

“Or not brought up at all?” she suggested.

Trenham smiled. “No,” he said, “I won’t go as far as that; and since I think of it, I withdraw my objections to your rearing; this is a case where the end justifies the means.”

Barbara laughed merrily. “And you pretend to be a Yankee, —I will say it,—and pay compliments like that? That would have done credit to a South Carolinian.”

Trenham looked a trifle annoyed. “You and Mrs. Forsyth are determined to rate me above my merits,” he said a little stiffly.

“Mrs. Forsyth?”

“Yes. She accused me of talking like a Southerner.”

“Well, I should put it differently,” said Barbara, with the air of giving the matter her serious consideration. “I should say that a Southerner talks like you.”

Trenham laughed, with the effect of a complete surrender. “I was going to say,” he remarked, “that these rooms look so bare and cool without carpets or draperies. I never imagined anything so refreshing after the glare and heat outside.”

“Yes,” said Barbara, “we order up our carpets and call down our curtains by the middle of May. My idea of comfort in a summer room is to strip it of rugs and hangings until you can turn a hose in it with impunity.”

Her words were drowned in a sudden noise outside, and Trenham turned to her in surprise.

“It’s only the Fantastics,” she explained. “This is the Fourth of July, you know, and the negroes keep it by dressing in absurd costumes and blowing tin horns. They call themselves ‘Fantastics.’”

“The Fourth of July,” said Trenham reflectively. “So it is. I had forgotten it.”

He caught her eye as he made the admission and laughed. “And yet I am a Yankee,” he said. “I insist upon it, however appearances may be against me.”

“Mrs. Forsyth forgot it too,” said Barbara demurely. “I supposed you were all in the habit of observing the day at the North.

I thought I had read of it in the papers, but I must have been mistaken."

"We are not in the habit of being so charmingly entertained that we forget what day it is," replied Trenham, determined to have the last word.

They went to the window and, turning the wide, green slats in one of the closed blinds, looked out on the hot, dusty street. A troop of negro boys were passing, arrayed in long, trailing garments of bright-colored calico. They wore the most ludicrous masks, and enormous hoops, which tilted as they walked, exposing an inconsistent display of trousers and knee-pants beneath; and they beat upon tin cans, and blew long horns, until the air vibrated with the discord.

When Barbara and Trenham reached the window, they were chasing a well-dressed little ducky up the street.

Trenham uttered an exclamation of alarm and began to unfasten the shutter, but Barbara reassured him.

"There is no danger," she said. "They won't hurt him: it is just a joke."

The pursued turned a corner, and the motley procession tore after him as Trenham and Barbara turned back into the shaded room.

"It isn't very pleasant for a well-dressed person to be on the street to-day," she said. "I am glad they didn't meet you."

Trenham flushed. "Am I to regard that in the light of sarcasm?" he inquired with a glance at his white trousers.

"Not at all," she answered gravely. "It is quite in character for me to compliment you, is it not?"

"It is very delightful. I wish I were not afraid to tell you how I am captivated by the dresses the women wear here. That gown you have on,—I never saw anything like it. It looks like a white cloud with the wind fringing its edges. But there"—as her features relaxed in a smile,—*"I take it all back."*

An old Dutch clock standing in the hall struck two, and Barbara started forward.

"Mr. Trenham," she said impulsively, "I am going to take you into my confidence. Mrs. Forsyth's cook is sick, her butler is burying his mother, and her parlor maid has gone to see the Fantastics. Mr. Forsyth will be in directly, and the table isn't set for dinner. Suppose we do it for her?"

"With all my heart," said Trenham, jumping to his feet. "I haven't the faintest idea how you do it, but I can obey orders like a soldier."

"Well, first of all," said the girl, with a pretty little air of taking command, "I'll ask you to go out through that back piazza and cut some of the white roses you will see growing on a frame. There is a bed of ferns behind it, and you can bring some of them. We don't want anything but green and white."

He obeyed with alacrity, and presently returned with his hat full of blooms, his yellow hair curling in damp rings on his forehead, and his face flushed with the heat.

He turned the flowers out on the table and looked anxiously for her approval.

"How dreadful of you!" she said. "The stems are not two inches long."

"That's so," he admitted ruefully. "I never thought about that. I never cut a rose before in my life; but now I think of it, the florist always sends them with long stems."

"I don't care so much about the stems; the roses and ferns will be lovely in a shallow bowl, with a few scattered on the cloth. But I am so disappointed in you. I thought you would know intuitively how to do everything right."

Trenham laughed. "I only know how to do one thing," he said meekly.

"And what is that?" she innocently inquired.

He looked at her smiling. "I'm afraid to say."

They opened the table, and together they spread the cloth, Trenham watching her as she deftly smoothed the wrinkles, leaning with a graceful pose over the side of the table, and stretching out her bare arms, from which the loose sleeves fell away in soft folds.

If young women knew how becoming to their beauty are all the attitudes and poses that attend the most trifling domestic duties, and how infinitely charming they are in the eyes of men when fulfilling these homely tasks, the needle and the dust-brush would sometimes eclipse the bicycle, and we might see enacted the story of Penelope, who sat and spun while her lovers sued.

"I wonder how many courses she is going to have?" said Barbara, pausing meditatively, with her hands full of forks.

"She told me," suggested Trenham, "that she was going to give me an old-fashioned Southern dinner."

"Oh, well," said Barbara, brightening, "then it will be plain sailing. There will be, first of all, okra soup. Then the dinner, with a boiled ham at this end of the table, a dish of fried chicken at that, and a roast of lamb between. On the sides will be rice, corn, tomatoes, summer-squash, Guinea-squash, butter-beans, wax-beans, cucumbers, beets, onions, and——"

Trenham looked at her aghast. "All on the table at once?"

"Yes," nodded Barbara. "Then there will be peach ice-cream, and sweet wafers, and, finally, an iced watermelon, and coffee in the parlor."

"Not all that in the middle of the day?" persisted Trenham. "You are joking."

"I never was more serious. That is the genuine old-fashioned Southern dinner, with occasionally a young pig roasted whole."

Barbara went on placing her forks and spoons. Presently she held a glass to the light and gave it a skilful polish with a napkin.

"How well you do it," he commented admiringly. "Where did you learn all that? Is it part of the curriculum in fashionable Southern schools?"

"No," she responded, regarding her work critically, with her head on one side, "but you see we girls are so little advanced that we usually look forward to nothing better than getting married some day and keeping house ourselves, and we take an interest in such things."

"That is a very laudable ambition, I'm sure," said Trenham, smiling. "But don't you also look forward to keeping a butler or a maid?"

"That is as it may be," she answered. "But we would give these things our personal attention in any case. My mother was raised in Virginia, in the country, and she clings to all the old ideas. She has had the same cook for twenty-five years, but she rarely suffers a meal to come to her table without superintending the flavoring of each dish."

"What drudgery!" exclaimed Trenham. "How can she endure such menial tasks day after day and year after year?"

The young girl raised her eyes from the table and looked at him. "Menial?" she said slowly. "Is anything menial that a woman does for the pleasure and comfort of those she loves?"

His face flushed. "No," he said, after a pause. "I have never thought of it before, but I call it beautiful, womanly, divine!"

He fell into a thoughtful mood and watched her in silence, until she looked up suddenly and caught his glance.

"You are not helping me," she complained. "Don't tell me you are lazy! One by one you have shattered all my preconceived ideas about Yankees, but don't—don't destroy my most cherished belief that they are all energetic and industrious."

"Perhaps you will let me wait on the table?" he asked by way of rejoinder.

She shook her head dubiously. "I'm afraid you are not competent. Which side would you pass the dishes?"

"The right side, of course."

She made a gesture of despair. "You don't know how to do anything useful. You might as well have been born in South Carolina!"

"I meant the left side, of course," he corrected himself hastily. "I used 'right' in an ethical sense, not geographically."

III.

THE dinner was delightfully informal. The head of the table underwent frequent and sudden eclipses, and upon each return from the kitchen brought the most amusing accounts of how the strange cook was conducting herself there. She began by saying that it was really a question whether they would ever get anything to eat or not; and after repeated failures to have the dishes brought in, professed her intention of washing her hands of the whole matter.

Trenham claimed to have set the table himself without any assistance from Barbara, and taunted her with her failure to perform her share of the work with the same brilliant success that had attended his efforts.

They waited upon themselves and upon each other with the greatest good-humor, Trenham affecting to know where everything was, and professing to be perfectly at home in the silver drawer and the china pantry.

The Forsyths had the air of children who had run away from school, and were continually wondering what Priam would say if he could see the goings on.

"It would be as much as their lives are worth," Barbara explained to Trenham. "He is very strict with them. It was really pathetic to see Nellie trying to assert herself when she first began to keep house. Being a Northern woman, Priam naturally felt no respect for her ideas or methods, and it took him just one week to put her down. She has never rebelled since."

"How did he go about it?" asked Trenham with interest, while the Forsyths listened with the delighted air of people who are hearing themselves and their foibles entertainingly discussed.

"Oh, in a thousand little ways," Barbara answered. "For instance, I was spending a few days with Mrs. Forsyth during her husband's absence, and one day we came in from a drive and decided we would hurry up dinner and go to the *matinée*,—we had just time to swallow a mouthful to get there in time. So Nellie rang for Priam and commanded him to give us something to eat at once, no matter what, and to have as little ceremony about it as possible. The last clause of her order was fatal. Priam responded with all courtesy, and went calmly on, setting the dinner-table, and taking a fraction of a minute longer than usual to place each fork.

"Nellie watched him awhile, and then tried to help. She went to the drawer and got out a handful of knives and put them about the table. Priam followed her, took up one, looked at it critically, carried it to the window, rubbed at an imaginary spot with his napkin; then, affecting to find it past redemption, he gathered them all up and took them to the pantry and washed them."

"What did Mrs. Forsyth do then?" asked Trenham, with inward delight.

"She expostulated, of course, but it did no good. Priam replied, with dignity, that 'he wan' guine let de white folks eat offen dirty silver; dat wan' de way ole mis' raised him.' Then Nellie had recourse to a manœuvre. She went to the kitchen with the meat platters and vegetable dishes and implored Dilsey to bring in the dinner herself. Dilsey is a good, easy-going soul, and she complied; but Priam met her at the door and carried back each cover; emptied it, put the contents in a different dish, and then brought it in himself. He did all this with an air of the most obsequious attention, and with an effect of hurry and rush that fairly made your head swim; and all the time he was obstructing and delaying things until it was three-quarters of an hour before we sat down. If Nellie hadn't interfered we would, in the natural course of things, have had dinner in fifteen minutes, I'm sure."

"That's delicious," said Trenham, laughing. "I'm so sorry he's not in to-day; I should like so much to see him."

"There it is again, Nellie," said Forsyth dejectedly. "He wants to see Priam. None of your fellow-countrymen who come here ever care anything about us. They don't want to see anybody but darkies."

Trenham began a laughing disclaimer, but Forsyth cut him short.

"It's just as I say," he persisted. "That veneer of polite interest in us rubs off the moment you touch it. Nobody at the North ever took any interest in Southern literature until 'Uncle Remus' and 'Unc' Edinburg' became its heroes. The only thing they care for is local color; and local color in the South is black."

"For that matter," said Barbara, "nobody cares for any characters in fiction nowadays if they speak good English. When I pick up a Northern book, if the people don't say 'I want to know,' or 'Do you want I should?' I put it down at once; I know they are not worth reading about."

"While they were in glee and merry-making," as the nursery rhyme has it, they were suddenly brought low by the advent of Priam himself.

"I heerd yuh had comp'ny," he replied, *sotto voce*, in answer to his mistress's protest, "an' how dat triflin' nigger, Crecy, don gone off atter de Fantassics, an' I jes' pos'pone de funewil twell atter dinner."

"Yes," added Barbara, as the old darky withdrew, "and I'm sure his mother would have postponed dying if she had known how it would inconvenience Mrs. Forsyth."

She exchanged amused glances with Trenham when the old servant began to inspect the arrangement of the table. It was evident that he strongly disapproved of it. He brought a tray and brushed off the blossoms which Barbara had scattered on the cloth, as if he was under the impression that they were crumbs, and he ostentatiously rearranged each dish, even if he was obliged finally to return it to the exact figure in the damask from which he had moved it.

"It was easy enough for you to impose on an amateur like me," said Trenham to Barbara, during one of his exits, "but I see now that you really know nothing about setting a table."

"Now, Mr. Trenham," Mrs. Forsyth began, when dinner was over, "you can have your cigar and siesta in the library, while Barbara and I take our nap. I have ordered the cart at six, and Miss Windford shall show you 'the town and the things.' John, contrary to all precedent and expectation, has captured a client and dares not risk his escape, and I am exhausted by my culinary efforts. I know you will excuse us both."

But though he stretched himself at length on a lounge in the darkened room, Trenham did not sleep. It would be too much to say he did not dream, but only such visions came to him as his mood invited. Outside, the twitter of sparrows and the sounds of the street reached him as from a great distance. The heat grew more and more intense; after a time he threw off his coat and went and sat by a window and peered through the closed blinds. They commanded a view of a garden in the rear, where roses nodded their heads sleepily, as if they too felt the oppression of the sultry air.

As he looked, he fancied he could see Barbara's fingers busy with the blossoms he had brought her; he remembered the way she had said "an ole-fashioned Southe'n dinneh," with all the r's dropped out, and a musical lingering on the vowel sounds that dwelt in his ears like a song. He recalled the radiance of her face, its color deepening in her cheeks like the heart of a damask rose, and the witchery of her ever-changing eyes, and the sweet steadfastness of her mouth.

He crossed his arms on the deep window-sill and rested his chin upon them. The scent of the roses coming in at the window, the noise of the sparrows chattering amid the thick, leathery leaves of a magnolia-tree, and the soft touch of the sun-warmed air upon his face blended with his thoughts of her until he seemed to see and hear her as in a happy dream.

In the large brick kitchen out in the yard the strange cook was singing as she worked,—singing, it seemed to him, to drown the voice of the old butler, which he caught occasionally, between the bars, raised in protest and expostulation. But the house was utterly still, and the sounds from the street seemed hushed to a Sabbath calm. It was as if everything had gone to sleep for the pleasure of dreaming of Barbara.

Gradually, and almost before he was aware of it, a subtle change crept into the air. A little breeze began to lift the damp hair on his forehead. The room had grown darker, the drooping roses seemed to revive, and the shadow under the magnolia-tree lay long and dark. A door above him opened and shut; the murmur from the street swelled imperceptibly into a continuous noise; and pres-

ently old Priam appeared to say that his room was ready if he wished to refresh himself after his nap.

"What time is it?" asked Trenham.

"Hit's pushin' six o'clock," was the answer, "an' de kyart guine be hyeh 'bout dat time."

He followed the old man with alacrity, and presently found himself by Barbara's side in the high cart, her hands holding the reins with an easy sense of mastery over the spirited animal she drove, while the soft, full sleeve of her dress fluttered against his arm, and the exercise deepened the rich color in her face.

They ran the gauntlet of a late company of Fantastics at the start, and Trenham bit his lip as the horse reared and plunged; but the girl controlled him, after a brief struggle, and they went spinning down the densely shaded street.

The houses that had been so closely shuttered in the morning seemed to have wakened from an all-day slumber. Everything was thrown open to the breeze that had sprung up. White curtains fluttered to and fro at the windows, and each piazza had blossomed out with a cluster of women in light-colored, filmy gowns.

Trenham folded his arms and drank in the scene with silent enjoyment of its characteristic beauty. They passed other vehicles: he watched the girl as she steered between them, with a smile and a nod for the occupants of each, and sometimes a word, called back over her shoulder, in answer to their challenges.

"Do you know absolutely every one in the city?" he asked at length.

"I was born here," she said briefly, "and I've always lived here."

"Well," he objected, "but I was born in New York, and have lived there a great deal longer than you have lived anywhere, and yet I don't speak to as many people in a day as you have in the last ten minutes."

"New York is a much bigger place," she commented.

"It isn't that only," he said,—"it's an unsocial place. I feel the difference in the atmosphere. If I lived here a year, I'd know nearly every one too,—I feel it."

"Yes," she admitted, "I reckon you would."

"Mrs. Forsyth said you were all like one big family," he continued.

"Not only like, but we are," said Barbara. "I'm more or less related to nearly half the people we've met."

"What a full, generous way to live," he said enthusiastically. "I like it!"

He fell silent while she drove along a broad country road, lined on either side with bright, glossy vines, which she told him were Cherokee roses. "You should see them in the spring," she said, "when they are white with blooms."

She reined up presently, and pointed out to him at a little dis-

tance a spot that had been a famous duelling-ground. He laughed and told her how Mrs. Forsyth had tried to reassure him about the danger of his coming South.

"She promised to take care of me," he said; "but now that I am in sight of the very scene of such encounters, I must throw myself on your mercy and ask you to see that I get home safe and sound."

"I'll see that nobody hurts you," she said as she turned the horse's head towards home. "I'm quite satisfied from my observations this morning that you could never be trusted to take care of yourself."

And suddenly, as the horse, finding itself upon the homeward road, quickened his pace, Trenham realized that the evening was closing in; that after a brief hour or two he would have left this new-found paradise with all that it contained; and that in all human probability he would never see it again.

He began to count the moments he had to spend with the girl at his side, and to wonder feverishly how he could make the most of them.

"When I am gone," he thought, "she will forget all about me. She may be married before I ever see her again."

The idea filled him with such dismay that he could hardly respond to the merry talk with which she plied him, and he fell into fresh despair lest she should think him utterly stupid.

"I must do something,—say something," he reflected nervously, "to make her remember me. I must invent some excuse for staying or for coming back again. Why can't I fall out of this cart and break my leg? If I were a man in a book something like that would be sure to happen."

But nothing did happen, and when in the cool twilight they drew up in front of the Forsyths' door, he shut his teeth hard, with the feeling of one whose reprieve has all but expired.

"If you are not going to get supper for Mrs. Forsyth," he said at the door, "may I take you home?"

"If you do, who will bring you back again?" she asked teasingly. "I'm sure you cannot find the way alone."

"You might take me back and forth over the route until I learn it," he suggested.

They went down the centre of the broad, leafy street, whose four rows of trees met above them in a triple arch, green and dim, like the cloisters of an ancient abbey.

To Trenham it was an enchanted walk, and he would have prolonged it for miles, though he found little enough to say.

Barbara struggled to keep the conversation on its feet until they reached her gate, and there Trenham stopped. "May I come in for a moment?" he said.

"Certainly; I was just going to ask you."

The wide veranda was full of people. They were all relatives, it appeared from Barbara's introduction, and they made him at

home rather by a quiet air of taking him for granted than by any undue attention to him as an outside element.

He found a seat near Barbara's mother; it was wonderful to him to realize the tender interest he suddenly felt in her. He began telling her how Barbara had taught him to set a table, and what she had told him of her mother's skill and devotion as a housewife.

She colored faintly under his praise and put it aside, though not ungraciously. Presently he found himself telling her all about himself, and confiding to her certain tastes and ideas of which he seldom spoke. In thinking of it afterwards he wondered how he came to do it.

He could not recall that she had questioned him, but he had felt about her an atmosphere of sympathetic interest, in which he unconsciously unfolded, as a flower would open in the sun.

In the midst of his talk he realized that he was staying longer than he had intended, and rose somewhat hastily to go.

"Do you think you can find your way home?" Barbara asked as he said good-night.

He retorted that if she would take him to the gate and point out the way carefully he would attempt it alone, and she laughed and joined him on the broad, high steps.

"This is very good of you," he said with sudden seriousness when he had helped her down. "I could find my way here with my eyes shut from any quarter of the globe, I think. But I wanted to tell you why I invited myself into your house. I wanted to feel that I had been where you lived, that I knew your people; that I had even that slight claim upon your recollection. For you know nothing about me; you never heard of me before I came; you will forget me as soon as I am gone. But—I am coming back—and—and I think—you know why."

He caught his breath as the words escaped him; he had not meant to speak them. Without trusting himself to say more, he left her and hurried down the street.

IV.

ALL that night, while his train sped away to the North, Trenham thought of his parting words at the gate, and deplored his impetuous folly.

"After having lost my tongue for a whole afternoon," he thought with bitter self-derision, "to have found it, at the last, for such a silly speech as that!"

His face flushed in the darkness as he remembered the involuntary straightening of her figure and the catch in her breath as she listened.

"She was surprised and angry," he said to himself, "as she had every right to be. She will not forget it; I shall have my wish, no doubt of that; she will remember me as the most ill-mannered Yankee she ever saw."

He tried to divert his unpleasant thoughts by recalling her face, her laughter, the sound of her low voice, and the charm of her frank, easy bearing; but always, as he remembered her merry banter and the pleasant, cordial relation it had seemed to establish between them, he would reproach himself afresh. "She accepted me," he thought, "as Mrs. Forsyth's friend; she took me at her friend's valuation; and I rewarded her kindness by making love to her after a day's acquaintance." And so he went on calling himself hard names until the day began to shine in a narrow thread below the closely curtained window of his berth.

Mrs. Forsyth took advantage of the freshness of its early morning hours to "run over," as she expressed it, for a chat with Barbara.

As a matter of fact, she walked all the way with the utmost deliberation, keeping well in the shade of the trees; but the phrase gave an accidental and casual air to a visit which had been carefully planned for the purpose of finding out what Barbara thought of Arthur Trenham, and, incidentally, of thanking her for coming to the rescue so brilliantly the day before.

Her return home was even more leisurely, for the heat grew with the day's advance, and her conversation with the young girl had been far from satisfactory and gave her much food for thought.

"Something must have gone wrong," she told her husband as they sat on the pillared portico of the old house that evening, "and I can't find out what it was."

"I suppose you asked her," suggested Forsyth.

"Well, not in so many words," said his wife. "Barbara has a way at times of holding one at arm's length, and I couldn't get anything out of her."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips and turned and looked at her. "You couldn't!" he exclaimed, with an air of astonishment. "Well, who would have thought that Barbara's arms were so much longer than mine? They don't look at all out of proportion, and yet I've never been able to hold you at any distance where you couldn't get anything you wanted out of me."

"I could see very plainly," Mrs. Forsyth continued, disdaining his interruption, "that Arthur was completely captivated by her. He couldn't take his eyes from her face during dinner; and he helped himself three times to rice, though he didn't eat a mouthful of it; he didn't know what he was doing."

"I can't agree with you there," said her husband. "I think he knew very well. Did you happen to taste the rice?"

"No; wasn't it good?"

"I don't wish to make any unpleasant comments," he replied,

"but though Trenham may not have known what he was doing when he helped himself three times, he had his wits about him when he didn't eat it. It was boiled to mush; you couldn't tell one grain from another."

"I'm sorry it wasn't properly cooked," said Mrs. Forsyth, "but that made no difference to Arthur. Where he comes from they don't attach such vital importance to being able to count all the grains in a dish of rice as you do. I've seen it boiled in milk at his mother's house and served with sugar and cream, and Society went on as if nothing had happened,—though, of course, I don't expect a Georgian to believe that. But if the grains had been three feet apart," she went on, "it would all have been thrown away on Arthur. He had eyes for nothing but Barbara,—and I'm sure I don't blame him; she was the most ravishing creature in that little white muslin gown."

"I thought myself he was rather hard hit," said Forsyth. "You see, I'm familiar with the symptoms, having had the complaint myself."

His wife held out her hand to him in the shadow of one of the tall pillars.

"Yes, and I'd like to help him, John. We owe him a good turn, you know."

"I think you've made partial payment by introducing him to Barbara. Don't you think she likes him?"

"I thought she did yesterday, though you can't always tell about a girl, particularly one who has had as much attention as she has. Still, I thought things were going very well, and that with a little management it would all come out beautifully. But last night, when Arthur stopped here on his way to the train, after staying so long at the Windfords, he was evidently disturbed about something. I thought it was simply that he hated to go away, but evidently there's something else. Barbara was very stiff about him this morning; he must have done something to offend her. I wonder——" she stopped and, leaning forward, grasped her husband's hand tightly. "I have an idea. Arthur is the most impetuous fellow in the world. I've often told him he ought to have been a Southerner. I believe he said something when he went to say good-by."

"Most people do, don't they?" asked Forsyth dryly, "if it's only that they've had a pleasant day. I thought that was in a measure obligatory."

"Oh, you know what I mean," his wife protested. "He lost his head, said something tender and sentimental, and made her angry."

"Why should that make her mad?" asked Forsyth innocently. "I thought girls liked it."

"But he was such a stranger, you see; and, being a Northern man, she wouldn't expect it."

"Northern men are not expected to say tender things? Don't

they find it rather inconvenient at times? How do they go about proposing to a girl, for instance?"

"Well, you know," his wife explained, "they are not supposed to say them as soon or as much as Southern men."

"Oh, I see. We make love as you say we vote, 'early and often.'"

"I don't know about that," said his wife, laughing, "but you do it so delightfully, it is easy to believe you keep in practice."

"Well, you ought to be a judge, Nellie; you've had samples of both kinds."

Mrs. Forsyth was silent for a moment. Then, "If we were only not going abroad," she said.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Everything. If I were here I could in time find out what is the matter, and I could explain things to Barbara, and look after Arthur's interests, and see that she didn't fall in love with some one else before he has another chance. But with the ocean between us I can do nothing; and there's no telling what may happen in my absence; she may be engaged to some one else before I get back."

"Then you'll have to break the engagement," suggested Forsyth.

"I might if it was anybody but Barbara," his wife replied calmly. "But a promise is a promise with her. She's the truest, most loyal woman I ever knew. I really envy the man she marries."

"Well, if it's as bad as that," said her husband, rising and throwing away his cigar, "we'd better give up the trip. Shall I telegraph that we relinquish our staterooms?"

"Nonsense, John. You oughtn't to make fun of me. I really feel sorry for Arthur; he's such a nice fellow, and I can't forget all he did for us, even if you can."

"Who said I was forgetting it? Haven't I just proposed to stay at home and manage his love affair for him? What more can I do?"

His wife made no reply, and he went on: "But if you are so unfeeling as to insist on going to Europe at this critical point, I don't see anything for it but to take Barbara along. We can watch her pretty effectively that way. The greatest trouble will be on the ship. If there are any eligible young men on board it will be all we can do to keep them off; the circumstances at sea are so tremendously propitious, you know. But we can arrange to relieve each other on deck, and after we land it will be plain sailing,—if you'll pardon a mixed metaphor. Whenever we catch a foreigner looking at her," he continued with an air of serious reflection, "we have only to take the next train, or boat, or diligence, and go somewhere else; there's always somewhere else to go in Europe. It may interfere a little with our sight-seeing, but by giving our minds to it we can keep her affections intact for several months, I'm sure,—preserved for Trenham in hermetically sealed jars, as it were, you and I furnishing the sealing-wax."

His wife's attention had wandered during the latter part of his speech, but now she rose to her feet enthusiastically.

"John," she said, "you are inspired. That will be simply splendid. I wonder I didn't think of it. Just think what a chance it will give Arthur in New York."

"A chance in New York?" inquired Forsyth.

"Yes; he can meet us there, and show her all sorts of attentions before we sail, and then he has been everywhere, and knows all about guides and hotels and everything like that, and he can do so much for her pleasure while we are abroad; and maybe—maybe he will follow us."

"I see," said Forsyth. "So that, after all, the trip undertaken for my failing health and overwrought brain is to be a personally-conducted courtship. I think it would be simpler if we married them in New York, and let them come along on a wedding-tour. It would save a lot of trouble and anxiety."

Mrs. Forsyth paid no attention to him. "Come on," she said, holding out her hand. "Put on your hat. We've no time to lose; we must go and talk it over with the Windfords to-night. I'm sure they'll let her go. Mr. Windford will do anything for Barbara, and you must enlarge on the educating effect of foreign travel."

Soon after his return to New York Arthur Trenham received a letter from Mrs. Forsyth.

"John has been out of health for some time," she wrote, "and the client he captured the day you were with us was too great a shock, I suppose. Anyhow, the doctor very thoughtfully prescribes complete rest and change, so we are off for Europe on the Teutonic. We have persuaded Miss Windford to go with us, and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in New York. We sail on the twentieth."

And as he read this the young man tore his hair in impotent rage, for, as fate would have it, the letter had been forwarded to him at an out-of-the-way place where he had been called upon business, and by no possible means could he reach New York on the twentieth.

It seemed to him as he railed at fortune that he was losing the one chance of his life. His imagination suggested all the advantages which Mrs. Forsyth had foreseen. Here would have been his opportunity, he told himself, to retrieve the effect of his former blunder and restore his friendly footing with Barbara. He had a wild idea of chartering an engine and rushing madly through to Jersey City at whatever risk of life or limb; but in the end he was forced to content himself by sending Mrs. Forsyth a wordy telegram, explaining the situation and expressing his deep regret. He added a message for Miss Windford, and asked particularly for their itinerary. Then he sent a despatch to a florist and another to a confectioner, the result of which was that the two women found their state-rooms embowered with flowers, and laden with sweets enough for a voyage round the world.

There was a basket of white roses with very short stems for Barbara, for which she thanked him in a message in Mrs. Forsyth's letter, which was mailed at Liverpool upon their arrival. "Tell him," she said, "that I saw he had picked them himself, and I think it was so kind of him."

The letter gave a detailed account of their proposed journey and asked various questions about different routes, but it was the message from Barbara that he read again and again. She was no longer angry, then. Perhaps Mrs. Forsyth had undertaken his defence. His spirits rose with a bound, and his first impulse was to follow her on the next ship.

The thought of such a journey with Barbara for a companion was all but irresistible. The mere idea of wandering with her over Europe, of guiding her from mountain to lake-side, through palace and cathedral, set his heart to beating wildly.

But the recollections of his parting still brought a flush to his face. "Who can tell how far she has forgiven me?" he thought. "And would I not be certain to make a fool of myself again with such an opportunity as that? No, I dare not go,—at least not yet."

And then another idea occurred to him, and he rose and began to pace the floor rapidly, joyfully. If the seas divided him from the woman he loved, they separated her as well from other men; and he realized with a thrill that the situation gave him, after all, a certain advantage. He was familiar with their route; he knew what was to be seen and enjoyed at each stopping-place; he could follow her, though not in person; his care could go before her, throughout her journey, providing for her pleasure and literally strewing her path with roses.

He began to be in love with the idea. There was so much he could do to make her happy. He had friends in England who would be glad to receive any friends of his. There was Lumly, who had been his guest the year before and who had left New York weighted down with social indebtedness. He would let him know when they were in England, and Lumly would see that they had a good time. Then on the Continent he knew the best guides and all about the hotels. He paused in his walk, laughing softly to himself. He would woo her as no woman had ever been wooed before. She should hear his voice from over the seas; she should feel his presence across the continents.

And so it happened that his letters and his flowers met her wherever she came. He seemed to welcome her at every inn, to guide her through the streets of each city, and to share with her every view she enjoyed.

Mrs. Forsyth wrote him that they had begun to call him the "Marquis of Carabas."

"It is Mr. Trenham here, Mr. Trenham there," she said, "wher-

ever we go. Who is your 'Puss in Boots'? He's the most efficient servant I ever heard of."

He laughed when he read this letter. "The 'Marquis of Carabas,'" he thought. "Why not? If I remember the story, he marries the princess in the end. And as for a Puss in Boots, I shall have several. Mrs. Forsyth herself is a good one; and Lumly will be sure to see which way the wind blows and to do what he can."

During the months of their absence he lived a double life, and it was hard to say which was most real to him, the daily round of his business duties, or the journey he was making in imagination with Barbara.

"To-day," he would say to himself, "she is in Florence. I hope she found the white roses in her room when she reached the hotel."

"Or," he would think, "to-night she sleeps at Villeneuve." He had sent her a note, to be delivered with a basket of the earliest grapes, and a tiny volume of Mr. Howells's "Little Swiss Sojourn."

"Perhaps," he thought, "she may dip into the book while she rests in her room and read the things I marked for her. I wonder, will she laugh as I did at the description of 'Poppi,' the large house-dog, who in early life had intended to call himself Puppy, but he naturally pronounced it with a French accent."

"Maybe to-morrow she will look for the *pension* where Poppi lived; and perhaps I may find a place in her thoughts as she watches the '*bleu impossible*' of Lake Geneva."

He fell into the habit of whistling "My Heart's in the Highlands"; and sometimes he would stop in the street on his way to his office to laugh at the incongruity of it all. "If that man suspected," he would say to himself, "that at this moment I was showing a young girl through the gallery of the Vatican he would hardly entrust his valuable affairs to the care of such an unconfined lunatic."

One day he watched a little girl crossing an alley. She had stuck a wisp of straw in her hair; in her left hand she carried an old newspaper folded to imitate a fan; her right was bent at an angle that suggested an imaginary courtier upon whose arm she leaned.

She was talking to herself as she tossed her head and switched her short, shabby skirt from side to side with a haughty, disdainful air indescribably funny.

But Trenham did not laugh. "Poor child," he said; "she is living, as I am, in dreams and fancies, and mine may be no more real than hers."

He watched her for a moment, and then, calling her to him, gave her some money; whereat she stared stupidly, unable to realize the bewildering wealth that dropped into her hand, and then, closing her dirty little fist upon it, ran away without a word, lest he should find his mistake and take some of it back.

The travellers had reserved England for the last, and it was from

Cheswick, Lumly's country-seat, that Mrs. Forsyth wrote a letter bubbling over with grateful delight.

"They would positively take no denial," she said, "though I was so afraid they would; and here we are living,—actually living, by chapter and verse,—the pages of my favorite English novels. I've already become very accomplished. I can behead my egg with a single well-aimed blow and without winking an eye, even when I know the butler's are upon me. I can talk learnedly about the 'meet,' and tell everything disreputable I know about my relations without a blush; and I'm altogether so English that my own mother wouldn't know her wandering girl.

"But I'm having a dreadful time with Barbara. She constantly mortifies me by talking about 'checks' and 'trunks'; and she will say 'store' for 'shop,' and 'parlor' for 'drawing-room.' She wants her letters 'mailed' instead of 'posted'; and the other day she horrified me by asking Miss Lumly to translate the price of a bonnet she was describing into dollars and cents! I almost died of shame. Of course, the poor girl couldn't do it."

She inclosed a little note from Barbara full of graceful acknowledgment of his kindness, which Trenham carried about with him till it all but fell to pieces.

But the next steamer brought a letter from Lumly himself which gave him a sensation of a different kind.

"So far from lessening my indebtedness to you," wrote the Englishman, "I have enormously increased my obligation. It is a pleasure to know such people; the Forsyths are charming, and their young friend, Miss Windford, is the most beautiful and brilliant woman I have ever seen."

Suppose Lumly should fall in love with her? What a fool he had been not to have thought of that!

He tried to reassure himself by saying that Lumly was too hardened a veteran to surrender at this late day; his heart was a fortress that had withstood many a desperate siege. And then his mamma was on the field, and surely her generalship could be trusted to prevent his losing his heart to a dowerless American.

Ah, but when that American was Barbara!

There rose before him the picture of the ragged little girl tossing her head and flirting her skirts in the alley.

"Poor little thing!" he thought. "Perhaps she would be as sorry for me as I was for her if she only knew."

V.

"NELLIE," said Forsyth, coming into his wife's room at Cheswick one morning, "I don't like the look of things. This magnate with whom we're stopping is falling in love with Barbara."

His wife looked up at him, smiling. "They will do it," she said. "I'm sure I don't blame them."

"But, as I understand it, that's what we have come abroad to prevent."

"I thought we were travelling for your health," said his wife.

"I believe there was some such idea when the expedition set out," said Forsyth, "but that has got to be wholly secondary. We're now engaged in carrying Barbara Windford over Europe to keep her from falling in love with anybody but Arthur Trenham, and we are not attending to our business."

"If you expect to prevent people from falling in love with her, you ought to have engaged some other young woman for the trip. We can't help their falling in love with her, John; and we can't prevent her returning it. We've done all we can. I've sung Arthur's praises in her ears ever since we started; and I've kept up a breathless correspondence with him, though our letters consist of nothing but his messages to Barbara and her replies. I'm a mere transmitter. I might as well be a transatlantic telephone."

"But after having done all that, you are not going to break down now at the critical moment?" Forsyth expostulated. "Lumly's dead in love with the girl. Suppose she falls in love with him?"

"I think she has begun to," said his wife, turning to her dressing-table. "They are together all the time, and she seems to like it well enough. It would be a brilliant match for her. I don't think we ought to stand in her light. We owe something to her."

"Helen!" Her husband's voice was full of reproach. "Have you gone over to the enemy?"

"I don't call it going over to the enemy. Barbara ought to be considered as well as Arthur. What would her father think of us if we were the means of her losing such a chance? Think of Lumly's position and his prospective title; and look at that." She waved her hand toward the window by way of indicating the lordly estate which its view commanded.

"What has become of all your boasted patriotism?" retorted her husband. "I admit these Englishmen own the earth. The next time I'm born I shall make a point of being born an English lord; I may never get to heaven, but I'll make sure of that. But because Lumly has everything already, I don't see why we should conspire to give him one of our loveliest American girls for good measure. I'm for home industries every time. I want Barbara to marry an American. I made a concession in putting my money on

a Northern man for your sake and the man's, but I won't see her carried clean out of the country if I can help it."

His wife made no reply.

"Helen," he went on, "I believe you are in favor of Lumly. You would like to come over here and visit them when Barbara is mistress of this place."

"I wouldn't mind it," said his wife, arranging her hair before the glass. "Besides, it's not our fault. Arthur sent her here himself. We should never have heard of Cheswick if it hadn't been for him."

"Yes," said Forsyth with sudden heat, "and that's what makes it such a beastly shame. He was only thinking of her and her pleasure. He made Lumly invite us, and his generosity will lose him his sweetheart. I declare, when I think of the way that poor fellow has followed the girl with his flowers and his letters, how he has bribed guides, and bulldozed innkeepers, and all to make her journey resemble a queen's progress through one of her outlying provinces, it makes my blood boil. There he is at home, planning little surprises and pleasures for her; and as a result of it she will marry another man. We've got to take her away as soon as we can, and you must write to Trenham and give him a hint of the facts; if you don't, I will."

And when John Forsyth put his unaccustomed foot down in that way his wife lost no time in fulfilling his wishes.

"I tell Barbara," she wrote to Arthur, "that the Fourth of July we celebrate together has awakened all her latent patriotism. She flaunts the banner in the teeth of the British, and is American to the core. But it only seems to make her more irresistible in every one's eyes,—especially our host's. The Norman Conquest was nothing to hers; but I fear her victory is like Aurora's, in the Latin lines under Guido's picture,—which I never could translate; though the sense of them seemed to be that if she didn't hurry she would be vanquished herself. We have decided to return much sooner than we had intended, for I don't like the responsibility of an international love-affair on my hands."

"I'm sure that's plain enough," she said as she folded her letter; but if the subject needed further illumination it was amply furnished in another letter which reached him by the same mail, in which Lumly confided to him in so many words that he was hopelessly in love with his American guest.

He had always seemed to Trenham the most phlegmatic and stolid of Englishmen, and it had been a threadbare joke among Trenham's friends, when Lumly's face wore its habitual expression of sphinx-like repose, to implore him to be calm, and not to allow himself to lose his head and go to pieces like that. But here he was raving over Miss Windford's beauty, her cleverness, and the glimpses he had caught of the tender, womanly nature that lay beneath it all, until Trenham could hardly believe his senses.

"At my time of life," the letter said, "one cannot afford to wait. As soon as Miss Windford returns to the States I shall come over and ask you to add to your already too great kindness by introducing me to her father."

"He fancies Georgia is a suburb of New York," thought Trenham,—*"in the neighborhood of the High Bridge, probably."*

"I am going to rely entirely on you, my dear fellow," Lumly went on; "I'm so ignorant of your customs in these matters. What is that saying you have about a man who intends to stand for your Lower House?—'He puts himself in the hands of his friends'? Well, I've put myself in the hand of my friend, and I shall be guided by you in everything."

Trenham read the letter with a strange lump in his throat. What chance had he against so formidable a rival? Perhaps he did not set sufficient store by the Englishman's wealth and rank, though he knew only too well what they would mean to a woman; but the man himself, his talents, his character, the place he had won in the estimation of his countrymen,—these formed a prize which few women could resist.

And why had Lumly written that letter? Things were bad enough as they were; but to have his hands tied and his lips sealed by the fact that Lumly confided in him and relied upon him,—it was cruel, it was not to be borne.

He began a letter to the Englishman. He would tell him to look elsewhere for direction, that he too loved the girl: that before she ever came to Cheswick he had followed her in fancy from city to city, dreaming that his love could reach her across the ocean. But having written so much he stopped,—was he abject enough to beg for favor at the hands of his rival? What claim had he upon the girl that he should tell his friend to stand aside? If it came to that, was not Lumly's footing much surer than his?—for long as he had loved her, he had spent but one day in her presence, and she had been many days at Cheswick.

He tore the letter in two. There was nothing for it but to give Lumly his chance; to act fairly by him and to take the consequences.

He took out the little note she had written him,—it was the only note he had ever had from her,—and read it again, though he knew it by heart. It was a friendly little note, thanking him for his kindness, for the many pleasures he had given her; but it cut him like a knife, for every line reminded him that it was he who had sent her to Lumly's house, that he had himself to thank for the failure of all his hopes.

He met their steamer when it reached New York. He believed that he would know, as soon as he saw her, all that he dreaded to learn: her face would tell him if she had left her heart behind. He recalled a story he had read of Thomas Jefferson's wooing: how three suitors had met at Martha Skelton's door and agreed to go in

turn to ask her the momentous question; how Jefferson had gone first, and the others, waiting outside, began to hear the strains of his violin, accompanied by Martha's voice; and something in the song or the singing of it made them go quietly away, their questions answered.

It would be like that with him. The Englishman should ask first, but he could tell when he saw her what her answer would be.

She was standing on the deck, as he crossed the gang plank, looking towards the sea. He watched with a heavy heart the soft, warm glow on her cheek, and the tender, absent look in her eyes, as though her thoughts, like homing pigeons, were flying back to the spot where her happiness was left behind. It needed but the look on her face, he thought, to assure him that he had nothing to hope for.

Mrs. Forsyth was the first to see him, but the warmth of her greeting did not prevent his recognizing the constraint of Barbara's manner; and when the Forsyths judiciously left them together for a moment they stood in an awkward silence, until Trenham recovered himself sufficiently to ask some commonplace question about their passage.

"She need not be afraid of me," he said to himself, wounded by her coldness. But the next moment he told himself that it was much better so. If she were to treat him kindly, how could he be sure that he would not break the promise he had made himself with regard to Lumly? He had given the Englishman his word, though the latter did not know it, and her reserve only made it easier for him to keep it.

They were to make a short stay in New York, and, as usual, he had made every arrangement for their pleasure. But though he was constantly with them, he managed to avoid all the good-natured manœuvres that were made to throw the two young people together, until Forsyth lost all patience.

"I don't know what to make of the fellow," he said to his wife. "He began his courtship in a high-handed, aggressive way that excited all my awe and admiration. If your theory is correct, he made love to her the day he met her; and he has been following it up for more than two months, in spite of wind and weather and the Atlantic Ocean. But now that we've brought her back and given him his inning, he won't even come to the bat. I'm blest if I can understand him."

"Perhaps he's afraid of Lumly," said Mrs. Forsyth. "You know you made me write and tell him how things were going at Cheswick."

"That should only egg him on," said Forsyth. "I think the trouble must be with Barbara. She has been very quiet and offish ever since we landed. I don't think it's fair of her, after the way Trenham has behaved. She ought to give him a little encouragement."

"Do you want me to tell her so?" asked his wife.

"No; I can't trust you. I believe Lumly has given you a retainer of some sort. He'll be posting over here as soon as we get home, bag and baggage,—or 'lug and luggage,' I suppose he would say,—and if Trenham is going to get ahead of him he must do it now. I think I'll speak to her myself."

"You!" his wife exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes; I'm sure I have chances enough. Trenham always pairs off with you wherever we go, and leaves Barbara and me together. One would think I was courting the girl myself. I declare," he continued, thrusting his hands in his pockets and pacing the floor, "when this affair is finally settled, if it ever is settled, I'll have to go abroad again for nervous prostration. I've never gone through with anything so harrowing since my own courtship. I'd rather practise law any day."

He found his opportunity that very evening at the theatre. Barbara was seated first, and when Trenham stood aside for Forsyth to follow, he did so with more alacrity than usual.

"It will be a poor play," he said to himself, "if it doesn't give me a lift somewhere in what I want to say."

It happened to be rather a pathetic little story, in which the hero sacrifices so much for his sweetheart that in the end he seemed to have lost the right to ask her hand, when she very generously, though modestly, saved the situation by offering it to him herself.

Forsyth was warm in his encomiums of her, and Barbara took issue with him.

"It's all very well on the stage," she said. "People can do such things in plays; they are obliged to, in fact, to make them turn out well. I've noticed that the characters in good novels will go any lengths to make the story end the right way. It's great comfort sometimes, when the hero and heroine are having a particularly hard time, to remember that they are in a book, and that everything is obliged to be for the best. I've wished sometimes that I were in a book myself." She ended with a little sigh.

"In a book or out of it," said Forsyth with conviction, "I approve of that girl. Men have some rights that should be respected, even when they are in love. They should not be required to grovel in the dust before a woman without some little sign of her favor."

"I don't call it 'grovelling in the dust,'" said Barbara with spirit. "If I were a man and loved a good woman, I should think that it ennobled me. I should be as proud to let every one see it as I would a Victoria Cross or any other distinction I had won."

"And you think a woman should be ashamed of loving a good man and letting him know it?"

"Yes, before he asked her; and you think so too," she added.

"But there is more than one way of asking," said Forsyth. "When a man has shown by his every act that he fairly worships a

woman, I think, if she is noble and generous, she will let him see that she returns it, even if he hasn't said, 'Will you marry me?'

"But why should he stop short of saying it if he has done everything else?"

"Oh, no man likes a downright rejection, and I cannot understand how any good woman would enjoy giving it. You women lay so much stress on a mere formality of words. Any man can say them, whether he is in earnest or not; the less in earnest he is, the glibber he is with his tongue. But to tell a woman that you love her by what you do for her, by the things you sacrifice for her, that's what can't be counterfeited."

"If I were a man," said Barbara slowly, "and cared for a woman, I couldn't rest until I had told her in deeds and words too."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Forsyth. "It's not so easy to propose as you think. I've no doubt," he went on, laughing at her confusion, "that you've heard it done so often that you think it's easy. But every one of those poor fellows to whom you've given the mitten has shown more real courage in giving you the chance than would have been required to charge a regiment. That is, if they really meant it," he added mischievously. "And in your case I suppose it's reasonable to conclude that they did. Do you think my knees didn't knock together when I asked Nellie?" he went on. "I sat on a tufted chair in her mother's parlor, and there wasn't a button left on it when I got through. I had twisted them all off. I sometimes wonder that Mrs. Windford has any furniture in her drawing-room that's fit to be seen."

"We are degenerating into personalities," said Barbara with a poor attempt at dignity. "I was discussing the matter in the abstract."

"That's just what I want to degenerate into," said Forsyth. He glanced at the stage, where the actors were grouping themselves for the final tableau, and went on hurriedly. "There's that poor fellow over there who is eating his heart out for you. He has shown his devotion so that all the world could see; he has taken every guide and innkeeper on the Continent into his confidence, and proclaimed it from city to city. And after letting him lay his heart at your feet for you to trample on, you humiliate him by your reserve, your coldness. A man has some delicacy, though you don't give him credit for it. There is a point beyond which he can't go without loss of self-respect. He belittles himself in your eyes if he is too persistent."

The curtain fell, the audience rose, and Forsyth held out his hand for her wrap. He bent forward as he put it round her, his lips close to her ear. "Be a little kind to him, Barbara," he whispered. "He deserves it. It is more generous, more womanly, more worthy of you."

VI.

BARBARA came away from the theatre like Beatrice, "with fire in her ears." She was shocked to learn that the Forsyths had been discussing her and her most intimate thoughts together; for she at once decided that Mrs. Forsyth must have furnished the text for her husband's sermon.

When they reached the hotel she bade them all a hasty good-night, with the feeling that she could neither meet her friend's eyes nor speak to Trenham in their presence without embarrassment. But once alone in her room, with only her own thoughts for company, they suddenly seemed as much to be dreaded as the faces of her friends.

She had never been given to introspection; her life had been too full and her nature too unconscious for such employment, and she shrank from the task of self-analysis which Forsyth's words had set for her.

"It was too bad of Nellie," she said to herself, "to talk me over with her husband. I don't think it was either delicate or kind in her."

But though she reproached her friend, there remained Forsyth's words to be dealt with. She rose from her chair and began to busy herself about her dressing-table, laying away with dainty care the garments she had worn, and soothing out bits of ribbon and lace, with an almost bashful desire to postpone the moment when she must take counsel with herself.

She had been conscious of the constraint that had grown up between Trenham and herself. At first it had been only the inevitable consequence of their peculiar relation. Even friends of long standing are aware of a certain shyness in meeting each other after a lengthy separation; and Barbara was intensely embarrassed in her first meeting with Trenham by her consciousness of the fact that, knowing each other so slightly, they had during her absence grown so intimate.

Trenham would have understood it and probably experienced the same sense of awkwardness himself had he not been so preoccupied by his desire to learn how Lumly stood in her affections. As it was, he looked upon her natural shyness as an evidence that she was interested in the Englishman and desired to see as little as possible of his rival.

The constraint between them had very naturally increased, and Barbara had not been altogether sorry. With most young girls the idea of love is sweeter than love itself, and if she had seemed to be walking in a dream she was not ready to waken, even to the reality of her vision.

There had been nothing in all her career as an acknowledged queen of the society in which she moved that had won her as had

the exquisite way in which Trenham had shown his devotion. She had felt like the heroine of a fairy tale who is served by intangible fingers and wooed by an invisible lover, and she was loath to exchange this beautiful, impersonal homage for an outspoken affection which would compel some other recognition from her than the passive acceptance she had hitherto rendered.

But Forsyth had startled her with a different point of view; he had shown her her attitude as one of selfish exaction; and she was as much astonished to recognize herself in that unamiable light as she would have been had she looked in her glass and seen her hair turn white, and her smooth, soft skin pucker into ugly wrinkles. For she could hardly remember the time when, as girl or woman, she had not received the devotion of the other sex as something to which she was entitled in the nature of things, and which placed her under no corresponding obligation.

As a matter of fact, she had not taken her suitors very seriously. Her life had been spent in a community where the young are largely undisturbed in the conduct of their love affairs, where engagements are not announced until the wedding invitations have been ordered, where no young man is ever asked his intentions, and the mutual fancies of youths and maidens are regarded as things to be expected and gotten over, like whooping-cough and measles or the teething of young infants. She had been so independent of her many admirers that, whether they came or went, her serenity was undisturbed.

But there was much in her temperament and education to give weight to Forsyth's words. She had been reared in a family of brothers who had made her their companion and taught her their own sturdy ideas of honor and integrity. (She knew how to keep a promise to the letter;) she had learned to love fair play and to recognize and respect the rights of others. It was to these traits in her character that Forsyth had appealed with more force than he realized, and that night, when her room had been wrought into exquisite order and there was nothing left for her hands to do, she sat down with the conviction that she was a very selfish and heartless young woman; that it was her duty to stretch out a helping hand to Trenham; that, in the language of what she called her "boyhood days," he was not being "treated fair."

If her own feeling for him helped her in reaching this very creditable conclusion, it was of no assistance in deciding just how the helping hand should be held out. She felt her cheeks burn at the mere idea of going out of her way to encourage him. It had been very sweet to receive his homage as a gift for which no recompense was required; but how could she bring herself to offer, however distantly, the payment he had not asked?

But then Forsyth's words would recur to her and rouse all her pity for her dejected lover.

Why could not things go on as they had been? she said to herself. Why must she meet these agitating questions?

She went to bed with the problem unsolved, and the morning found her still battling with the pride of a woman's heart, which may be conquered and taken by storm, but will not surrender to a siege.

With the morning her dread of facing Forsyth or Nellie returned. Suppose he should by word or look reopen the subject? Suppose his wife should ask her what he had said? She found herself looking upon Trenham as a relief from these terrors. He had not been talking her over with any one; he would not know what Forsyth had said to her; and she turned to him as to a refuge in distress, with a delightful feeling of being glad to be safe with him from everything that could disturb or annoy her.

Trenham was in the habit of acting as cicerone to the party. When the four set out that morning she joined him quite naturally, letting the Forsyths follow them a step or two behind, and she began at once to talk to him in the cordial, friendly tone she had not used since her return.

They had a great deal to say to one another. That is always supposed to be the case when two people are in love, though as a matter of fact under those circumstances they usually say very little.

But Barbara and Trenham did not have the important aid to conversation which a mutual affection is presumed to supply, for Barbara had by no means admitted to herself that she cared for him, and he, on his part, had fully decided that she was in love with some one else.

Fortunately, however, they did not need any such stimulus; they had very much in common; and there was an all but inexhaustible mine of interesting and suggestive topics in the journey she had taken under his direction.

"Do you know," she began, "I think I saw Poppi at Villeneuve."

"Did you?" he exclaimed. "That is a remarkable coincidence, for I picked him out myself when I was there last fall."

"I wonder if we both saw the same dog?" said Barbara with interest.

"What was your dog like?" asked Trenham, drawing down the corners of his mouth with suspicious gravity.

"He was large and shaggy," began Barbara.

"The very dog," broke in Trenham; but Barbara, instead of going on with her inventory, looked in his face and laughed.

"Yes," she said. "'Very like a whale.' You shall describe your dog first. I see I can't trust you. We neither of us had anything to go upon, you know. Mr. Howells merely called him a large house-dog, and no matter how I catalogue the one I saw, I believe you are capable of claiming that you picked out the same dog.'"

"To prove how basely you misjudge me," Trenham began with an injured air, "I'll show you documentary evidence of my innocence."

He drew a note-book from his pocket and took from it a loose leaf on which was sketched a bit of a Villeneuve street, with a large though very infirm-looking dog in the foreground. He had the look of a St. Bernard, though with probably much less than sixteen quarterings on his ancestral shield, if he had one.

Barbara took the sketch and uttered a little cry of surprise. "The very dog," she said. "Is he a tawny yellow, with white feet and neck?"

"Yes," said Trenham breathlessly. "Did you really see him?"

As a matter of fact, he had intended to commit the very subterfuge of which Barbara accused him; whatever dog she described he had proposed to claim as his own Poppi. But the little sketch was one he had made the previous year. He had meant to slip it between the leaves of the copy of the "Little Swiss Sojourn" he had sent her, but for some reason he had not done it, and it had lain in his pocket-book ever since.

They were both of them unduly elated over the little coincidence. It seemed all at once to bridge the constraint of the past few days, and to put them on the intimate footing they had enjoyed during her absence through Mrs. Forsyth's telephonic correspondence.

"You can see from his walk that he suffers from rheumatism," said Barbara, looking critically at the picture, "and he seems to be peering round that corner for the neighbor's dog at this moment. Of course, it can't be Mr. Howells's dog really," she continued regretfully. "He was an old dog when Mr. Howells wrote about him; but our dog must be a near relation."

"He might be Howells's dog," said Trenham. "Some dogs live to a great age, you know. There was Argus, for instance. Ulysses was gone for twenty years, and yet the dog was alive and knew him on his return."

Barbara shook her head dubiously. "I'm afraid that dogs must have had better constitutions in Homer's time," she said. "Still, we'll give our Poppi the benefit of the doubt."

She repeated the little pronoun "our" as if she liked to use it, and Trenham listened with delight.

"May I keep his picture?" she asked.

"I intended it for you," he said by way of reply. "It dropped out of the book in some way, and I found it afterwards."

She thanked him with a little return of her former shyness, but this time it was without any of the coldness that Trenham had felt before; and he began to find himself carried off his feet in an intoxication of pleasure at being by her side; at hearing her speak to him as he had dreamed she would speak during the weeks of her absence.

"It is a great relief to talk with you," she said when she had folded the little slip and put it carefully away in her purse. "You know I'm such a provincial that this journey was a great eye-opener to me. I had never been anywhere before, and I have to hold myself well in hand to keep from talking about it all the time. You know the story of the minister whose congregation sent him to the Holy Land?"

"What was it?" said Trenham mendaciously. He had heard it before, but he had never heard her tell it.

"Oh, he preached about it so constantly that his parish waited on him through a committee and asked him to stop. It was a great cross, but he consented, and made no reference to it on the following Sunday morning till he came to the prayer at the end of his sermon; and then he could contain himself no longer, and began, 'Lord, Thou knowest, when I was in Palestine.' I can sympathize with the old clergyman," she continued. "I find myself driven almost to making it a subject of prayer."

Trenham laughed heartily; he was ready to laugh at anything.

"And why is it a relief to talk to me?" he asked, reminding her of the charming statement with which she had begun the discussion.

"I feel as if you had been with us," she said, "and, of course, I can discuss it with you without being accused of affectation."

They hailed a passing street-car, and Trenham, leading the way, left two vacant seats near the door for the Forsyths, and conducted Barbara to a single one at the other end of the car, where he suspended himself from a strap in front of her. He would run no risk of any interruption to this delightful talk.

"You have told me nothing of your journey," he said, picking up the thread of their conversation, which he had held carefully in mind. "What did you like best?"

"What I saw last," she answered.

His face suddenly clouded. "You are right," he said; "Cheswick is a beautiful place."

His whole manner had undergone a change, and something in his face brought Forsyth's words to her with irresistible force. She felt such a flood of pity for him and reproach for herself that she was capable of any sacrifice of maidenly reserve to comfort him.

Not that she suspected the cause of the sudden change. She had not been ready to attach importance to Lumly's attentions to herself,—all men were attentive to her,—and if his devotion had been too marked for her to misunderstand it, it did not occur to her that Trenham knew anything about it. How should he, with the ocean between them?

"It is the loveliest place," she answered warmly, "the most beautiful home I ever saw. But I did not mean that exactly."

"What did you mean?" asked Trenham, looking past her out of the window.

"Nothing but the usual trite saying. Each place we visited was most beautiful to my unaccustomed eyes till we saw the next."

The conversation flagged after that. They had suddenly become self-conscious; Barbara, through her pity for him, her intense desire to dispel the miserable expression she saw in his face; and Trenham, because he realized that the sweetness of the moment was a forbidden joy, one that he must pay for after a while. For the tone in which she had spoken of Cheswick as a home had brought back the full consciousness of something he had been in danger of forgetting a moment ago.

They left the car a block or two from the hall where the Art Loan they were going to see was on exhibition. Barbara still walked by his side, though he made no effort to keep her there. They said nothing till they reached the room where the pictures were hung, and there, when the Forsyths had manoeuvred to leave them together, Trenham opened a catalogue and began explaining the pictures to her, calling her attention to this or that with the preoccupied air of a professional guide.

She grew more and more unhappy over his changed manner. She no longer heard what he said, nor saw the pictures he was showing her; and at last she broke out, with the least little tremor in her voice, "I believe I am tired. Can we not go and sit down on that bench?"

He glanced at her sharply. "Is anything the matter?" he said. "Shall I call Mrs. Forsyth?"

"Oh, no, no," she protested. "Please don't call her. Let us sit there and talk. I don't really care about the pictures. I've seen so many, you know."

He looked at her again with manifest anxiety. "I'm afraid you are not well," he said. "Please let me do something for you."

His voice was full of entreaty, but it only added to her self-reproach. She had been indifferent enough, she thought, to his happiness, so long as she herself was pleased and content; but he was ready in a moment, at the least sign from her, to show the most intense concern for her welfare.

"I am perfectly well," she replied; "I am only too well; for I think one has to endure some deprivations to teach one to be careful of others; and I have been thinking how little I have done or said to show my appreciation of all your kindness during my journey. I never imagined anything so——"

"Don't thank me," he interrupted. Her tone and her air of discharging a neglected duty was more than he could stand. "I only did what I liked doing. It wasn't worth your thanks. We were speaking of Cheswick," he went on, with a palpable attempt to change the conversation. "I fancy you have thought of it very often since your return. Indeed, I thought you were regretting it, the day the ship came in, when I saw you standing on the deck look-

ing out to sea." He stopped and bit his lip with chagrin. That he should have allowed himself to say such a thing!

But Barbara was quick to feel the tone in which he had spoken. She saw that she had only wounded him, and she answered impulsively,—"You shall not say such things. It was worth much more than thanks; and if I have seemed neglectful, it was because—because—it hardly seemed necessary to say anything. As I said, I felt as if you were with us wherever we went. I seemed to know you much better in Europe than I do in America; and when I was standing on the deck, looking out to sea, I was not regretting Cheswick nor anything I had left behind, but the friend whom I suddenly seemed to have lost in coming home."

She stopped, aghast at herself, and glanced at him shyly, but his face was turned from her, and she could not see the expression that lighted his eyes until he turned towards her abruptly: "Don't say that unless you mean it," he cried. "For Heaven's sake, don't play with me!"

And then her resolution failed her; she felt her cheeks blaze, and, in spite of herself, her eyes fell before his.

But Trenham was swept off his feet; his head swam. "Barbara!" he said, in a voice that vibrated like a smitten chord; and then, all at once, he remembered Lumly.

His heart was beating tumultuously. It seemed to him that he could feel it striking against the Englishman's letter as it lay in his pocket,—reminding him, warning him, before it was too late, before he had betrayed the friend who had confided in him.

He rose to his feet, passing his hand across his eyes. He hardly knew what he did, so hard was he beset by the temptation before him. His one impulse was to get away while he could, before he had thrown friendship, honor, everything, to the winds.

"I see Mrs. Forsyth in the other room," he said. "I think she is looking for us. Shall we go to her?"

The girl gave him a startled glance. His words, his manner, seemed to say that, after all, he had thought better of it, and he did not care to continue the subject.

If she had been the man and he the woman, one would have thought that he had taken this ungentle means of being rid of a too persistent suitor.

But while her face crimsoned, as all this passed through her mind, the girl rose instantly to her feet.

"Certainly," she said. "It must be nearly time for luncheon."

VII.

BARBARA was quite herself when they reached the Forsyths, but Trenham's brain was still in a whirl. The sudden change in her tone and manner had brought him to himself, much as a dash of cold water would restore a fainting man to consciousness. He felt dazed, and could not tell where he was.

"I began to feel very tired," Barbara explained to Mrs. Forsyth, "but I think it must have been more hunger than fatigue. Isn't it time for luncheon?"

Forsyth showed her his watch. "Luncheon, indeed!" he expostulated. "It is just eleven. Is this the result of all the art lectures I have delivered to you, Miss Windford? Is this the outcome of the æsthetic training of the past two months, that the first sight you get of a really good picture you are instantly reminded of luncheon?"

"The outcome of a two months' tour with you," she retorted, "is that I have no confidence whatever in your watch."

But when they all backed him up by a comparison of time-pieces, she said that she was always open to conviction; that she no longer felt the least hunger, since she had learned that the emotion was so inopportune; and she began to ask questions about the pictures, and to display the liveliest interest in learning all about them. She made no effort to avoid Trenham nor to alter the friendly tone of their intercourse. Through all the long day she managed to keep up appearances. No one should suspect—Trenham least of all—that she attached any importance to the little scene at the picture gallery.

But when she had gone to her room for the night and the door was securely fastened she hid her face in her hands and sobbed,—silent, choking sobs, such as a hurt child might utter.

And she was still young enough to suffer as a child suffers, with a grief that seems eternal, hopeless.

After a time she raised her head, a wan little smile passing over her face. "If any man I ever refused has suffered as I do now, I am sorry for him," she said.

For that was the way she put it to herself. She had been rejected,—jilted. Trenham had deliberately played with her; he had pretended to be in love with her until he had brought her to the point of showing him that she cared for him, and then he had deliberately thrown her over.

"I might have known," she said in cold self-contempt, "that he was only amusing himself. It was a feather in his cap, no doubt, to flirt with a Southern girl,—the first one he met, in fact. For all I know, he may have laid a wager on his success. I have heard of such things."

Her self-upbraiding was out of all proportion to the occasion.

There had been nothing forward or unmaidenly in the little speech which she had tried to make so kind, which she had blushed in uttering. But her sobs broke out afresh—bitter, uncontrollable—at every recollection of it; for there was one thing that she would not say to herself, which lay at the bottom of her wretchedness,—the fact that when she had spoken those reluctant sentences she had realized that she wanted to speak, that she was glad of an excuse to lead him on to say that he loved her.

She tried to deny this to herself, to assert that she was actuated solely by Forsyth's appeal to her sense of justice; but her nature was too open, too direct for her to reason the fact out of existence. She hated him now with an intensity that surprised herself, but there had been a moment when she had known that she loved him.

With the intolerance of youth, she would not spare herself one thrust of her own disdain. She reviewed their whole acquaintance in the light of her new theory, finding at every step fresh confirmation and renewed occasion for her self-reproach.

The day he had first met her he had all but made love to her,—and she had believed him. How could she have been so blind! True, she had at first been angry at his presumption; but Mrs. Forsyth had defended him, guessing at the facts in the case; and his after-course had convinced her that he had been in earnest.

And then she had, as it were, taken his love upon hearsay. Any one could amuse himself by sending books and flowers to a girl and writing her letters. Perhaps he had even asked some friend's assistance in composing those charming little notes that had fallen like a shower of rose-leaves along her path through the Old World.

And she, of all women in the world, had been deceived by such a cheap trick!

The long journey that had been to her like a summer idyl, a love poem written out in her life, grew suddenly detestable; she could not think of it without a blush.

And she had not only accepted this ready-made devotion, but when upon her return he had tried to draw back, having had enough of the play, she would not let him go; she had pursued him, thrown herself at him, until he was forced to show her plainly that he was tired of it all.

She clenched her little hands in an agony of shame and mortification that hurt like a physical pain.

And there were two more days before they would go home! Two more days, during which she must keep him from suspecting that she realized what had happened!

And then—as when one presses a key on the lower bank of an organ and the upper note responds—from some hidden recess of her memory there started out a vision of Lumly as he had said good-by.

He had gone with them to Liverpool to see them on board their ship, and it was then that she began to suspect for the first time that

there had been more than mere hospitality in all the kindness he had shown her.

They had been much together at Cheswick; she had enjoyed his society, and had made no effort to conceal the pleasure she took in his conversation. She crimsoned with shame as she remembered that it was because they had talked so much of Trenham, whom the Englishman sincerely admired, that the moments had passed so quickly in his company.

But when he said good-by there was something in his voice that sent a pang of swift remorse to her heart.

Had all those pleasant talks together meant something far different to him? Had she repaid his kindness by doing him a wrong?

The thought had been with her often during the voyage home, though she had tried to put it from her; to shame it away by telling herself that it was only her vanity that transformed every man into a possible lover.

Since her return the absorbing interest of her meetings with Trenham had put all thought of Lumly out of her mind; but now he rose up to reproach her clothed with all the manly virtues that in her scorn she had stripped from his rival.

She had admired him greatly. He had seemed to her a different type of man from any she had ever known before. She had heard and read much of the effect of conscious heredity on European character. She had been struck by a passage in one of James's novels where an English girl is compared to an English oak,—the product of centuries of care and cultivation, something unattainable in a new society. And Lumly had seemed to her to embody that idea. She had been interested in him, though her heart was too much pre-occupied with an earlier lover for the impression he had made to be very deep or lasting.

But now the thought of him came like a balm to her wounded pride. He had loved her; she would not doubt it. He was as far removed from any suspicion of having meant less than he seemed as his character in its lofty integrity was removed from Trenham's light, shallow nature. Why could she not have cared for this man, so worthy of any woman's love?

He had said that he was coming to America, and his face when he spoke had told her why.

And if he did,—what then?

A way seemed suddenly opened out of her troubles. If she accepted Lumly, no one but herself would ever know the humiliation she had endured. Trenham would believe that either she had been trying a little coquetry with him, or that he had misunderstood her altogether.

And would it not be a simple act of justice to the Englishman? If she had misled him; if—as was most likely—he had mistaken the open cordiality of an American girl's bearing for a conscious en-

couragement of his suit, was she not in a manner bound to redeem the pledge she had seemed to give him, to make good her word in his eyes?

And so she dallied with the temptation to take this way out of her difficulties, strengthening her resolution by high-sounding sophistries.

Had fate been abroad that night in the person of the weird sisters they must have smiled grimly to each other over the strange coincidence by which these two young things were in a fair way to wreck their lives through a strained sense of honor, binding each one to keep faith with a man across the seas who was all unconscious that he had any claim upon the fidelity of either.

And while Barbara sat sobbing in the quiet of her own room, Trenham, not far away, was pacing the floor in alternating moods of joy and wretchedness.

The day had begun for him with an intoxication of happiness. She had suddenly been so kind. Even the veriest trifles had served to draw them together. At first he had not been able to believe that it meant anything more than an accident of time and place; but little by little the conviction was forced upon him that he had misunderstood her; that he had taken counsel of his fears and drawn his conclusions too hastily; that after all there might be a chance for him.

He was basking in the sunlight of this belief when she had dashed his hopes by the reference to Cheswick on the street-car. But, as if she realized the effect of her words, from that moment she had been kinder still; until, in the picture-gallery, he had looked into her eyes and in one supreme moment had known that she cared for him.

He could not remember what he had said, what he had done. He had been taken unawares, and in an instant would have spoken words that could never have been recalled had not the memory of Lumly's letter suddenly checked him. And then, thinking only of the trust he had been so near betraying, he had been brutal in the way he had replied to her. He had felt, when he came to himself and realized what had happened, that she was lost to him forever, that she would never forgive him, and for a time he had not dared to look in her face.

But circumstances had kept them together, and he found himself more and more puzzled by her manner. If she had meant what she said,—if he had read the truth in her blushing face and down-cast eyes,—how could she overlook his abrupt, his unmannerly action?

If she had not meant it, if she were only playing with him—but no, he would not believe that of her.

Was ever man placed in such a maddening position? He could not go to her, as a man should, to ask what he longed to know, to

set himself right in her eyes, because of that letter. And yet, loving her as he did, and hoping, as he began to hope, that she might care for him, how could he keep silent?

It was such a trifle, that letter; perhaps Lumly had hardly meant it after all. There was nothing heroic in the sacrifice he was making; it was such a petty barrier that lay in his way; and yet even in petty things a man must act with honor.

If to-morrow he saw from her face that she was angry, how could he keep back the words that sprang to his lips at sight of her? Or, if he did, would not his silence seem to cast a doubt upon his love?

Surely, he told himself, his first duty was to Barbara. If she loved him, no obligation on earth could justify him in allowing her for one instant to question his devotion.

But he was very suspicious of all arguments that jumped with his own desires. "There can be nothing," he said to himself, "to excuse a man for betraying a trust."

And at last, worn out with the struggle, he abandoned himself to a recollection of their walk together, the little nothings that passed between them, that were of such moment in his eyes.

She had thought of him during her journey as by her side, as indeed he had been. She remembered what he had written her; she treasured the little sketch he gave her.

Alas, poor fellow, what would he have felt could he have seen the maid next morning sweep out the scattered fragments of Poppi's picture. Poor Poppi, with no two parts of his rheumatic old body that were not torn and retorn asunder!

When he met her the next day he could not refrain from giving her one swift, questioning glance, as though he would learn from her face what her judgment of him had been. And the girl, quivering under the supposed insult she had received, expected such a query, and met it with a look of calm serenity.

And so they played at cross purposes through the day. There was ever a veiled interrogation in his every word and glance, a pathetic question as to how far she had misunderstood him, which she relentlessly interpreted into a curiosity to see the effect of his words, to discover how she was standing it.

And she baffled him completely. He began to wonder if he had not dreamed the little scene in the gallery; and as his quickened pulse bore evidence of the reality of it all, he wondered still more if she had been dreaming, and had not heard his reply, nor seen how cavalierly he had ended the conversation. Oh, if he could but believe that!

The afternoon of the day they were to leave he met her coming from the hotel as he was on his way there. She told him that she was going to a down-town store to execute a forgotten commission, and he insisted on accompanying her, although she assured him that the Forsyths were expecting him.

Since the scene in the picture-gallery he had been so meek and abject in her presence that Barbara began to congratulate herself on the success with which she had borne her part, and to feel that she could relax her vigilance a little.

The relief with which she saw the time of their departure approaching reflected itself in her face and manner, and Trenham was not slow to see it.

"You are very glad to be getting home again?" he said a little wistfully.

"Yes," she admitted, "I am very glad. It only requires a long absence, such as mine has been, to make one appreciate what one has left behind."

"And you think Georgia is more beautiful than anything you saw in Europe?"

"The most beautiful place in the world," she said, smiling. "It is home."

"And yet you told me," he could not refrain from saying, "that Cheswick was the most beautiful home you had ever seen."

"Yes, but it is not mine," she answered. "I can understand what your friend must feel for it, though," she went on. "The place suits him. I could not imagine him living anywhere else. His character impressed me just as those magnificent trees and the lofty, dignified mansion did. Strength and honor seemed to be its ruling traits. You could no more fancy him doing anything small or ignoble than you could imagine a strip of cheap, ginger-bread ornament across the beautiful façade of his house."

She allowed herself for once to speak with intention, and Trenham understood her and was cut to the quick. She had not been dreaming then. She had put the cruellest interpretation on what he had done, and it had killed all the kindness with which she had begun to regard him.

"You have read him aright," he answered. "I have known him for years, and a truer gentleman, a more noble man, I have never seen."

Their talk drifted into commonplace after that. Barbara saw the effect of her thrust and believed that she enjoyed it. But the manner of his reply somehow seemed to detract from her triumph, and she found herself less light-hearted for the rest of their walk.

The Forsyths, good people, supposed meanwhile that matters were progressing beautifully between them, and John could not sufficiently commend himself for the wisdom and skill with which he had at the critical moment taken a hand at the helm.

"I was just in the nick of time," he said gleefully.

His wife agreed with him that something must have happened at the Art Loan that morning. "I could tell it from Arthur's face when they joined us," she said. "Barbara, of course, controlled herself better. Being a woman, she naturally would."

"Yes, she naturally would," assented Forsyth. "Being a woman, she would go through fire and water without winking,—all for the sake of appearances. But if he proposed to her she must have accepted him, for they seemed to get on together uncommonly well after it."

"I hardly think he would propose, would he?—away from her home, and all that?"

"I should think," said Forsyth, "that he would hardly strain at that gnat after all the sawmills he has swallowed. You and I are chaperons enough for him to ask her. It was all done under our very noses, too. Nothing could be more regular."

"I think they must have reached some understanding," his wife conceded, "even if they are not formally engaged. There are several ways in which they could do that, you know."

"Anyhow, it's all up with Lumly," said Forsyth with subdued rapture. "I've beaten you there, Nellie. I've blocked his little game effectually. He can come to America"—he pronounced it with an exaggerated English accent—"as soon as he gets ready. He'll find us prepared for him. We'll give him such a specimen of old time, 'foh de wah,' Southern hospitality as will make his head swim. We'll put the big pot in the little pot and then put them both in the saucepan; but when he interprets all this roseate glamour into an encouragement of his suit and makes his formal proposal for Barbara's hand he'll find a surprise awaiting him that will throw everything else into the shade."

The idea tickled him immensely. "I feel as if I were going to give him the mitten myself," he said delightedly. "I begin to see how you women enjoy jilting us poor fellows. I understand 'that stern joy which maidens feel at lovers worthy of their steel.' I believe I could be a sister to Lumly."

VIII.

THE coming of the Englishman to the city where Barbara lived threw the whole community into a state of ferment.

There was not an instant's doubt in the mind of any one as to why he had come, and Nellie Forsyth was besieged with questions as to his rank, his wealth, and especially as to how far matters had progressed between them.

But upon this point very little was to be got out of her. She looked wise and enlarged upon the beauties of Cheswick, the extent of Lumly's wealth, and the distinction and dignity of his position in England, but averred that Barbara had not confided in her as to what she thought of him.

"I consider him virtually accepted," said old Mrs. McIntosh.

"Surely a person—no, I won't call him a mere person—a personage, —as important as he seems to be would never commit himself by making such a palpable journey as this unless she had given him some encouragement."

"Oh, I take it for granted that she encouraged him," said Mrs. Babcock, "but that means nothing nowadays."

"It would mean something with Barbara," replied Mrs. McIntosh. "If it had been a girl like Ida Chatham, I admit, you couldn't draw any such inference. Ida would have liked nothing better than to hang a distinguished foreign scalp from her belt, and it would have been no fun unless every one knew whose it was. She would have gone any length to bring him over for purposes of identification. But Barbara is a different sort altogether."

They all exchanged glances and smiled. Old Mrs. McIntosh was not in the habit of approving of young girls, but every one knew that Barbara had somehow got on her blind side.

"I have noticed," continued Mrs. Babcock, "how very gay and happy she has seemed since her return. That looks as if she meant to have him."

"Gay and happy?" retorted Mrs. McIntosh. "Nonsense! She's been in the dumps ever since she got back. I've been advising her mother to give her some medicine. I believe she has contracted one of those horrid foreign fevers."

"You think so?" said Mrs. Babcock. "Well, if that's the case it simply proves it. She must intend to marry him. That's a kind of foreign fever that most of our girls contract when they are exposed to it."

The Forsyths gave him a dinner of unusual size and splendor, though Mrs. Forsyth had some difficulty in controlling her husband's desire to make it quite a family affair by inviting all the Windford connection.

"If you want her to refuse him," she said, "you are going the wrong way to work. She would seriously commit herself, under the circumstances, if she came with him to such a dinner as that. She would be obliged to accept him."

"I don't see why," said he. "If I live to be a thousand I'll never master the intricacies of the feminine point of view. I can't understand why Barbara must marry a man she don't want to simply because I invite certain people to dinner. What is there so very fatal about her relations? I wanted Lumly to see what nice people they are. I want him to realize what he is going to miss."

"Well, we will realize what he hasn't missed," said his wife, "if we're not careful. I'm afraid Barbara has made a mistake in letting him come here at all, though I don't see how she could prevent it."

"A mistake in letting him come?" cried Forsyth. "Why, that's the cream of the joke. Are you trying to deprive me of the job of discarding him? After that long and arduous journey, I believe

you would deny me all the little pleasure I am ever to get out of it."

"Every one thinks," his wife went on, "that he is virtually Barbara's accepted suitor. They say he wouldn't have come if she hadn't encouraged him, and if she refuses him they will all think she has behaved badly to him."

Forsyth looked troubled. "I suppose you all have a set of rules governing the whole business," he said, "and I'd better inform myself, or I'll get them engaged without knowing it. I've sent to Savannah for turtles for the soup, but if you think turtle soup would be at all compromising to Barbara there's time to countermand the order. Maybe it would be safer to have a plain, clear soup, of an utterly noncommittal character. Turtles are associated in Scripture with Spring and love-making. You know the verse in the Song of Solomon: 'The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the soup'? I think, on the whole, we'd better not risk it."

"John," said his wife, laughing, "you are too absurd."

"I have it!" he exclaimed delightedly. "I've thought of the very thing. We'll have mock-turtle soup. That will tell the whole story in a really poetical way. It would suggest at the very outset to any observant mind that he was building his hopes on the sand; that his cake was all dough, so to speak. If I were in his place, I should take it as a rejection and go home."

Trenham had accompanied Lumly from New York at the latter's urgent request.

"I've come to introduce him," he explained to Mrs. Forsyth, "to certain people whom I don't know, and to recommend him to a gentleman who doesn't know me."

And Nellie Forsyth, catching the wistful expression in his eyes as they rested upon Barbara, could not refrain from giving him a little encouragement by saying how sorry she was for Lumly. She knew why he had come, of course, but she knew equally well that it was of no use, and "I suppose you do too," she added in a confidential tone that made him spurn the ground on which he trod.

The house was redolent to him of Barbara and the long summer day he had spent with her. The rooms were carpeted and curtained past all recognition; but it was easy for him to divest them of all these accessories; to bring back the darkened recesses; the closed blinds, shutting out the heat and glare of the street; the cool, bare look of the spacious apartments, and the girl in a white dress who had led him captive heart and soul. Again he felt the warm, languorous air enfolding him as a garment; again he saw the grotesque procession of negro boys run shouting along the dusty street; again he heard the girl's low laughter, looked into the unfathomable depths of her dark eyes, and saw the soft, full sleeve fall away from her arm as they laid the cloth together.

Mrs. Forsyth's table was resplendent with silver and glass and radiant with hot-house flowers, but he remembered a time when it had been more beautiful to him in a garniture of white roses. He wondered if Barbara had forgotten that time. He glanced across the table to where she sat beside Lumly, but she would not meet his eyes. She was listening with flattering attention to what the Englishman was saying to her, and Trenham with a little sigh looked away again.

Had he but known it, that day was vividly present with her too. She saw him as he had stood before her, his hat full of roses, his face flushed with the heat, making his laughing apologies for cutting the flowers with such short stems.

She tried to shut her eyes to the picture, to close her ears to the remembered tones of his voice; but she could not. Trenham's face rose between her and Lumly's serious gaze; his voice sounded above the Englishman's quiet talk; and for all the rapt attention with which she seemed to listen to him, when Lumly asked her a question her answer fell wide of the mark.

It was not long, of course, before some one asked the Englishman how he liked America; but this conventional question was immediately swallowed in the larger local query as to whether he had ever been South before, and how he liked the South.

American society is still young enough and self-conscious enough to enjoy hearing itself discussed, and every one pricked up his ears at this to learn what the Englishman would say.

But he replied by asking a question:

"I have been in America before," he said, "several times, in fact; but never in Georgia or the South. Is it so different from the rest of the country that one must have a separate opinion for it?"

"No," said Forsyth. "I'm tired of all this fol-de-rol about 'the South' and 'Southerners.' We're just like everybody else,—no better and no worse. All this patting on the back in the Northern papers about 'Southern enterprise' and 'Southern progress' strikes me as a piece of insufferable patronage,—saving your presence, Trenham. Why shouldn't we be enterprising and progressive, I'd like to know? And why should every advance we make be greeted with open-eyed astonishment, as if we were a company of infants learning to walk? What would you think if I were to write to the *Herald* and go into hysterical raptures over the fact that they could run a cotton-mill successfully in Massachusetts, and that they actually knew how to make nails in Indiana? We come of the same stock as the Yankees, and we had as big a hand as they in making the country originally. Indeed, I think I'm very liberal in allowing them equal credit for the job."

"Don't jump on me," objected Trenham. "I don't write the Northern papers. I always knew you were smart. You certainly do know how to give good dinners."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Meriwether, "of a story Mrs. Peyton told me. You know she was born in Ohio, and when she married Mr. Peyton and went to Virginia her husband's cousin used to tease her good-naturedly about being a Yankee. His wife was a very kind-hearted woman, and she began to fear her husband would hurt Mrs. Peyton's feelings, so she tried to smooth it over one day. 'My husband doesn't mean anything, Mrs. Peyton,' she said. 'He just wants to tease you. He wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. And I always did hear they raised splendid apples in Ohio!'"

"But you *are* different," said Mrs. Forsyth, smiling at her husband,—*"just as different as you can be."*

"Tell us how, Mrs. Forsyth," broke in a chorus of people who did not take her husband's point of view. "We should so like to have your opinion."

"Well, in the first place," she answered, "you are provincial. All the older Southern cities I've ever known are just like so many overgrown villages."

"In what respect, Mrs. Forsyth?" some one asked with an air of suspended judgment.

"You know each other so well, for one thing," she answered. "You call each other 'Tom' and 'Dick,' and 'Mary' and 'Susan,' like so many school-children, till you are eighty years old; and you think nothing of sending a plate of wafers or a bowl of syllabub to a neighbor who lives clear at the other end of town. The day after I came to this house Mrs. Windford sent me a waiter of delicacies enough to furnish a dinner. I was so moved that I was on the point of shedding tears over it; but I found that she sends something to somebody every day."

The natives of the place looked at each other inquiringly. "Don't they do that everywhere?" asked Mrs. Berrien.

"No indeed," Mrs. Forsyth replied. "But you have all lived together for so many generations, you feel so sure of each other, that the ties of friendship and kindred are unusually strong and lasting, and they give color to everything else."

"Well, I think that's to our credit," said Miss Chatham.

"Certainly," replied their hosts. "You didn't suppose I was going to tell you any unpalatable truths, did you? I know you too well for that. You are too much accustomed to being flattered and complimented upon all occasions for me to venture upon any home truths, right here on the very ground."

Every one laughed, and she went on explaining to Lumly and Trenham:

"The larger and more influential families," she said, "constitute a kind of 'Concert of Powers.' They stand by each other and have things pretty much their own way. When a son of one of these houses marries the daughter of another, it is as if a Spanish crown

prince had married an Austrian archduchess; it means all sorts of new alliances, offensive and defensive. The social equilibrium is shifted, and society, like the powers, adjusts itself to the new relation."

"People take care," interpolated Mrs. Elbert, "how they discuss a member of one of these families in the hearing of the other, and arrange to invite them together to their dinner parties."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Forsyth. "And you can't imagine how perplexing all this is to an outsider like me. When I came here to live I said my lesson in family connections to John every day, as if it had been arithmetic or grammar. Unfortunately it is not written down anywhere, and I had to learn it by oral tradition, as they taught the Talmud or Free Masonry. I've by no means mastered the subject now. I try not to say anything to anybody about anybody that I wouldn't like to have anybody's first cousin hear. But I feel as if I were walking on eggs, and there's no telling how many I've smashed. I presume each one of you," she went on, looking round at her guests, "has a knife up his sleeve for me on account of something I've said about his relatives; but I can only appease you by offering to sacrifice a cousin, as Mrs. McIntosh did when she unwarily mentioned to a lady to whom she had just been introduced that her daughter dressed like a parrot and walked like a grasshopper. Only," she added, "as I haven't a relation in the State, I suppose you think I can afford to be generous."

She realized that she was monopolizing the conversation, and tried to say something that would draw out Lumly, who was taking no part in their talk, though he seemed to listen with great interest; but the others brought her back to the subject and urged her to go on.

"All this relationship and interrelationship," she continued, "produces a delightful sense of intimacy and a certain independence that fosters individuality and makes the people by that much the more interesting. Every one's standing is so secure that one can safely be oneself. Where everybody knows just who you are and what were your beginnings, it is hardly worth while to give yourself airs, and there is room for that simplicity of manner which only the queen and the chimney-sweep are said to possess, because the social position of each is so well known and so unalterably fixed."

"That's true," put in Trenham. "Even with my limited opportunity for observation I've been struck with the absence of pretence and display."

"That's easily accounted for," said Forsyth. "We have nothing to display. You have to have some material for that, you know. We are like the woman who complained that she could economize as well as anybody else if she had anything to economize on."

"I don't admit your explanation," said Trenham. "One reason why the simplicity I spoke of struck me so forcibly was the fact that

I had been led to expect the opposite. I supposed you were all very exclusive and aristocratic, full of pride of birth and name, and looking down upon all who were born above Mason and Dixon's line."

"One would naturally expect that," said Mrs. Forsyth, "because the family tie is so powerful and permanent. 'A son is a son, though he's got him a wife,' just as much as 'a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life.' Indeed, it is only in a restricted sense that the daughter ever changes her name by marriage. I am known everywhere as Mrs. Forsyth because I didn't live here as a girl; but there are Mrs. Berrien and Mrs. Elbert; they have been married longer than I have, but every one calls them Edith Hall and Mary McIntosh."

"I've noticed that too," said Trenham. "The married women here will not 'answer to Hi!' or to any loud cry,' but they will answer equally and indifferently to their father's name or their husband's, with perhaps a trifle more facility in recognizing the former."

"I think the habits of our servants have something to do with that," Mrs. Meriwether contributed to the subject; "they never use anything but our maiden names. Don't you remember, Nellie, that when those Western people went round returning their visits they asked at Edith's door if Mrs. Berrien lived there, and the servants said she didn't, that 'Miss Edith stayed there.' You know," she explained to Lumly, "that the negroes never say people 'live' in their houses, they always say they are 'staying' there."

"I remember those people very well," said Mrs. Berrien, laughing at her own expense. "They were boasting of the number of calls they paid in one morning. They said everybody was out but Mrs. Babcock, and Carrie replied, 'Yes, that's just like her; she's always lurking at home when people come to call.'"

Some one reverted to the subject of the permanence of maiden names, and Forsyth took it up.

"Yes," he said wickedly. "Here's Barbara, for instance. When she marries, as we all hope she will in time, and settles down in her native village, no one will ever know it. She'll be nothing but Barbara Windford as long as she lives."

Every one looked a little aghast, and poor Lumly, who was not used to the audacity of American speech, gazed at Forsyth with an air of mild expostulation that inwardly delighted him. He encountered Trenham's eye and smiled at him openly, while his wife made haste to change the subject.

Old Priam, who was taking in the situation beneath his imperturbable exterior as only an old negro servant can, and who still carried in his pockets certain substantial reasons for remembering Trenham, glanced at him too, with a "we-understand-each-other-sir" air that was worth a small annuity to the old man.

The young fellow felt wonderfully encouraged by all this kindly support of his friends. It might all be well with him yet. Perhaps

Barbara would forgive him. If she would only look at him now! Again and again he tried to catch her eye across the table; and again and again she was politely listening to her neighbor on the right or the left,—cool, quiet, imperturbable, while the blood bounded in his veins and he could hardly maintain a semblance of interest in the conversation of the woman at his side.

Mrs. Forsyth went up to Barbara when the women left the table.

"You must really forgive John," she said. "He is so indignant at the way people are disposing of you, at the way they are taking your engagement for granted, that he forgets himself."

"My engagement?" questioned Barbara. "My engagement to whom, pray?"

"To Mr. Lumly, of course," said Mrs. Forsyth.

"Does every one take that for granted?"

"Indeed they do," was the answer. "I think most of them have gone so far as to set the day. They say he wouldn't have come over here if he hadn't been sure you would have him. Of course it's all nonsense," she added hastily, seeing the expression of Barbara's face. "How could you help his coming? That's what provokes John so. You know he is in favor of the other man," she added mischievously, and hurried away to avoid the girl's reproachful glance.

But her words had been like a pinch of alum in a glass of muddy water. All the doubt and uncertainty in the girl's mind suddenly cleared. Every one thought that Lumly was her accepted suitor. His presence under the circumstances was held to be a guarantee of his success. If she refused him now, her friends would think she had misled him,—as perhaps she had, though all unconsciously. Very well, then, she would be as good as her word; she would stand by her promise, though it was only implied. And if anything more was needed to steady her wavering resolution, it was the knowledge that if she rejected Lumly, Forsyth, and perhaps others, would think it was because she cared for Trenham,—for the man who had showed her that he cared nothing for her.

And all the while Lumly's grave devotion was a beautiful thing to see.

Had she been a princess of the blood whose hand he sought in marriage he could not have shown her more respectful homage.

He was interested in all that belonged to her; delighted with the old-fashioned Southern city; pleased with the people, their simple manners and their cordial, unaffected hospitality.

"They are more like English people," he said to her, "than any other Americans I have met." And if his compliment sounded a trifle patronizing, its sincerity could not be doubted.

He talked with her father and her father's friends, and she could not but feel proud of the respectful attention with which they listened to him.

If, in turn, when they were together she found little to say to

him, it seemed to her that the fault must be with her own superficial, untutored mind.

The topic that at Cheswick had been of unfailing interest was wanting now; whenever Trenham's name was mentioned she changed the conversation. But, being changed, it languished; there was nothing to take Trenham's place as a subject of mutual interest, and there would come awkward silences between them. But these occasions were rare, for they were seldom alone together. At all other times she was intensely proud of her lover; proud of his distinction; flattered by his devotion to her; pleased by the admiration he excited among her friends.

It had always been her idea, she told herself, that she would marry a man much older than herself, one who would merit her respect, who could command her obedience. Her lovers had all been her slaves; what she needed was a master.

IX.

"BARBARA," said her father, laying his newspaper beside his plate, "I should like to see you for a moment in the library before I go to the office."

His voice was very grave, and there was something in his words that sent her thoughts flying back to the days of her childhood, when she had been dealt with for her sins in that very room, and summoned to the bar of justice, at which her father was both judge and prosecuting attorney, by the same little formula of appointment.

Involuntarily her heart beat faster, and she found herself running over in her mind her recent misdeeds and framing rapid excuses—excuses which in those well-remembered days were constructed more with a view of meeting her father's probable requirements than of measuring up very accurately to the facts in the case.

She followed him in silence, amusing herself with these reminiscences, but when she raised her eyes they met such a new and tender expression in his face that she went to him and kissed him, wondering what was to come.

"Barbara," he began, "for the first time in my life I have been asked for my daughter's hand in marriage. You don't know how it made me feel. You have never ceased to be a little girl to me; but this, more than anything else, has made me realize that my child is a woman."

The girl's eyes fell. She trembled so that she clasped one hand within the other to steady herself. It suddenly seemed such a serious thing, this love-making and marriage. The resolution that she thought so firmly fixed began to waver, the arguments with which she had strengthened it to melt away.

"I have had some reason to think, my dear," her father went on, pinching her rosy cheek to drive away the serious look from her face, "that it is not the first time any one has asked you a question like that; but Lumly's is my first proposal. I'm not used to it, you see, and it has upset me a little."

He waited a moment for her to speak, but she had turned away her face, and he continued more seriously: "I told him, of course, that the matter rested entirely with you; that I should not attempt to influence your decision in any way; but I could not refrain from asking him"—and here he tried in vain to get a glimpse of her face—"whether he had any reason to think you—you cared for him. I was very much pleased with his answer, Barbara. He said that had you been an English girl he would have felt that you had given him reason to hope, but that he had learned during this brief visit to America that the same customs do not prevail in both countries; that young girls here are much more cordial, even intimate, in their manner towards men than they are abroad, and that an American girl can without coquetry say and do many things that might cause her to be misunderstood in Europe. He had, of course, been told all this before, he had read it in books and all that, but as he had never had any personal interest in the matter before it had not made much impression on him. He said that he understood it now, however, and though he had come to 'the States,' as he calls it, full of hope, he would not feel that you were to blame if his hopes should prove to be without foundation."

Again her father paused and looked at her; but Barbara, troubled and perplexed, could not meet his eyes.

Twice she made an effort to speak, and twice her voice died in her throat. She had not looked forward to such an interview as this. When she had imagined the scene, it had taken place between Lumly and herself, not between the Englishman and her father.

She had pictured him as making a somewhat stilted proposal of marriage, decorated with expressions of respect and esteem, after the fashion of certain novels she had read. She had fancied herself as repaying these high-flown compliments in kind, and accepting him in an ornamental little speech which she had prudently prepared in advance. According to her stage directions, Lumly would then kiss her hand, and the interview would come to an end.

If she had not looked upon the occasion as in some way avenging her upon Trenham and satisfying her wounded pride, she would have regarded it with distinct amusement.

But her father's grave face brought home to her the profound importance of this thing she contemplated so lightly. She felt a sudden longing to throw herself into his arms, to tell him the truth, and entreat him to think for her, to act in her behalf.

As for Lumly, she was torn in two ways. One moment she felt as if she would be doing him a wrong to marry him without loving

him, but the next she thought that, having allowed him to come to America, to pose as her suitor before her friends, and formally to ask her father for his consent, she could not subject him to the mortification of a refusal. He was different from her other lovers; it had been often hard enough to say "No" to them; but to this man, so grave, so dignified, how could she dare to do it?

"I do not know," her father was saying with ever-increasing gravity, "what ground he had for his hopes. The manners of the young have sadly changed since I was young myself, but I cannot believe that your mother's daughter would knowingly mislead any man; nor can I think that your bearing towards gentlemen has ever approached the familiarity that I see and deplore in so many young girls. I am sure that I can trust you, my dear, that you have given him no real cause of complaint."

His words were still gentle and kind, but there was a suggestion of reproof in his tone that made it all at once impossible for her to yield to her impulse to confide in him.

How could she tell him of that interview with Trenham? And how could she explain her motives or ask his counsel without telling him?

In the light of his words the scene that had occurred at the picture-gallery seemed monstrous, horrible,—a crime to be expiated by a lifelong immolation. She felt again like the culprit she had seemed when she had entered the room. She could never let her father know her disgrace. She had gone too far; it was too late to turn back now, however much she longed at that moment to retrace her steps.

Mr. Windford was still talking, and she brought back her wandering thought and listened.

"He spoke like a man, my dear,—like one of nature's noblemen, as I believe he is; and if you do indeed care for him, I shall have no fears in trusting my little girl's happiness to his keeping, and I told him so.

"But," he added sadly, taking her hands in his, "your father's happiness will be seriously marred if the ocean is to separate him from his only daughter. Think well before you decide, my child. It is for this reason that I have not spoken of the matter to your mother. It would grieve her, and there will be time enough to tell her when you have made up your mind."

There was a note of disappointment in his tone. He had hoped that Barbara would confide in him, would ask his counsel, or that by word or look she would intimate what her decision would be. Again and again he had paused to give her a chance to speak, but she did not; and at last, hurt by her continued silence, he rose and left her to her own thoughts, which of late had been far from pleasant company.

It was part of the irony of fate that while he felt wounded that

she had not sought his aid and counsel, he had cut her off from all hope of other advice.

She had always felt that in the last extremity she could go to her mother, who was always wise; but her father's last words forbade her that comfort; and from force of habit,—a habit acquired during the years when Mrs. Windford had been an invalid, and the two had made it their duty to shield her from all cares and perplexities,—she felt that having been thus warned that it would distress her mother, she was in honor bound not to bring this anxiety upon her.

Everything conspired, she thought, to drive her one way. She began to feel as if she were an atom in the hands of fate, and that it was of no use for her to attempt to exert her own volition.

There was to be a party that evening at the McIntoshes, and it had been arranged that Lumly and Trenham should call for her on their way from the hotel.

It was winter at the North, but the autumn still lingered in that favored climate, bright, clear, and warm. During the day a soft, purple haze had brooded over the earth, like the wings of some vast bird; the air distilled a subtle intoxication; and a flock of wild geese, flying far above them, sent down their mysterious musical cry, which seemed to fall about them like the ever-rustling leaves.

Barbara walked between the two men, declining the arm of either on the plea of having her dress to look after; but the American, with the ever-alert courtesy which characterizes his race, was ready at every turn to guide her this way or that.

In spite of herself she felt a thrill at his touch, and after a vain attempt she no longer tried to resist it. She felt that at last accounts were settled between them. He had been so wistful of late that she no longer feared he would misunderstand her, or suspect how sweet she found it to yield to his direction.

And so they talked gayly to each other, while the older man walked gravely, silently by her side, his hands clasped behind him, oblivious, apparently, of her very existence.

The girl wore thin satin slippers, and Trenham, ever mindful of the fact, was picking her way for her carefully, when they came suddenly upon a place in a crossing which some enterprising street waterer had reduced to a puddle.

Without a moment's hesitation, Trenham planted his foot, in its immaculate patent leather, squarely in the midst of the mud and held out his hands.

"Come, Queen Elizabeth," he said, "you'll have to make my shoe your stepping-stone, since I have no cloak."

Barbara hung back for a moment, but he still held out his hands.

"Come!" he repeated imperatively; and she laughed and obeyed him.

He caught her hands, and with a quick, strong motion swung

her clear of the mire; but, once across, her foot slipped and she would have fallen had he not been instantly by her side.

"Thank you," she said rather breathlessly; and then she hung her head, for in that moment she had forgotten all her anger against him, forgotten everything but the pleasure of being near him, of trusting herself to his guidance.

As for Trenham, he stood elated, triumphant. By some secret telepathy of love he had understood her reluctance and read aright her final yielding, and for the rest of the way he walked beside her a conqueror. What did he care now for Lumly? Let him offer her all he had to bestow. He would wait in all patience till the Englishman had had his chance, and then—then he would claim his own.

They walked in silence through the shadows cast by the trees, on whose branches the late leaves still hung, slowly yellowing in the mellow, frostless air.

He could not see her face, nor realize the sudden revulsion of feeling with which she drew herself together and shrank away from him, and he marched to the strains of victorious music, heard only by his ears.

When they entered the brilliantly lighted hall Barbara passed him quickly and gained the shelter of the dressing-room, her cheeks ablaze, her frame quivering with anger at her self-betrayal; for there was no misunderstanding his altered manner. Though he had not spoken, she felt that in some mysterious way he had understood how in that instant she had lost all that she had gained in weeks of careful self-command.

They were already late, and there was no time to be spent even in self-upbraiding; but as fate would have it, when she was ready to go down-stairs Lumly was deep in the discussion of some topic of international interest, and it was Trenham's quick eye that discerned her standing hesitating in the doorway, and Trenham's arm that was held out for her acceptance. She bit her lip with chagrin, but there was nothing to do but to take it and let him lead her down the stairway.

He did not speak, but his eyes sparkled, and involuntarily he pressed the arm on which her hand rested closer to his side.

The silence between them began to grow unbearable to her through its suggestion of some hidden meaning, and she broke it abruptly:

"You seem to be in wonderfully good spirits this evening," she said coldly.

He looked down at her, his cheeks flushing, his eyes lingering on her face like a caress. "I am," he said. "I am happy—happier than I have been since"—he bent nearer her, lowering his voice—"since the day we went together to the picture-gallery."

She could have cried with shame and anger. That he should

dare to remind her of that day, to openly exult in his power over her! If she could by a glance have blasted him where he stood in the splendor and glory of his young manhood he would have fallen at her feet.

Why had she left herself open to a repetition of his insult? Why had she not told her father that she would marry the Englishman, and let him carry back her answer?

The sooner he spoke now, the better; she was ready with her reply.

Her face was flushed with anger, but to the man beside her it was wreathed in blushes. He could not trust himself to speak, lest he should break his promise,—it ought to be so easy to keep it now, and it would not be for long.

It was a relief to Barbara that he did not ask her to dance, but the evening dragged wearily enough as it was; and as soon as she felt that she could leave without attracting attention she intimated to Lumly that she was tired and would be glad to go home.

Lumly professed himself only too glad to go; and once outside the house, the grave, quiet lover suddenly found his lips unsealed, though his wooing was very different from the scene she had imagined.

He spoke brokenly, it is true, with the embarrassed ardor which Forsyth had told her was the best guarantee of earnestness in a lover; but he spoke as a lover only, striving to let her see how dear she was to him.

Barbara was taken by surprise; at this outpouring of his heart all the truth of her nature rose in his behalf. She would not deceive him; indeed, she felt that she could not; such love as his would detect the false ring in what she had to offer.

She would marry him if he wished, but she would tell him that she did not love him as he loved her, as he was worthy of being loved by any woman whom he sought as his wife.

"That is too much happiness for me to expect," he made answer with a little sigh. "But if I may be allowed to love you,—if there is no one else——"

He hesitated, and the vehemence with which she disclaimed any other affection would have undeceived him had he been a better student of womankind.

But it did not. "It makes me very happy to hear you say that," he answered. "For if there is no one else, if you do not care for any other man, I may hope that in time you will care for me."

They walked in silence for a time, and then he began again. "I want to make you happy," he said. "If I know my heart, I would not let my love for you blind me to what may be for your real happiness. But you have seen something of the world. It is not as if you were a child, just out of school; and if you are sure that your heart is untouched——" He hesitated again; there was something

that he found it hard to say, but she filled the pause by a repeated disclaimer, and he breathed a sigh of deep content.

"I was afraid," he said, "that you might care for Trenham. He is such a lovable, such a noble fellow; and you have been much together. I can hardly understand how any woman who knows him could help loving him. It is inconceivable that any one could prefer me to him."

His words touched her; their humility awoke all her admiration. She contrasted his self-depreciation with Trenham's boastful exultation in his power over her. The fact that Lumly was giving so much, while she had so little to offer in return, made her very tender towards him, and she interrupted him vehemently:

"You do not know what you are saying," she broke out. "He is not to be compared with you,—not for one moment. I will not let you do yourself such injustice. The woman who could know you both and care for him would be—would be no woman."

Her voice was full of passion; it was herself she was arrainging and condemning, but Lumly heard her with joy.

He laid his hand upon hers as it rested upon his arm. "You have taken a great load from my mind," he said. "I felt as if you must care for him, because he loves you so utterly, so entirely."

Barbara started, and he went on rapidly: "I don't mind telling you this; you are too true a woman to think the less of him for it; and he is proud to tell it himself, as if he did himself honor in saying it. I feel as if I could not let you speak disparagingly of him, as you did just now, without letting you know what a manly, what a noble part he has played."

Barbara was silent, every sense alert to hear what he had to tell her.

"It was almost by accident," Lumly continued, "that I came to know—what I had never suspected—that he had loved you since the moment he first saw you; that when he wrote to me about your visit it was only because he hoped that I might in some way add to your happiness.

"As you know, I fell in love with you myself—how could I help it?—and I wrote to Trenham and told him so; told him that I should count upon his assistance, when I came to this country, to try to win you. I told him that I relied entirely upon him and would be guided by what he said.

"At first he thought he would write and tell me that he loved you too, that I must look for help elsewhere. But he did not, partly from reticent pride, because I was his rival, and partly because he felt that he had no claim upon you which would give him any right to bid me stand aside. So he held his peace and determined that he would act fairly by me, let me have my chance of winning you, and then, if you decided against me, he would try his own fate at your hands.

"And then you came home, and he saw you in New York. He was with you for days, the words of love he was too generous to speak trembling on his lips. I can imagine how hard it was for him; I don't think I could have done it myself; and he, poor fellow, looked worn and haggard when I came across, like a man who had been through an illness. It was very fine of him, I think," and Lumly paused, as if to give her a chance to agree with him. But she kept silent, her heart swelling within her.

"When I came over," Lumly resumed, "I asked him to come with me to Georgia, still not suspecting how things were with him. He refused, and I pressed him; and at last he told me what I have told you, only much better than I have been able to tell it. I felt as if he had the right to speak to you first, but he has a chivalrous spirit, and he would not.

"But I begged him to come with me; the look in his eyes haunted me, and I promised him that if you refused me I would tell him at once, and he might then speak for himself."

He stopped; his fingers closed warmly over her hand.

"And so, you see, little one, how sweet it is to me to hear you say you do not love him,—that you even like me better. I cannot understand it; I know I do not deserve it; but I cannot quarrel with my happiness in being allowed to love you, in being permitted to try to win your love,—though I am sorry for Trenham; with all my heart I am."

X.

LUMLY talked on during the rest of their walk, regardless of Barbara's silence. His happiness was like a quiet stream which flows without a break or ripple.

He spoke of their life together; of all that he meant to do for her happiness; of his hopes for a useful and honorable career, which she should help him achieve, and whose honor she should share.

And Barbara walked beside him as one walks in sleep, hearing nothing that he said.

The tears gathered in her eyes, overflowed and fell, but she did not try to check them; she did not care if Lumly saw them.

"He did love me," she kept repeating to herself. "He did love me; and for the sake of my foolish pride I have ruined his life—and mine."

And yet, in the midst of her wretchedness, she would find herself recalling with a thrill of joy every word and look by which Trenham had betrayed his love for her.

It was all past and gone now; but it had been;—nothing could ever take away the happiness of that thought.

All that he had said and done while they were together in New

York came back to her. It was plain enough now, the struggle he had had with himself,—the struggle that she had made so much harder.

She lingered over each incident of their walk to the picture-gallery as a starving man would remember a feast which he had left untasted. She thought with a pang of keen regret of his letters which she had burned in her anger, of poor Poppi's picture which she had destroyed.

He had loved her! He had always loved her! His impetuous parting at the gate the day they had first seen each other; his letters and his flowers, which had met her at every step of her journey; his interrupted confession at the gallery; the words he had spoken that very night, and the look she had seen in his eyes,—he had meant them all; and they were all so many lost opportunities, so many joys which she had wastefully thrown away and which could never return.

There was in her suffering the sharpness of the sorrow which one feels whom death has robbed in remembering every unkind word or look that one has given the dead.

She could never tell him how cruelly she had misunderstood him; he would never know that all the time she had loved him.

She found herself after a time alone in her room. She could not tell what Lumly had said to her in parting nor how she had replied, but she was thankful to be alone.

She wondered where Trenham was at that moment and what were his thoughts. And at that her face flushed painfully.

She knew what he was thinking. He believed now that she loved him; that very night by some lover's intuition he had seemed to read her thoughts, and he was only waiting till Lumly should speak. What would he think of her when he knew the truth?

She hid her face in her pillow and sobbed afresh. He would believe that she had sold herself for rank and wealth, and he would despise her.

She met the household next morning with swollen eyes, which all her bathing could not keep from showing the traces of tears.

The two men were to lunch there that day. They arrived early; the impatience of a fortunate lover lent wings to each.

Lumly was graver, quieter than ever, preoccupied, apparently, with a happiness which rendered him oblivious of everything else; but Trenham regarded the evidence of Barbara's tears with a deep concern which presently turned to ill-concealed joy.

She had been crying, he reasoned, and that meant that Lumly had spoken last night on their way home from the McIntoshes and she had refused him.

He had heard that girls always cried when they rejected a man they liked. Now that he thought of it, he remembered that his sister, when she discarded Jack Holden, had gone about the house

in such a state of moist affliction that his father had interfered and sent her into the country to recuperate.

And poor Lumly looked as if he had lost his best friend. He would be coming soon to keep his promise, to tell his rival that his suit had failed. It would be a very trying interview for them both. For his part, Trenham wished it was over with all his heart. He should do his best to cut it short, even at the risk of seeming unsympathetic. Unsympathetic, forsooth! Under the circumstances his sympathy would be an insult. Suppose the shoe was on the other foot? Suppose Lumly had been accepted, would he want the Englishman to be coming and condoling with him? He would knock him down if he tried it.

Now that he was in for it, the sooner they had their talk the better. If he saw any symptoms of Lumly's approaching confidence he would help him along to the extent of his ability; the decks should be cleared for action at the first indication of an encounter.

Meanwhile, by the unconscious irony of events, at the bottom of Lumly's grave preoccupation lay the reluctance with which he contemplated the interview he had determined to have with Trenham. He had promised to confide in his rival only in the event of his being refused; but he felt as if it would be cruel to let things go as they were,—to allow Trenham to learn the truth only as he could, and by degrees.

He experienced the same desire to put him out of his misery as soon as possible that would have driven him to shoot a favorite horse that was hopelessly and painfully wounded.

He must do it; it would be cowardly to put it off; but how could he summon the courage to begin?

To make matters worse, Trenham for some reason looked so contentedly happy that morning. He had never seen him in such spirits. He had been dejected enough for the last few days to make any bad news seem opportune; but this morning,—of all the mornings of his life, when Lumly was preparing to give him a knock-down blow,—he must needs go whistling and caracolling about the place like a plough-horse turned out in clover. The equine comparisons kept recurring to Lumly with annoying persistence.

Until that disagreeable duty was performed the Englishman felt that he could not know a moment's peace nor enjoy his new-found happiness.

Shortly before luncheon was announced the two men found themselves alone in the library. Mr. Windford had not returned from his office; his wife had been called to the kitchen for that final supervision of the repast which Barbara had told Trenham she never failed to bestow; and the girl herself had left the room to see a friend who insisted upon paying her a visit on the door-step.

Lumly saw his opportunity and suddenly decided that he would have it over then and there. It wouldn't take long to tell what he

had to say, and when it was said the sooner some one came in and interrupted them the better.

"Trenham," he began in a voice that made the young man jump, "you remember our agreement, I suppose,—the promise I made you?"

"Oh, yes," said Trenham encouragingly.

"Well," Lumly went on solemnly, "I thought I would tell you at once." He stopped and cleared his throat. It was deucedly awkward; it was going to be even harder than he had thought it would be. There sat Trenham, as gay as a lark, looking as expectant as if he was going to hear that he had been made governor of a province; and here was his rival, aiming right between his eyes, ready to crush the life and hope out of him with a word.

The Englishman's face grew graver, his manner more preternaturally solemn, while Trenham waited impatiently, wishing in his heart that he knew how to help the poor fellow swallow his dose.

Lumly abandoned his sentence altogether and began again. He must manage to lead up to it a little. He couldn't blurt out the cruel truth without a word of preparation.

"I spoke to Miss Windford last night," he remarked lugubriously.

"I thought so," chipped in Trenham, trying to help him out.

"You thought so!" echoed Lumly, aghast.

Great Heavens! Was the fellow prepared, then? Did he know what was coming? Had he gone raving crazy, that he should be sitting there with that idiotic grin on his face to receive his death sentence?

"Do you mean to tell me——" he began, and then he stopped. Could it be possible that Trenham thought he was going to keep his promise to the letter,—that he had been rejected? If that was the case, it *was* a dilemma. How could he break the news?

"She was very kind," Lumly went on dolefully.

"I felt sure she would be," was Trenham's contribution to the blank which invariably followed one of Lumly's remarks.

"Merciful Fathers!" thought Lumly; "he does think so!"

"She was not unprepared," he rambled on, catching at every straw that could delay the climax.

There was another long pause, and Trenham sighed, wishing he could take the man by the shoulders and shake him till the words rattled out of themselves. Why couldn't he get on with his story and be done with it?

"I had spoken to her father." The Englishman vouchsafed this further item and came to another full stop.

He had had an inspiration. Perhaps it might come a little easier if he told Trenham that though she had promised to marry him she had said she was not in love with him. "Heaven knows I want to make it easy," he said to himself.

"We don't usually do that over here," Trenham graciously explained, "until we have obtained the young lady's consent; but no doubt Mr. Windford thinks none the less of you for your appreciation of his daughter."

They heard a step in the hall, and Lumly rushed ahead. "He gave me every encouragement, but referred me to her."

"Of course, he would do that," Trenham acquiesced.

"And she told me very frankly," Lumly went on hurriedly, "that she did not love me as——"

"We won't wait any longer for father." Barbara's voice sounded in the doorway. "Won't you come out to luncheon, please?"

And the two men stood like schoolboys caught trespassing in a neighbor's orchard and gaped at her and at each other.

Trenham was the first to recover himself. Why should he not? Though Lumly had been interrupted before he had finished, he had told him enough. What did he care for the details? The main fact was what he wanted, and he had it in Lumly's last sentence. She did not love him! She did not love him!! She did not love him!!!

He felt like shouting it through the hall. He wanted to dash into the street and throw up his hat.

Of course he was sorry for Lumly; but he was glad it was over. And it was over, thank Heaven. If Lumly didn't realize that, he would show him. If he tried to reopen the subject he would cut him off as ruthlessly as a telephone girl.

Now that it was over, if only the poor fellow would cheer up a bit. Why didn't he have some pride? His face was positively sepulchral; his manner suggested a graveyard. If the luncheon had consisted of funeral baked meats, he couldn't have mustered a more suitable expression. It was a model in its way, but Trenham thought it was singularly inappropriate now, when he felt like singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" to the limit of his lungs.

As for Lumly, he had experienced that sense of relief at the interruption which one feels in the dentist's chair when the operator is called away to speak to another patient.

It still had to come; it would probably be all the harder when it did come, but he was thankful for even a moment's cessation of his sufferings.

While the thing hung over him he could not throw it off sufficiently to contribute much table-talk to the occasion, and Barbara was equally dumb. But Mrs. Windford and Trenham relieved them of all responsibility. Indeed, Trenham alone would have carried off the occasion with *éclat*.

There was a moment, it is true, when the conversation—with that fatality which always attends conversation when the situation is a little strained—drifted dangerously near to the one subject most to be avoided.

Mrs. Windford, the most tactful person in the room, being also

the most innocently ignorant, was of course the offender: the others were all so painfully conscious of their own glass houses that they could be trusted not even to pick up a pebble.

Mr. Windford had come in, and it was in answer to a query of his that his wife began. "Mrs. Waring was here this morning, and she is perfectly miserable about Frank. That young woman he has been in love with for so long has discarded him, and his mother can't induce him to behave with any spirit or self-respect. He goes mooning about like a whipped school-boy, she says. I'm sure," the poor lady went on, serenely unconscious of the sensation she was creating, "I don't think a girl who would encourage a man as she did Frank and then refuse him is worth pining for. If I were in his place I'd be too much of a man to let her see that I cared."

Mr. Windford had concluded from Lumly's doleful countenance that Barbara had refused him, and he cleared his throat with a resounding "Ahem!" and vainly tried to catch his wife's eye.

Barbara, thinking of what lay in store for Trenham, cast about her desperately for something to say, but could think of nothing but the remark with which the Walrus had relieved an equally awkward situation by a judicious change of subject: "'The night is fine,' the Walrus said. 'Do you admire the view?'"

But Trenham, out of compassion for his defeated rival, to whom Mrs. Windford's remarks must seem confoundingly inappropriate, he thought, rose at once to the occasion.

He neatly intercepted her in a series of reflections which the theme suggested, and wound up with a funny story, at which they were all only too relieved to be able to laugh.

The talk drifted back to a safe channel; but to Barbara the little incident was not without pathos.

When luncheon was over Lumly followed Trenham into the library for a smoke.

The latter suspected him at once of an intention of renewing their unfinished conversation, and began to talk so fast that Lumly could not get in a word. The more the Englishman tried to lead him round to the matter in hand, the more Trenham took the conversational bit in his teeth and galloped off in the opposite direction. He would be neither led nor driven up to the subject, and Lumly in despair looked out of the window, only to see a buggy and pair draw up at the curbing and John Forsyth alight, ready to take him for a drive.

He turned in desperation to Trenham. "We were interrupted this morning," he said, "before I had time to finish what I was going to say. I meant to tell you——"

"That's all right, old fellow," interrupted the younger man, laying a hand affectionately on the Englishman's shoulder. "I understood you. You needn't refer to it again. I know the subject must be painful."

And as Forsyth was ushered into the room Lumly stood regarding Trenham with a miserable gaze, his worst fears confirmed.

XI.

TRENHAM had been purposely omitted from Forsyth's invitation to drive. It had seemed to the latter that his man in the race was not having a fair show, and he proposed to come to his assistance.

Every one in Barbara's circle of friends had taken it for granted that Lumly was her accepted suitor or that he shortly would be, and they played into his hands most obligingly.

Trenham was not even suspected of having similar intentions. He was supposed to be present somewhat in the capacity of trainer, —to hold the sponge, as it were, for the Englishman.

Americans are so accustomed to do their own courting that his office was regarded with intense amusement; and Trenham, being an American, was looked upon with more or less commiseration on account of his anomalous position.

As he was very companionable and a delightful talker, every one was only too ready to call him off from time to time,—to give him a half holiday, as they expressed it; and at all the social gatherings instituted in Lumly's honor Trenham was provided for with equal care in a way that was thought to be most agreeable to him.

At the dinners he was seated by the prettiest girl in the room,—after Barbara; she was invariably placed next Lumly. At the germans, engagements were made for him with all the most agreeable dancers,—except Barbara. He was much in demand at the club; and upon all other occasions he was disposed of with such success that some one remarked that they were not allowing him to earn his wages and would eventually bring about his discharge.

But the Forsyths, knowing in which corner the wind sat, looked with extreme disfavor upon this treatment of the case. In itself the situation presented grave difficulties to them; there was a gap somewhere in the story which they were not able to fill, a page torn out of the romance which held the clue to the *dénouement*.

"I don't think Barbara accepted Arthur in New York," commented Mrs. Forsyth, "even if he proposed to her,—which I doubt. I'm quite sure she did not from the way he acts now. But by this time I should think she would know her own mind, and it isn't like her to keep them both dangling on her string after she has decided between them. She could let one or the other of them know by her manner and let him go along about his business. Some girls would enjoy keeping it up as long as possible, I know, but Barbara isn't that kind of a girl; it's a mystery to me."

"What staggers my intelligence," said Forsyth, "is why Tren-

ham came here at all. Why he didn't cut in first, when he had the chance, and get ahead of Lumly; or why, if he failed to do that, he doesn't wait till the Englishman goes home and then try his luck, is more than I can understand. It looks as if he came along to watch Lumly. If he did, it's the nerviest thing I ever saw. I wonder if Lumly suspects it?"

"But his watching doesn't do much good," answered his wife. "The whole community seems to be in league with Mr. Lumly. I don't think Arthur has said three words to her since he came."

"Well, I'm going to give him a chance to repeat the better part of the dictionary if he wants to," said Forsyth. "They are going to lunch at the Windfords to-morrow, and I'm going to take Lumly for a drive and leave Trenham master of the field. I'm going early, even if my vast army of clients tear out their hair on my office door-sill, and I'll drive all afternoon. Maybe Barbara will think she has to make up for my want of courtesy by taking him to drive herself, —I'll leave that to her; but Lumly shall not interfere with him for one while."

And so the unhappy Englishman was carried off in the midst of his remarks, leaving Trenham behind, the victim, as he correctly supposed, of a serious misapprehension.

For some time the young man sat alone in the quiet room. Mr. Windford had gone back to his office, and the two women, having heard from the servant of Forsyth's arrival, supposed that both of their guests had gone to drive, and gave themselves no further concern about them.

But Trenham was by no means lonely. His thoughts were pleasant company. They recalled another library where he had sat alone through a sultry summer afternoon thinking of Barbara.

She had seemed so remote, so unattainable then; she seemed so near to-day.

At any moment she might come into the room. She would be startled to find him there, but he should not let her escape. At last he was free to speak to her.

Should he lead up to it gently, he wondered, or would the mere sight of her send the words rushing to his lips? His heart began to beat faster. Now that the moment had come, he was unnerved. Suppose, after all, she did not care for him? What reason had he to think she did? Her words in the gallery in New York? But her every act had belied them since. The impression he had received last night? Might that not have been merely his own imagination?

His rosy hopes began to blanch under his searching scrutiny. Oh, why did she not come and tell him?

As if his thoughts had drawn her, at that moment she entered the room, and seeing him, uttered a startled little cry. "Mr. Trenham," she exclaimed, "I thought you had gone."

"No," he said. "Mr. Forsyth did not ask me to drive. I think he suspected that I would rather stay here."

She stood for a moment irresolute; then, "I'll go and tell mother," she said, turning towards the door. "She does not know you are here."

"No," he cried, "I beg of you. There is something I must say to you, and this is my only chance."

The color left her face. Surely Lumly had not told him. What could he have to say to her?

Mechanically she took her seat, but he stood before her.

"My mouth has been shut for a long time," he said. "All the while you were in New York I could not speak because, in a way, I felt that my word was given to Lumly. But to-day he told me what—what has occurred between you, and at last I may tell you that I love you—that I have loved you since the day I first saw you—that I shall always love you, and you only."

She stared at him with astonished eyes. Lumly had told him, and yet he said such things to her! Had he gone mad?

She raised her hand to stop him,—she could find no words to utter; but he went on, sweeping everything aside with the torrent of his speech.

"I have been miserable," he said,—"*miserable*. I was in a false position, bound by a chain that galled me. I have been forced to keep silent, while my whole being cried out to you. But now at last I am free. Just a moment ago in this room Lumly told me——"

"Oh, hush! hush!" she cried desperately. "I have promised to marry him."

If she had struck him a blow in the face he could not have looked more stunned.

"You have promised," he repeated slowly, "to—to—marry him? I don't understand."

"But you must understand," she cried, hiding her face in her hands. "You must. It is true."

He passed his hand across his eyes with the gesture of a man suddenly roused from sleep.

"You have promised?" he reiterated; "but Lumly told me——"

The girl was crying bitterly. There had been some horrible mistake, and she—she, of all persons—must set it right. Oh, the cruelty of it!

"What did he tell you?" she asked.

"He told me," and Trenham repeated the words like a parrot, "that you said you did not love him."

"It is true, I did tell him that." She had taken her hands from her face; she was looking at him with a bewilderment almost equal to his own.

"Then why——" Trenham began, and stopped.

"Then why did I promise to marry him?" she repeated. "You want to know that?"

Trenham did not answer, and she went on bitterly. "Because—because I am a wicked girl," she said defiantly. She could not tell him the truth,—anything but that,—let him think of her as he would. "I did it for the reason that other American girls sometimes marry foreigners,—for the rank, the prestige,—for a possible title."

"Barbara," he said gently, "you are not telling me the truth. There was some other reason; I can never believe that of you."

Her eyes softened, her tears flowed afresh, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"It was because—if you will know—because I—I misunderstood you. I—I thought you did not care. That you were only—that you were playing with me."

In an instant his arms were about her. "My darling!" he cried in a transport of joy. "My dearest! my own little girl!"

For one happy moment he held her close; the next she tried to draw herself away.

"You forget," she said, "that I have promised to marry your friend."

But he would not let her go. "I know," he said. "But that was a mistake. You were under a misapprehension. To think that you could believe that I did not care for you!—that I was playing with you!" He laughed at the monstrous absurdity of the thought. "But now that you know the truth," he continued, "you are not promised to him any more. He will release you as soon as he understands."

"Let me go," she pleaded. "I cannot ask to be released."

His arms fell instantly to his side, but he went on earnestly: "You cannot? Why, Barbara, what else can you do? There is no other way."

"I have given my promise," she answered stubbornly. "I was in earnest; I meant to keep it."

"But, my dear girl," Trenham reasoned, taking her hands in his, "such a promise should never have been made; it ought not to be kept. You must break it. Lumly will understand. He is a man; he would not hold you to it if he could."

"You give me such advice?" she answered,—"you, of all men, who kept faith with him even though you had made him no promise? You tell me to break mine within a day after I have given it?"

"But that was different," he argued. "That was between man and man. It was a question of honor."

She smiled a sad little smile. "And this is between man and woman," she said, "and there is no honor involved? Your distinction does not flatter me, I think."

"But there is a distinction," he replied, "even though I put it so crudely. A woman is always free to change her mind."

"That is a code made for her," answered the girl, "by men who hold both her word and her character lightly. What would you think of him if he were to ask to be released from his promise to me?"

"I should think him——" Trenham began hotly, and then stopped, seeing where she was leading him. "But, Barbara, you know—you must know—that the cases are not parallel."

"Mine is," she replied. "Suppose, instead of being engaged to him, I were in reality married to him. Would you tell me I could change my mind?"

"But you are not married to him," Trenham broke in. "Thank God, you are not his wife."

"But you would have me break my promise simply because it was not made before witnesses and a minister?" she said; "because no one heard it but himself—and God?" she added reverently.

Trenham made a gesture of despair. "This is horrible," he said. "It is awful. You can stand there and tell me that you mean to marry him when you do not love him,—when—when you have led me to think you care for me,—and all because of a foolish promise given under a misapprehension!"

She did not answer, but there was no relenting in her downcast face.

There was even more determination in her quiet manner, in the steadfast lines about her mouth, than in any words she spoke; and yet Trenham could not believe that she could do the monstrous thing she contemplated.

"Then let me tell him," he begged. "You will not break your promise, but he will break his. He will ask to be released,—not you."

"You will not do that," she said, looking at him gravely. "You have surprised my secret from me. I can trust you not to betray it to any one."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" He wrung his hands in impotent despair. "You condemn yourself and me to a life of pain and wretchedness for such a false, preposterous notion of honor and duty, when your duty lies all the other way."

"It is my unutterable misfortune," she answered sadly, "that I must condemn you to suffer the punishment which I alone have deserved. But it is the penalty you must pay for having loved a woman as blind and foolish as I have been. I hope—in time—that you may forget."

"I shall not," he cried vehemently. "I cannot forget. I would not if I could. I had rather go to my grave loving you vainly, hopelessly, than to be happily married to any other woman. Oh, Barbara, my darling, you do not know what love is. You don't know

what the word means. I could not give you up so easily. I do not believe that you love me."

"Very well," she said quietly; "it will only make it easier for us both if you do not. I did not mean to tell you. I did not mean that you should ever know."

He dropped into a chair beside the table and bent his head upon his folded arms. Barbara stood looking at him sadly for a while; but when he raised his head, ready for fresh entreaty, she was gone.

XII.

LUMLY came home from his drive, an hour or two later, fairly bursting with impatience to finish his interview with Trenham,—to set him right without further loss of time.

During the ride his mind had been haunted by horrible possibilities. What if Trenham should go to Barbara under the impression that his rival had been refused? The very idea put him in absolute misery. He replied to Forsyth's remarks with the most ludicrous irrelevancy, and the latter, thinking his love had driven him into a midsummer madness, prolonged the drive in order to give him an opportunity to cool off.

If it is true that "all the world loves a lover," it is equally certain that all the world laughs at one; and Forsyth was infinitely diverted by the spectacle of the Englishman's sufferings, thinking that he knew the cause.

"The air will do him good," he said to himself humorously. "That's what he needs. I'll keep him out till dark, if it loses me every client I ever had. What are a few paltry cases compared to the high claims of friendship?"

Perhaps there was no man who would have more quickly appreciated the grim humor of the situation as it really existed than Forsyth, if he had understood it. He had recognized how mistaken his townsmen were in their ideas of the amusement they ought to provide for Trenham; but it did not occur to him that he, like all the other members of that amiable and well meaning community, was inflicting torture on his guest under the sacred name of hospitality.

As soon as Lumly could escape from his clutches he hurried to the hotel and inquired whether Trenham had returned.

"Yassuh," replied the African who answered his bell. "He don' come an' gone."

"Gone? Where did he go?"

"Yessuh, he don' lef'. He say he cayrnt wait fuh de night train, 'cause he ain' got time."

"Has he gone to New York?" demanded Lumly incredulously.

"Yessuh," grinned the negro.

"Did he leave no note,—no message for me?"

"Nosuh; he look like he ponderin' 'bout he bizness, an' I didn' like to pester 'im none."

Lumly sat down to the consideration of this problem, but could make nothing of it, and presently he put on his hat and hurried round to the Windfords.

He was shown into the parlor, where he paced the floor impatiently until Barbara appeared.

"Do you know what is the matter with Trenham?" he demanded, as soon as she opened the door.

"With Mr. Trenham?" she repeated, trying to collect herself.

"Yes. I've just got back to the hotel and they tell me he has gone to New York."

"Gone to New York?" She echoed him again.

"Yes. And he has left no note or message. I've a great mind to telegraph to one of the stations and find what is the matter. Did he tell you good-by?"

"I don't think you need do that," she said. "He—he told me good-by. I—I don't suppose it is anything serious," she added lamely.

Had Lumly been less preoccupied he would have noticed how oddly she replied.

"It's altogether inexplicable to me," he went on. "I was concerned about him when I went to drive, but I didn't expect anything like this."

"You were concerned about him?"

"Yes. I may as well tell you. You see, I decided that I would tell Trenham what—what happened last night. I thought it was only fair that he should know it at once. So I tried to tell him this morning, but I made a mess of it. It was uncommonly awkward, and I hemmed and hawed and beat about the bush, and just as I got to the point we were interrupted."

He stopped, but Barbara made no comment, and he went on again:

"As fate would have it," he said, "I was caught in the middle of a sentence. I had just told him that you said—that—that you did not love me." He cast a guilty glance towards Barbara. "Perhaps you think I had no right to tell him that," he apologized. "Of course, it was none of his business and all that; but I felt so sorry for him—I couldn't help it, you know, knowing what he had lost,"—the tender look which accompanied this was lost on Barbara, who sat with her eyes fastened on the floor,—“that I tried to let him down easy. But I made it too easy.” Lumly laughed nervously. "He misunderstood me altogether, and I had no chance to explain. He thought that you had refused me, he thought the way was clear for him, and he was as happy as—as a—as a lark." The simile of

the horse in clover still pursued him, but he resisted the temptation to use it.

"I tried to set him right before I went to drive," continued the Englishman, "but it was no use. He would not listen to me; he kept saying that he understood, and I needn't refer to it again; and I went off in a wretched state of mind. It seemed to me that we drove for days, but I couldn't get Forsyth to come home, and all the time I was imagining the most dreadful things were taking place here. I thought he might try to speak to you while I was gone, you know. It would have been dreadfully awkward for you,—and for him too."

Something in her face arrested him. "I suppose nothing of that kind did happen?" he asked. "Perhaps——"

"I think you are making a great deal out of nothing," she said. "Mr. Trenham probably went home on business. It is no unusual thing for an American man to be called away unexpectedly. He may have had a telegram."

"You think so?" said Lumly, only partly reassured. "Still, I think he would have left me a message."

"But it seems he didn't," said the girl wearily. "Don't let's talk about him any more. We can accomplish nothing by it."

"As you say," he acquiesced. "Still—— I'm sorry," he broke off, interrupting himself, "that you don't like him. He is one of my very best friends. I don't know any man for whom I have a higher regard. It would be much pleasanter if you liked him too. Not that it makes much difference now, but in time, when he gets over his—his attachment, you know, I would be glad if we could see a good deal of him."

There was something in the quiet air of proprietorship with which he pronounced the little word "we" that sent a shiver through Barbara.

Oh, if he would only go away and leave her to herself for a time—till she could get used to the idea that from henceforth she belonged to him.

"I did not ask you last night," he began after a pause, coming over to where she sat and taking her hand in his, "any questions about the future, or when you will let me call you mine. But I cannot go back across the water without having something definite to look forward to. I am no longer a very young man, my dear, and I am jealous of every moment you spend away from me; and you will be so far away when I go back to England."

He waited, but she still looked down. She was so tired, so sad, so worn from the struggle she had just passed through with Trenham; why could he not leave her in peace for a little?

In spite of all her efforts, she could not get rid of the unreasonable idea that he was to blame for all her misery. If he had only told her the story about Trenham before she had promised to marry

him; or if, having her promise, he had never told her at all;—but no, she would not say that. Joy for joy and sorrow for sorrow, she would not give up the knowledge that Trenham loved her. It weighed down the scale even against her wretchedness.

"And I must be going to England soon," Lumly was saying. "Though I am not an American man of business, I have duties that I cannot neglect. I suppose—I know—it would be too much to ask you to return with me,—after a time?"

He stopped. His words had stated a fact, but his tone asked a question.

"Oh, no, no," she burst out. "I could not. You must not ask it."

"Very well, then," he answered patiently,—and in her irritable mood his very patience tried her,—“we will talk of this some other time, if you prefer it.”

He released her hand and began to speak of other things, but she could see that he was disappointed, wounded, and she was miserably conscious that she did not care.

Trenham's sudden departure created only a temporary ripple in the little circle he had so abruptly abandoned. It was understood that he had told Barbara good-by, and the telegram that she had in her desperation suggested took on such shape and form of reality that in a day or so there were many who could repeat the wording of the message and almost give you the address and signature.

But Trenham's absence and their new relation only made Lumly more lavish of his presence. It seemed to Barbara that he was always by her side.

"I will so soon be gone, and I will be so far away," he answered when she suggested that he should devote some of his leisure to the many friends he had made during his visit. "Let me stay with you while I can."

But the time dragged wearily for her. She tried in vain to grow used to the idea that she had given herself to him. She even began to fear that the sincere liking she had had for him would turn to positive aversion.

His kindness, his patience, his unwearied gentleness with all her moods and tenses only served to increase her petulance, until at last she would lose her self-command and break out with a word or gesture that was positively unkind.

She always repented bitterly as soon as it was over and hastened to make reparation; but reparation meant only encouragement to him to be more tender, more affectionate, more sublimely and unreasonably happy; and this she found hardest of all to endure.

She began to feel as if something must give way under the continual strain she put upon herself if she did not soon find some relief; and in the simple, obvious way in which things happen when one has grown desperate over trying to force them relief came.

The season was lavish of mild, bright days, cool in the early morning and after the sun had gone down, but warm and brilliant in the middle of the day, and upon one of these the Forsyths had planned an excursion to a point of historic interest a mile or two down the river.

They had arranged to make a day of it, and even Mr. and Mrs. Windford had been persuaded to accompany them; but when the morning came, Barbara awoke with a headache of which she gladly availed herself to earn a day's reprieve.

It was sorely needed. Her patience and her self-control were worn to a thread; she felt when they had gone and she was alone in the big house like a person who has taken an anæsthetic, which, while it does not relieve the pain, yet deadens in a measure one's sensations.

For one day at least she could be herself; there was no one for whose benefit she must act a part.

Throughout the morning she occupied herself with the many small duties which the constant presence of guests had made her neglect of late; it was the best tonic she could have chosen; but in the afternoon, feeling the need of relaxation, she went into the parlor and began to play and then to sing softly to herself.

She chose only old songs, simple ballads that had been familiar since childhood; and gradually the music began to interest her; her voice grew louder, fuller, and she forgot herself in her singing.

And so, turning the pages of an old song-book, and trying first this air and then that, she came upon "Auld Robin Gray," and before she was well aware of what she was doing she had begun to sing the pathetic little song.

She had not finished the first verse before the words took hold of her. She had not sung them for years; she had forgotten that they existed; but to-day they seemed to have been written for her. It was her own life they told. It was her own story she was singing in the simple lines. Unconsciously, she threw into the song all the sorrow that had wrung her heart; it was a relief to give it voice. The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her face, but she did not stop to wipe them away, until, with the last lines,

"But I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind mon to me,"

she raised her eyes and saw Lumly standing in the door-way.

Crash! went her hands on the keys. She shut the book. What had he heard? How far had she betrayed herself?

"I got John Forsyth to drive me home early," he explained. "It has been rather a long day for me. Why, child, you have been crying," he said as he caught sight of her tear-stained face. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing. The song was a little sad, that is all."

"It sounded very sweet," he said, "the little I was able to catch. What is it?—something about 'auld Robin Gray,' was it not?"

"Did you have a pleasant day?" she inquired irrelevantly.

"I have just told you," he answered, smiling, "that I was lonely. It is never pleasant to me when you are absent."

"So you did," she said inconsequently.

"I wish you would sing to me now," he went on, seating himself near her. "Sing the song you were singing as I came in. You have not told me the name."

"I will sing you something else," she said, taking up the book,—"something more cheerful."

"But I had rather hear that," he answered. "It was Scotch, was it not? I am fond of Scotch songs, and I know a good many, but I am not familiar with that. Is it one of Burns's?"

"I don't think you would care for it," she replied. "Here is something you will like better." And she began to play the prelude to "Wha'll be King but Charley?"

"You might let me judge for myself," he persisted. "It sounded very sweet as I came in. Why won't you sing it, or tell me what it is?"

She thought his persistence was maddening. She could never sing it to him.

"Because I do not care to," she answered coldly.

He glanced at her quickly. It seemed to him that she had displayed more of what in another woman he would call temper since their engagement than he could have dreamed that she possessed.

But he was very tender towards her in his thoughts. She did not love him yet: that explained many things; and surely his love for her was great enough to make him patient.

"Very well," he said gently.

But to Barbara the two words "very well" had grown into a positive aggravation through their frequent repetition. She knew he would say that. If he would only sometimes say something else. She believed she would prefer "all right," vulgar as it was, for the sake of a change.

In the bottom of her heart she knew that it was her own capricious wilfulness which made the words so frequently repeated so irksome to her. But that knowledge did not recommend them. Why should he be so long-suffering? If it were Trenham, he would tell her she was behaving abominably, that she had no right to treat him so. They would quarrel, and the atmosphere would be cleared. Trenham would—but she must not think of Trenham; the words of the song recurred to her, "For that wad be a sin."

She sang "Wha'll be King but Charley?" and then turned slowly round on the music-stool. She hoped he would ask her to sing

something else; it was so much easier to sing than to talk. But he did not. He began to talk instead.

"I had a letter from home this morning," he said. "I find I shall have to get back sooner than I had thought,—in a very few days, perhaps. I hope you will be sorry to have me go,—a little."

Going! And in a few days! His words were such a relief that it was an effort to keep from showing it in her face. But for the few days that remained she would—oh, she would be kind to him, no matter what it cost her.

"I shall be very sorry to see you go," she said; and for the moment, remembering her impatience, repenting her petulant unkindness, she really believed that she meant it.

"Have you thought at all of what I said the other day?" he inquired, encouraged by her manner.

"About what?" she asked, throwing the feeble barricade of a question in his way in a futile attempt to gain time, though she knew very well what he meant.

"About when I may come back for my wife," he said.

"I'm afraid I haven't," she replied. Then, seeing the disappointment in his face, she added: "We've been together so constantly ever since, you know, that I haven't had time."

To his impatient longing her excuse sounded grossly inadequate. True, they had been constantly together, but he had had time to think of nothing else.

"You have had a great deal of time to think to-day, have you not?" he asked. "You have been alone all day."

"Yes," she admitted, "but I've been very busy."

"That reminds me," he said. "I have forgotten to ask about your headache. It was very thoughtless of me. Is it better?"

She had forgotten all about it.

"Much better," she answered shamefacedly. "I needed a little rest, that was all."

They fell silent for a time, though she tried hard to think of something to say, lest he should recur to the subject she so dreaded. Once she caught herself beginning to ask him if he had had a pleasant day, but stopped in time.

"Can you tell me when you will have time?" He spoke timidly, as if he feared to make her angry; but she answered at once and in a different tone. She had had an idea.

"I will tell you what I will do," she announced cheerfully,—*"I will write to you."*

She was greatly elated by this sudden inspiration. She liked to write letters. She wished she could write to him now, instead of sitting there cudgelling her brain for something to say. It would always be easy to find something to say in a letter; there was the weather and all the local news. And then she would not be haunted by that patient, tender look in his eyes; she would not be irritated by

the continual dropping of his "Very well," which was wearing out her forbearance.

As it happened, after her last words, Lumly was silent for a moment, and then answered patiently, "Very well."

XIII.

It is easy in a moment of intense emotion to resolve to sacrifice one's life upon the altar of duty. But it is hard to live, from hour to hour and from day to day, the irksome, unappreciated existence which such high resolutions involve.

Possibly if the martyrs had died of some slow disease in an obscure corner, where their heroism would have been without witnesses, they might have found it impossible to put the flesh so triumphantly underfoot.

As the days lengthened into weeks after Lumly's departure, and the excitement of the strain under which she had lived died out of Barbara's life, such thoughts as these were often in her mind.

She had lost her relish for life, its occupations and its pleasures.

When the first feeling of relief at being left to herself had passed away, her future looked utterly colorless and uninteresting.

In vain she reminded herself that when she was at Cheswick both the place itself and the life for which it formed such a perfect background had been irresistibly charming to her. It seemed to her now that their attractiveness lay chiefly in the fact that she had been very happy there, with a contentment which depended for its existence upon quite other sources than wooded parks and interesting architecture.

She could not rouse herself to any enthusiasm at the thought that she was to be the mistress of this stately dwelling, and she gave up the effort with a sigh of infinite weariness, and fell to wondering whether, if Trenham were to come then and urge his plea, he would find her as inexorably determined as she had been before.

"Perhaps," she said to herself sadly, "it is better for my self-respect that he urged it then and not now,—that he will never urge it again."

Lumly had telegraphed Trenham to meet him in New York, and as he drew near the city the Englishman's thoughts again reverted to his friend's abrupt departure and its probable cause. He had not heard from him since, and he wondered whether he should find him as light-hearted as he had been the last time they were together.

But his first glance at Trenham's face as he got out of the train at Jersey City was a sufficient answer to his question.

His eyes had a weary expression that told of sleepless nights; he was carelessly dressed, and his manner was preoccupied and listless.

"I have a carriage here," he said when they had shaken hands; but once inside of it he appeared to have nothing to say, but sat looking absently out of the window at the busy wharf.

"I left your friends all well," said Lumly cheerfully. "They all wished to be remembered to you,—the Forsyths particularly. They told me to say that they had not forgiven you for running away without bidding them good-by."

"I'm much obliged to them," said Trenham, replying without enthusiasm to the first part of Lumly's remark.

"You puzzled us all," Lumly pursued, "and me more than any one else. But I suppose the telegram was imperative."

"The telegram?" inquired Trenham, looking at him,— "what telegram?"

"The telegram calling you back to New York on business. Miss Windford seemed to feel an unexpressed contempt for me because I did not at once understand how a man could be so at the beck and call of a telegram that he would leave a pleasant party without saying good-by."

Trenham was looking at him in bewilderment.

"I didn't receive any telegram," he said. "Who told you I did?"

"Miss Windford," answered Lumly in equal astonishment. Then he corrected himself hastily. "No, since I think of it, she didn't say you had, she suggested it as a possible explanation of your flight. It was public opinion that made it a fact. Every one jumped at it as a trout would jump at a fly. 'Oh, he had a despatch, had he?' they said; as if that would account for any vagary you might commit. It opened my eyes to the potency of telegrams in America."

Trenham smiled. "I believe they are rather an unrecognized force," he said.

"Oh, I assure you," Lumly continued, "I got the idea that you men of business are entirely at their mercy; that they exercised a tyranny over you which the Czar of Russia might well envy. But if it wasn't a telegram, Trenham, what did bring you home, may I ask?"

Trenham realized too late the sufficiency of the excuse which Barbara had furnished him and which he had recklessly thrown away. "It was—it was—a letter," he said,— "a special delivery letter."

"What kind of a letter is that?" inquired Lumly. "I should infer it was a *lettre de cachet* from its effect."

"It ranks only second to the telegram as a commander," said Trenham, glad to have gotten off so well: "a sort of adjutant, one might say."

"Well," said Lumly, "I can only repeat what I have always asserted, that the Americans are the most governed nation I know."

Talk about freedom and the republic! Give me the tyranny of my own effete monarchy a thousand times over in preference."

They were crossing the river now, and in the pause which followed they could hear the stamping of the horses' feet and the sound of the boat's wheel churning below them. Lumly suddenly recalled his last conversation with Trenham, and smiled as he thought what a boon this utter isolation would have been to him then.

"While I have the chance," he began, "for I am reasonably sure we can't be interrupted here, I want to tell you what I made so many abortive attempts to say when we were in Georgia. I was afraid you misunderstood me,—I expressed myself so awkwardly,—but it is only right that you should know that——"

Trenham laid his hand on Lumly's knee. "Never mind," he said. "I know, I understand. She accepted you. I—I haven't congratulated you, my dear fellow; forgive me. I do now. I wish you joy, with all my heart." But there was little heartiness in his tone.

Lumly looked at him sharply as they sat in the shadow of the ferry-boat. So he had understood, after all, and that sudden burst of gayety was nothing but a magnificent bluff,—all put on to cover the other thing.

Well, it was very well done. It had taken him in completely; but it seemed a useless, theatrical thing to do. It was hardly like Trenham.

How wretchedly he looked, poor fellow. Now that they were out of the gloom of the ferry-boat and rattling through the sunny streets of the city, his face looked positively haggard.

Lumly thought of him a good deal during the next few days. He was not a reading man, and once on board the ship, with pleasant weather, and no acquaintances whom he cared to cultivate, he had ample time to puzzle over Trenham's reason for assuming such a sudden flow of spirits when he learned that the game was all up with him.

Whom did he hope to deceive by it?

"So far as I can see," thought Lumly, "it was all done for my benefit, as the operas at Baireuth are done for the king. Trenham must have known that the performance was thrown away on the Windfords; they didn't even know he had such aspirations."

"I cannot understand why he should have been at such pains to befuddle me," he said aloud, "when he had already confessed to me that he loved her,—plumed himself on it, in fact."

It was winter, and Lumly was pacing the wind-swept deck, with his hands in his pockets and the fur collar of his ulster turned up over his ears. "And I can't see," he went on, "why, when he had taken me in so thoroughly, he did not care to keep it up. Why did he drop the mask as soon as I reached New York?"

He went to the railing and stood looking out over the water, but

he did not see the deep, white furrow which the ship was ploughing in that trackless field. Another riddle had presented itself.

"It's odd that he should have known to the day just when she accepted me," he thought. "I wonder who told him?" he said aloud. "I'm very sure it was not I." He laughed at the recollection of the absurd figure he must have cut during their interview. "I tried to," he thought; "I'll do myself that justice; but I didn't succeed. I behaved much more like a rejected suitor than he did. I should not have blamed him for thinking she had jilted me."

But when his feet touched English soil again he left all these problems behind him in the ship he had quitted. There was plenty to do and to think, now that he was at home again.

There was a certain wing at Cheswick that Barbara had admired. He meant to have it fitted up for her.

He recalled the day that he had shown her through it and told her its history. He remembered everything she had said of it, and how lovely she looked when she said it. To think that he was to fit up the apartment for her own use!

And then there was the pleasant duty of telling his sister the good news. It would be such a pleasure to talk to her of Barbara. She was much younger than he was, but they had always been good companions, and he felt sure of her sympathy.

"I can't flatter myself that I am telling you any news, Millicent," he said as they sat together over the library fire. "I think you suspected why I took that sudden journey to the States."

She smiled into his eyes. "I did," she admitted, "but I am surprised, Edward, notwithstanding. To be frank, I did not think she would have you. I imagined she was interested in that delightful friend of yours, Mr. Trenham."

Lumly looked at her with a troubled expression. "I feared that too," he said, "until I asked her. What made us both think that, I wonder? I thought I had a reason, but you could not possibly have known it."

Miss Lumly smiled. "You are always surprised, Edward, at any indication of my having eyes in my head. It took no mind-reader to see that she liked him. We talked about him a good deal; he was the only acquaintance we had in common; and then Mrs. Forsyth was always getting letters from him which seemed to be intended mainly for Barbara. As soon as Mrs. Forsyth had glanced through them she would turn them over to her, and I noticed that she didn't read them in the dining-room or the drawing-room, where they were handed her, but put them aside till she could find an opportunity to slip away to her room with them."

"You are a very observant young woman, Millicent," he said. "I didn't see any of those things."

"Well, it makes it all the more charming that she should prefer you," she answered brightly. "I was very fond of her. I shall be

so glad to welcome her here as a sister, Edward. Have you told mamma?"

"Not yet," he answered absently. "Since you speak of it," he went on, "I do remember that she seemed to like him very much when she was here. We talked about him a great deal. It appears to me, now, as if we talked of very little else. But this winter at her own home she seemed to have an aversion for him. What do you suppose made her change her mind?"

"Perhaps it was your presence, my dear, that threw him into the shade."

Lumly shook his head. "No, no," he objected. "It was more than mere indifference. She told me once that she didn't care to discuss him."

"That sounds as if they had quarrelled," suggested Miss Lumly. "Had they had a chance? Had she seen him after she got home and before you came?"

"Yes, they were together in New York for quite a while. How well you seem to understand her, Millicent. Where did you get your intuition?"

"Set a girl to catch a girl," laughed his sister. "We're made of the same clay, I suppose, even though we live on different sides of the water." Then, with a glance at his thoughtful face, "What difference does it make why she dislikes Mr. Trenham, so long as she likes you?" she demanded. "That is the important point. You are as bad as mamma when I have a cold. She instantly begins to wonder how I caught it, until I have to remind her that she utterly loses sight of the thing that interests me,—how I am going to get rid of it. When shall you go over to be married, Edward? Won't you take me with you?"

"I don't know," he answered dully. "She did not name any day. She said she would write me."

He sat in a troubled silence. What his sister had told him suddenly brought back his old problems and set them before him in a new light.

If Barbara and Trenham had had a misunderstanding in New York, what could it have been about? Trenham would have told him of any ordinary quarrel, he felt confident.

In his own rather slow way the Englishman had an analytical turn of mind. If he were given time, he was apt to reason things out very accurately.

"It could hardly have been a lovers' quarrel," he argued with himself, "because Trenham was careful not to tell her that he loved her. True, he kept up a constant fire of books and flowers and messages during her absence; but he had not spoken of love, except so far as these things spoke for him; and after he received my letter he was even more guarded. Stop,—might not that have been at the bottom of the misunderstanding? Was it not very likely that he

suddenly became rather reserved and formal in his manner, and that she resented it?"

Lumly took his cigar from his lips and, leaning forward, flecked the ashes on the hearth.

"I believe I have my finger on one end of the thread," he said to himself.

But having gone thus far he suddenly drew back. This thread that he held in his hand,—where was it leading him? Had he not better let it go before it drew him any farther along a path he might be sorry to follow?

But the mind is like an inquisitive child: when it asks a question it will be answered.

He tried to put it off. He occupied himself with the repairs in the south wing; he spent a great deal of time with his sister; he even tried to interest himself in a novel; but it was of no use.

If at no other time, in the quiet of his own room, when night had dropped her mantle over Cheswick, the question would come back to him. The thread which he held might be said to have twisted itself into an interrogation point, till he was driven to follow it to the end.

"She was piqued by the change in Trenham's manner," he said, "and then—I came. She is a truthful girl; she told me she did not love me."

His mind was far in the lead now. During the hours when he had put it aside it had not been idle. He knew what it was to have his subconsciousness—or whatever name one chooses to give that independent intelligence—work out in his sleep a problem that had troubled his waking hours, and present the result as his stenographer might hand him a clear type-written copy of a letter whose substance he had only outlined.

Little things that he had passed unnoticed at the time, or which, having noticed, he had forgotten, he found arranged before him in logical order, like a brief of evidence.

"The morning after Barbara accepted me," he said to himself, "Trenham struck me as being unusually gay. What could have occurred to put him in such good spirits?"

Did he not remember their walk with Barbara the evening before,—how very gracious she had been to Trenham, while he walked by her side almost unnoticed? How gayly and happily they had talked together! Could he forget the jealous pang with which he had seen his rival lift her over the muddy crossing? No wonder Trenham was happy.

"And next morning," Lumly continued, carrying on his argument, "I went to him with my awkward speech and doleful countenance to tell him that she said she did not love me. How could he help believing that I had been rejected? No wonder he was transported at the thought."

And then—and then—his mind, always in the lead, was fairly dragging him after it—then he had gone with Forsyth for that interminable drive, and Trenham had taken advantage of his absence to speak to Barbara and had learned the truth from her lips.

Lumly remembered very well that during the drive he had been dreading that just such a catastrophe was taking place; and on his return, finding Trenham gone, he had even asked Barbara if something of the kind had not happened, and she had told him—no, she had not told him. He would do her justice; she had not answered his question.

Well, it was clear enough at last. He had reached the end of the thread. No, not quite the end. There was still one question more,—Barbara? Did she indeed care for Trenham?

Granted that she liked him, granted that she would resent any change in his manner in New York; admitted that she was distressed at having to tell him the truth that was so bitter for him to hear,—but did she love him?

That indefatigable and officious servant, his subconsciousness, was ready to remind him of her petulance, her coldness towards him—her accepted lover; her refusal to name any day for their marriage. But to all these arguments he had one overwhelming answer. When she knew the truth, when she was sure that Trenham loved her, why did she not break off her engagement with him?

She was too kind, perhaps; too tender-hearted. Was that what she meant when she said she would write him after he reached England?

He felt a sudden tightening at his heart. How could he wait till the letter came? And how, when it reached him, could he bear to break the seal?

He never knew how he managed to endure the suspense of those days. When at last the letter did come his hands trembled as he tore it open; the thin sheets rattled in his shaking fingers. But from first to last there was no hint of a broken engagement in it.

It was clever, girlish, even affectionate. To his starved heart the little half-tender sentence with which she signed her name at the end was a thing to gloat over, to read again and again, to carry next his heart, and to kiss when he was alone in his room.

How could he know what it had cost her to write it?

He had not realized how hopeless he had become till he felt the almost overpowering revulsion of this relief. He did not know how he had dreaded the tidings that letter might bring. He sat down and answered it with a heart overflowing with rapture.

She was his! She was his! And perhaps even now in his absence, as the old song said, her heart had grown fonder. Perhaps even now she was beginning to love him.

XIV.

A DOUBT once raised is a troublesome ghost to lay, and Lumly had by no means silenced his.

But other letters came. Barbara had evidently no idea of breaking her promise, and he told himself that he had no right to doubt her.

The work on the south wing took up a great deal of time, for he superintended every detail, and was exceedingly hard to please, the workmen thought.

He consulted his sister's taste at every step, though he did not always take her advice. Late one afternoon, after looking for her in vain in her accustomed haunts, he heard the sound of voices in the music room, and, pushing open the door, came upon her sitting at the piano surrounded by a group of children from the village.

She had been singing to them, to their great delight, and Lumly stopped in the door-way to listen to a babel of voices clamoring for their special favorites.

"Gi' us 'Bonnie Dundee,'" vociferated Johnny Brent.

He was a shaggy urchin in whose name she had renounced the devil and all his works at his christening; but he demanded the song, because in his unregenerate little heart he took an unholy delight in hearing her sing, "The toon is weel quit o' that deil o' Dundee."

"Why do you like that song so much, Johnny?" she asked with a dawning suspicion.

But the boy was wary. "I dunnot know, miss," he made answer. (Johnny's parents came from the North.) "Happen it's th' foine tune thot I loike."

It was Johnny who had such difficulty in mastering his catechism that Miss Lumly in desperation stooped to bribery, and stimulated his intelligence by the gift of a pair of shoes.

But for all that, when the bishop came to examine the class he was perfectly dumb.

"Oh, Johnny," she expostulated in a whisper, "what did I give you to learn it?"

"Yo' gi' me a pair o' clogs, miss," responded Johnny aloud in his broad Lancashire.

The bishop heard him and smiled. "And what did you learn, my boy?" he asked indulgently.

"'To walk i' th' same aw th' days o' my loife,'" answered Johnny with a sudden rush of memory.

Her brother listened with pleasure as she sung the stirring air. Her voice was not as sweet and rich as Barbara's, he thought, but it was clear and true, and the secret of its charm for her audience lay in her perfect articulation; for the love of music is seldom sufficiently developed in children to make them care for songs without words.

When she had finished the song, another, a more imaginative child, called for "Castles in the Air," and Lumly wondered what it was that held the small face in its look of rapt attention,—the picture of the "bairn who sits pokin' in the ash, glowerin' at the fire wi' his wee, roun' face," or only a budding cynicism which relished the philosophical statement that "hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air."

The girl turned round when the song was done, and saw her brother smiling at her from the door-way.

"Now run away, children," she commanded; "I can't sing any more to-day."

And the small creatures retreated in decorous confusion, sidling past each other, with their fingers in their mouths, awed into sudden silence by the presence of the master.

But when they had gone he found he had forgotten what he came to ask. The dusk was creeping in at the long windows, and he began to feel tired.

"Sing something more," he said, as he dropped into a chair near the fire. "Those Scotch songs are quaint and you sing them well; they suit your voice."

"Have you any favorites?" she asked as she fluttered the leaves of the music-book. "Do you enjoy profanity, like Johnny Brent; or do you prefer fairies, like Mary Ware?"

"I'm not particular," he answered. "Or, stay,—do you happen to know a song that has something about 'Robin Gray' in the last line?"

"'Auld Robin Gray?' " she answered. "I've known it all my life."

"Then sing that," he said.

She struck a few chords and began:

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a poun', my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the poun', they were baith for me."

The simple melody dropped into a plaintive minor key.

"He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa':
My father brak' his arm, my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me."

Her clear, girlish voice went on with the pathetic story. The wreck of Jamie's ship, the struggles to support father and mother, and "auld Rob's" importunity. How her father "urged her sair," and her mother "didna speak, but she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;" and how at last she yielded, and

"They gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray he was gude mon to me."

Then came the story of Jamie's return, as she was "sittin' sae

mournfu' ae night at the door," and his glad cry, "I've come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

She sang the last verse with a very tender appreciation of its pathos.

"O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say!
Ae kiss me took, nae mair; I bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm nae like to dee;
O, why do I live to say, 'Wae is me' ?
I gang like a ghaist; I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind mon to me."

The room had filled with shadows as she rose from the piano and came towards him.

"It's a sad little song, is it not, Edward?" she asked.

But he did not answer. He sat with his face resting in one hand so quietly that she thought he was asleep, and she stood and watched him for a moment with a new look in her eyes. Sitting with his head bowed and his shoulders bent, he looked old.

"Poor Edward," she said to herself with a little sigh, "he has led a lonely life; I am glad he is going to be so happy," and she went quietly out of the room, closing the door softly behind her and cautioning the servants not to disturb him.

The morning looked in at the windows of Cheswick and found him still sitting there. His head no longer rested in his hand; it was thrown back, and his eyes looked wearily before him, seeing nothing.

Presently a servant opened the door.

"One of the workmen wishes to speak to you, sir," he said.

Lumly looked at him but did not answer, and the man repeated the request.

"Tell him," said Lumly, "that I cannot come."

"But he says that they can't go on," the man persisted in an apologetic tone, "till you show them where they are to cut the window."

"Tell them," said his master apathetically, "that I do not care."

And the man, giving a deprecating cough behind his hand, withdrew.

"If I write to her," Lumly was saying to himself with miserable iteration, "she may not understand. If I go, I shall see her again. I shall see her again!"

When he announced his determination of returning to America his sister tried to dissuade him from taking another voyage in cold weather, but he was determined.

"Perhaps," she suggested timidly, "you will bring Barbara home with you?"

Something had gone wrong. Some terrible thing had happened, and she did not dare to ask what.

He did not answer, and she went on: "I thought perhaps you

stopped the work on the south wing because it would not be finished in time."

He turned his face away. "There will be plenty of time," he said,—*"plenty of time."*

He had not at all planned how he should meet Barbara or what he would say to her, but any one less preoccupied than he would have revolted at the commonplace, trivial way in which he was forced to ring her door-bell and formally send up his card.

But he did not notice that. There was only one thought in his mind: to give her her liberty in the gentlest way that he could; to undo the wrong that he told himself he had done her.

She came into the room with a face which she had forced to smile, but at sight of him she forgot the little speech of welcome she had prepared.

"What has happened?" she asked, going up to him. "Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," he answered; "but it is not too late to set it right."

And then he told her, his love shielding her from all blame, making little of his own unhappiness and much of what he had made her suffer.

When she began to cry he tried to comfort her, but she would not hear him.

"I must be a very poor, shallow creature," she sobbed, "to have known you and yet not love you. I don't see how I can help it, and I despise myself that I don't."

He left her, when his story was told, without seeing any one else. The task he had set himself was only half done, and he was feverishly impatient to finish it while his strength lasted.

He found Trenham little changed when they met in New York, and he could not but smile at the curious fatality by which it happened that the young man looked as wretched when he was about to hear good news as he had been absurdly happy on the eve of a bitter disappointment.

"I've come to keep my promise in good earnest at last," the Englishman began.

Trenham looked at him blankly. Was Lumly going to go over that every time he saw him? He was like the awful man in the "Ancient Mariner."

"Don't you think we can afford to drop that now?" he said.

"You can't," answered Lumly; "though perhaps I might."

"I don't understand you," said Trenham.

"It is a very simple thing," Lumly went on. "I have found out by accident that there has been a mistake; she does not care for me. Indeed, I always knew that; but I have learned that she cares for some one else; and I—I have released her; that is all."

The two men looked at each other, and Trenham grasped his hand in silence.

And so Lumly went home to Cheswick,—to the south wing that was never finished.

When he had gone, Trenham felt as if death had intervened to set Barbara free. With Lumly's face in his memory he could not even be glad.

He would not go to her or write to her,—not yet.

And then suddenly, one night as he lay awake, thinking of her, the words of her broken confession came back to him: "I—I thought you did not care,—that you were only playing with me."

He started up. Merciful Heavens! Suppose she were to think that now! Lumly had gone to her and set her free; perhaps he had told her what more he intended to do. She might be waiting for him now, and wondering why he did not come.

The idea took possession of him. He could hardly wait for the morning before starting to go to her. He managed to get to Jersey City an hour before the train left, and paced the platform impatiently, climbing into the car the moment the gate was opened in a sudden panic lest the train might start without him.

Once under way, he tormented the conductor past all endurance because they were a little late, and bought out the entire stock of the enraptured train agent in a vain attempt to find something to make the time pass.

But the journey ended at last, as all journeys will, and he found himself in the Windfords' parlor and heard her step outside the door.

"Barbara!" he cried, holding out his arms. "Barbara, I have come!"

But she drew back, her face crimson.

"Oh, how could you?" she said. "How could you?"

His arms dropped to his side, and he stood, conscience-smitten, before her.

"I feel as if he had died," she went on. "I cannot forget his face; I think I shall always see it."

"I know," Trenham interrupted her; "I understand." And without more words he picked up his hat and meekly took himself back to his hotel.

But alone in his room, with the day before him, the longing to see her grew too strong for him, and he made his way back to her house.

"Only let me speak to you," he wrote on the card he sent up to her. "I shall not annoy you or distress you in any way. I have come to say good-by."

But the servant returned with a slip of paper in her hand.

"Do not think me unkind," it said, "but I cannot see you,—not now. It would be better if you forgot me; I do not deserve to be happy."

Trenham slipped the note in his pocket and left the house.

"She might have trusted me," he said to himself with a touch of bitterness.

He went gloomily down the street, his hands in his pockets, his head bent, seeing nothing before him until he reached the corner, where he collided violently with a man coming towards him from the cross street.

"Hello, Trenham!" said the latter. "Where did you come from? I thought you were safe in New York, or I should have been on the lookout for you as I rounded the corner."

It was John Forsyth, and the two men shook hands, though there was little warmth in Trenham's greeting. He would have given anything to have gotten away without meeting any one he knew.

"Where are you going?" Forsyth persisted.

"To the hotel," said Trenham.

Forsyth's eyes twinkled. "Well, you might have reached it in time," he commented, "if you kept on long enough; but it would have been rather more direct to have gone the other way. However, you're on the road to my house, which is better."

Trenham demurred, but Forsyth had his way and carried him home with him perforce. There his wife by skilful questioning managed to draw out a part of the truth.

She told her husband as soon as Trenham had gone, and Forsyth listened in sympathetic silence.

"That is tragedy," he said when she had finished,—"nothing less. I don't know how you feel about it, but for my part I shall never be able to think of Lumly without feeling as if I had helped to commit a murder."

"Yes," said his wife. "It is as bad as bad can be, and one of the worst things about it is that his sacrifice seems to have been without effect. It has not purchased any happiness for Barbara or Arthur, for she is determined not to see him."

"I don't want her to see him," said Forsyth. "I don't want them to be happy. It would be like dancing over a grave. They ought to suffer as well as Lumly."

"But he wanted them to be happy," Mrs. Forsyth answered. "It doesn't do him any good for them to suffer."

"But it does me good. It satisfies my sense of the eternal fitness of things."

"Well, I must say it is asking a good deal of Barbara and Arthur that they must be wretched to satisfy your sense of fitness. I thought perhaps we could find some way out of the difficulty for them,—that you might suggest some way of helping them."

"I tell you I don't want to help them," answered her husband stubbornly. "I wouldn't if I could. I can't think about anything but Lumly and his big empty house and all his broken hopes. Barbara ought never to have accepted him. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Arthur had hopes, too," Mrs. Forsyth persisted plaintively, "and we did all we could to encourage them." She paused for a moment, and then went on with a little sigh: "I suppose it doesn't matter whether he is happy or not; but it's very well for us that he didn't wash his hands of the whole affair when we were in trouble."

Forsyth groaned. "I declare, Nellie, it's too bad of you to be perpetually throwing that in my teeth. Every man has his price, I suppose, and you are mine. But I give you my word, if Trenham had helped me to a seat in Congress, or given me a fortune, I'd rather throw it in his face than have a hand in this."

"I suppose it will all turn out right in the end," Mrs. Forsyth went on, "but I can't bear to have Arthur go home feeling as he does. There's no telling what may happen before he comes back again. And then, how will he know when to come back? Oh!" she interrupted herself, leaning forward in her chair and grasping her husband's arm, "I can foresee a dreadful complication. He won't know how long to wait, and of course she can't tell him,—and, don't you see?—if he waits too long she will think he has forgotten, or is angry, or——"

"I see," said Forsyth, puffing savagely at his cigar; "it's a beautiful predicament they're in. This love affair has had ups and downs enough to fill a three-volume novel. They have a faculty for getting themselves into more different kinds of trouble than any couple I ever heard of."

"I tell Arthur," said his wife, "that most of it has been due to his impulsiveness."

"No," Forsyth contradicted, "it has been the result of accident every time. Fate has made a plaything of them from first to last."

They sat in silence for some time, and then Forsyth inquired, "Did she absolutely refuse to see him at all?"

"Yes," said his wife. "And I can see that is what hurts him, and it makes me feel that if he goes away now he'll be too proud to come back. He'll wait for her to take the first step, and she never will."

"Why won't she see him, do you suppose?" pursued Forsyth. "She could do that without committing herself, you know."

"I know, but she won't."

Forsyth leaned back in his chair and blew a wreath of smoke from his lips.

"I have an idea," he said.

Mrs. Forsyth looked at him incredulously.

"I believe she won't see him because she's afraid to," he pursued.

"Afraid to? Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of herself. She believes that if she sees him she will break down,—give in, you know."

"Do you really think so?" demanded Mrs. Forsyth breathlessly.

"I'm sure of it. And my idea is that if we could bring them together accidentally,—let them seem to stumble upon each other in some way,—it would be all over in a minute."

"Oh, John, I could kiss you."

"Do it if you like. I don't mind."

They went to work to contrive an accidental meeting like a pair of conspirators, or rather like two stage managers. Forsyth objected to all his wife's schemes because, he said, they left so much to chance that it would be an accident if they ever came off at all, and she discarded his because they were so transparent that an infant could see through them.

Mrs. Forsyth got a moment's inspiration out of one of Bang's stories that she recalled, in which a pair of estranged lovers are trapped into sitting beside each other to hear Calvé sing "*Cavallaria*."

"We could hardly afford to engage Calvé," she laughed, "but we might get that cheap opera company that was here last summer;—it was the *intermezzo* that brought them round, you know."

But Forsyth wouldn't hear of it. "If we can't be original," he said,—*"if we have to get our ideas out of the magazines, as Mary Jones gets her dresses out of the fashion monthlies, I'll throw over the whole thing."*

"But some of the designs in the fashion monthlies are very good," Mrs. Forsyth persisted.

"They are not good enough for me. This scheme shall be made to order from my own plans and specifications."

"You'll have to be in a hurry, then," said Mrs. Forsyth. "He is going home to-night. You haven't much time for your plans."

"He'll have to stay over," said Forsyth. "I'm going to manage the thing on a scientific basis. Did you ever hear Dr. Burgoyne's method of treating a man for dementia?"

"No."

"Well, he found out that the last thing the man did before he lost his mind was to hear a sermon on reprobation and election——"

"I'm not surprised at the result," interpolated his wife. John Forsyth was a Presbyterian and she was not. He went on as if he hadn't heard the interruption.

"The doctor ordered the patient's wife to send for the man who preached that sermon, no matter where he was; then he told her to take her husband to church and put him in the same pew where he sat before, and make the minister preach from the same text and take back everything he said,—every word of it."

"How did it work?" asked Mrs. Forsyth with languid interest.

"I didn't hear," said her husband; "but the principle is sound, and we must try something like that now. These people are just a little off, you know; all lovers are more or less distracted. I've thought of taking Barbara to Europe again, but that would be ex-

pensive; and I really believe they fell in love at that famous Fourth of July dinner of yours."

"I know they did," said Mrs. Forsyth.

"Well, then, all you've got to do is to duplicate that dinner. It will be some trouble to get up the weather, but perhaps we can manage it by setting a large gas stove behind each piece of furniture. Then take up all the carpets, pull down all the curtains, dismiss Dilsey for the day, bury one of Priam's near relatives, and——"

"Oh, John!"

"Well, it will cost a great deal less than going to Europe," he rejoined in an aggrieved tone. "You're unreasonable, Nellie."

But in the midst of their discussion Trenham appeared to say good-by.

"You're surely not going now," Mrs. Forsyth exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you would at least wait for the evening train, —it's a much quicker and pleasanter trip, you know."

"Yes," said Trenham. "But I must go now."

Mrs. Forsyth hinted that there was something in the air; that they had a plan on foot for his benefit; but he only shook his head.

"It's no use," he said hopelessly.

They stood for a moment in dejected silence, listening with indifferent ears to the sounds that came through the open street door.

It was still winter at the North, but the spring had come in Georgia. Her breath was in the scent of the yellow jessamine that trailed in a golden shower from a vase on the tall mantel shelf. Her soft touch stirred the curtains at the window. She had thrown a veil of misty green over the bare trees outside, and from one of them she poured forth her voice in the riotous song of a mocking-bird.

Presently they heard a step in the hall, and Barbara's voice exclaimed, "I found your door open, Nellie, and I came in."

Mrs. Forsyth fled through one door and her husband through another. She had the presence of mind to explain as she disappeared that she heard Dilsey call her, but Forsyth stooped to no such subterfuge: he simply left.

But Trenham did not see them go.

He turned towards Barbara as she entered the room. "I am going away," he said. "Won't you tell me good-by?"

"Going?" she asked, with a little break in her voice.

And then, as Forsyth had predicted, it was all over in a minute, and she was crying contentedly on his shoulder.

As is the manner of men, Trenham amused himself, years afterwards, by telling his friends what a wily woman his wife was, and how she and Mrs. Forsyth conspired together to break the cook's arm and poison the butler's mother that Barbara might capture him by laying the cloth for dinner.

CUBA.

ALTHOUGH Cuba was settled more than half a century before the earliest settlements in the United States,—in Florida, Virginia, and Massachusetts, which have become empires in population, enterprise, and resources,—mentally, morally, and physically it may still be considered virgin soil. Tens of thousands of acres of the richest land in the world have never yet recognized the foot of the husbandman or the furrow of a plough, and hundreds of thousands of acres of the grandest timber forests are in such a primeval condition as to be unconscious of the tread of the lumberman or the sound of the axe or saw. And yet these native forests have been the birthplace of the proud Spanish navy for hundreds of years, even when it boasted omnipotent power and claimed universal dominion for the throne of Spain.

From 1724 to 1796 Havana was the great nursery of the Spanish navy. One hundred and fourteen Spanish vessels were launched and equipped there in that time, with an armament of four thousand nine hundred and two guns.

With a soil known to be unsurpassed in richness and fertility, it does not require the experience of an agricultural expert to verify the statement that the soil of Cuba is adapted to all products that will grow in the temperate and torrid zones, the climate being that of the temperate zone from November until April, and of a torrid character for the balance of the year. Cereals, however, do not thrive there, though maize, or corn, is cultivated to a limited degree.

Sugar, tobacco, and coffee are the leading crops of the island. Sugar is the most generally cultivated and the most valuable, though at one time coffee-planting was the more prominent industry. The appliances for the production of sugar have been brought to great perfection, and have been introduced on all the larger plantations at an immense cost. In a single year the crop is statistically reported to have exceeded one million tons, and it has been estimated by experienced planters that if all the land in the island adapted to the growth of the cane were utilized for that purpose, the island could supply the entire Western Hemisphere with sugar.

The imports of Cuba for the year 1896 were of the value of sixty-six million one hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-four dollars. The exports for the same year were ninety-four million three hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars. With the influx of population from the United States which the near future will assure, and the improved methods that characterize our Anglo-Saxon energy, the transformation of Cuba from its present condition towards the height of its

possible prosperity will be one of the wonders of the age, and may in the next generation be classified with the tales of the Arabian Nights.

It is not in its unsurpassable soil alone that Cuba is preëminent, nor in its adaptability for sugar, coffee, and tobacco culture. It is likewise rich in its forests of *lignum-vitæ*, cocoa, mahogany, lancewood, cedar, and palm trees, and in its abundant mineral wealth, consisting mainly of copper, iron, salt, and bituminous coal. It has also very large quantities of chapapote, which is superficial in position and is claimed by many to be asphalt or the equivalent thereof, though it very imperfectly meets the requirements of asphalt; but the genuine asphalt (equal to that of Trinidad or Neuchâtel) is obtained in certain localities in limited quantities. The Bay of Cardenas is one of these; until very recently asphalt has been dredged from the bottom of that bay and regularly shipped to the United States.

There are no ferocious animals in Cuba, nor are there any insects whose bite or sting is fatal. Even the scorpion and tarantula, though their bite and sting cause much pain, are incapable of inflicting fatal wounds.

There are upwards of two hundred species of birds in Cuba, many of them of tuneful song and exquisite plumage; and the fish are of great variety, delicious flavor, and beautiful color.

Cuba lies between $23^{\circ} 10'$ and $19^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude. It is never afflicted with equatorial heat. During the summer the thermometer rarely rises above ninety degrees, and during the winter months—from November to April—it seldom falls below fifty. Seventy-five degrees might fairly be considered the mean temperature for the year.

During the summer solstice Cuba generally has visitations of yellow fever and simpler malarial fevers; all of these are not infrequently in an epidemic form. This fact is indisputable, but it is equally indisputable that such conditions may be controlled; that they are to a great extent if not entirely due to indifference to or utter neglect of the laws of health and proper sanitary precautions. This fact has so frequently been demonstrated—in the arrangements of soldiers in camps and in the thorough disinfecting of plague-stricken cities—that there is no "loop on which to hang a doubt" about the matter.

When, during our civil war, General Benjamin F. Butler was placed in command at New Orleans he found the yellow fever holding high carnival there; but he neither temporized nor compromised with it: he disinfected that city and its environs; he grappled with the fever; he strangled it; he stamped it out; and since that time it has not reappeared in epidemic form in that city.

We know that after our soldiers did their magnificent fighting at Santiago and its vicinity, and after Admiral Cervera's squadron

had been destroyed by the skill and pluck of our naval heroes, the yellow fever became so aggressive in our camps that a very large portion of our army had to be recalled for recuperation and preservation. Then when Santiago was fully surrendered to us, and American authority and American system took control of that city and district, the yellow fever turned pale; it lost its grip.

This was the official report in October:

"The health of the United States troops now in the province of Santiago has considerably improved, not more than ten per cent. being on the sick-list. Most of the cases of indisposition are merely light malarial fevers. Yellow fever has been practically stamped out of the city by the systematic cleaning process put into operation. For several weeks Major Barber, who is at the head of the Street-Cleaning Department, has had six hundred men engaged in carting away the filth of generations and burning it at one or other of the crematories. General Wood has shown great executive ability in bringing order out of the chaos that ensued after the departure of the Spaniards."

This purifying process, carried through the length and breadth of the island, will make its entirety as salubrious as is the English island of New Providence or any other health resort; and when the natives become infiltrated with our humanitarian process and familiarized with the highest achievements of progressive enlightenment there will be no home more desirable than Cuba, no spot where the ultimate problems of civilization can be more successfully solved.

Joseph A. Nunez.

IN THE NIGHT.

I DREAMED last night my Love was dead:

The dreadful thing was this,—
Not that my lips would feel no more
The kindness of her kiss;

Not that my feet the weary years
Would go uncomraded;
Not that of all my love for her
So much was left unsaid;—

But, sickening, I remembered how
I had been false to her!
"Oh, God," I cried aloud, "*she knows*
I have been false to her!"

Charles G. D. Roberts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON LAWYER.

MONTAGU WILLIAMS was called to the bar in 1862, and within the following twenty-five years defended more prisoners than any other living advocate. His "Reminiscences" include many curious and amusing anecdotes, a few of which we give:

A flowery barrister of the Western Circuit once thus addressed the jury in a case of child-murder: "Gentlemen, it appears to be impossible that the prisoner can have committed this crime. A mother guilty of such conduct to her own child! Why, it is repugnant to our better feelings. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, suckle their young, and——" The learned judge interrupted the eloquent barrister: "Mr. F——, if you establish the latter part of your proposition, your client will be acquitted to a certainty."

This reminds us of a pleader before Lord Ellenborough. "My lord," he began, "it is written in the Book of Nature——" "What book?" inquired his lordship, taking up a pen. "The Book of Nature." "Name the page," said his lordship, dipping his pen in the ink to note it down.

For many years Mr. Williams was junior to Sergeant Ballantine, who "was a great verdict-getter, sometimes successful in the most desperate cases." One of the most extraordinary examples of want of natural feeling came out in a case in which Ballantine and Williams appeared, and in which some Hebrews figured conspicuously. The sergeant had been trying in vain to damage a witness by cross-examination, when a Jew by his side remarked, "You don't know the man; I know all about him. Ask him, sergeant—ask him if he ever had a fire." Under this person's promptings, the witness had to confess to arson and then to robbery. The sergeant was about to sit down, but the man at his elbow said, "Stay a minute, sir. Fraudulent bankruptcy."

Ballantine, who thought he had extracted about enough from the witness, replied, "Oh, that's a mere trifle." "Never mind; ask him, sergeant," was the retort. The sergeant then put the necessary question. The witness, becoming on a sudden virtuously indignant, replied, "Never, upon my oath; never. I swear it!" Ballantine, turning round to his prompter, said, "What do you mean, sir, by giving me false information?" "It's true, sergeant, it's true," the man responded eagerly; "I swear it, and I ought to know. I'm his cursed old father!"

The rack of cross-examination is sometimes useful in extracting valuable information, but it is a terrible engine and sometimes unscrupulously used. In the hands of clever counsel it may easily

prevent substantial justice from being done. A case illustrating the injustice which may be done to the innocent was one of sheep-stealing. Mr. Williams pleaded an alibi, which was pooh-poohed from the bench. A verdict of "Guilty" was returned, reversed twelve months later in an almost unexampled manner. A prisoner was convicted at the same court, the Middlesex Sessions, of stealing, and being asked by the judge if he had anything to say, to the astonishment of everybody replied: "Nothing about myself, my lord, but something about you. A year ago you condemned an innocent man, and he is at present undergoing penal servitude. Mr. Williams, my counsel, was counsel for him. It was I who stole the sheep that were driven from Hornsey to the Meat Market. I am he for whom the innocent man was identified. Look at me, sir; look at me, Mr. Williams." The latter perceived at once that the man was speaking the truth, but again the judge adopted the "pooh-poohing" policy. However, the Drovers' Association brought the case before the Home Secretary, and after convincing proofs had been furnished a "pardon" was granted to the man who had been wrongly condemned. The innocent victim received a small pecuniary compensation, but he had become hopelessly insane.

Dickens has drawn the London pickpocket to the life in his sketch of the Artful Dodger. These precociously vicious youths are generally of small stature, with their eyes near together and a keen look about the face. Mr. Williams was called upon to defend a typical specimen of the class on a charge of watch robbery. The case was as clear as daylight, and the counsel regarded it as hopeless. Not so the little rascal who was chiefly concerned. "Go on, sir," he said to his legal representative; "go on. I want you to do my case, and I beg you to do it, sir. I shall get out of it. You'll win, I know you will; you've done so twice before for me." Sure enough, the impudent young dog was acquitted, whereupon he literally danced in the dock, and shouted out to the counsel: "I told you so! I told you so! You never know what you can do till you try." Then he bowed to the judge and walked triumphantly out of court.

A story bearing upon the ingenuity of the London thief relates to the late Sir James Ingham. A charge of watch robbery was preferred by a gentleman against an individual who had travelled in the same carriage with him from Bournemouth; but in the end it was found that the watch had not been stolen, but left at home by the prosecutor. To mollify the innocent man, Sir James said: "It is a most remarkable occurrence. To shew, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington this morning that I put my watch (which I may mention is an exceedingly valuable one) in my pocket, but on arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake." While business was proceeding an old thief at the back of the court went out, jumped into a hansom cab, drove off to

Sir James Ingham's residence, and by representing himself to be a *bonâ fide* messenger obtained possession of the watch, which has never been heard of since.

Count de Tourville, who was well known in London society, was taken into custody upon an extradition warrant, charged with having murdered his wife in the Austrian Tyrol. The countess was a wealthy English lady, and in order to obtain possession of her money her husband pushed her over a precipice in the Stelvio Pass of the Austrian Tyrol. The prisoner's first statement was to the effect that death was due to an accident, but afterwards he represented that the lady had committed suicide. Fresh facts, in addition to these contradictory statements, coming to light, the count was arrested. It was proved that upon De Tourville's return to the hotel after the murder marks of blood were visible upon his fingers, and that his hand was so swollen that he could not wear his glove. He had accounted for these circumstances by saying his hand had come in contact with the stones. When the body of Madame de Tourville was discovered it was found that her hands were both swollen and bruised. It was further shown that after the unfortunate lady met her death De Tourville had deposited a number of articles about the spot to lend color to the statements he proposed to make, that his wife had a fall and then that she committed suicide. Mr. Williams could do nothing in this case, and ultimately the accused was extradited and put upon his trial at Vienna. He was found guilty and condemned to death, but the sentence was subsequently commuted to one of penal servitude. He died in prison. If half the statements in the *acte d'accusation* were true, De Tourville was a criminal of the deepest dye. Among other charges, it was alleged that he poisoned his first wife by putting powdered glass in her food and drink, that he had killed his brother-in-law by shooting him, and that he had set fire to his house with a view to kill his only child, through whose death a large sum of money would come to him. Such monsters must, we suppose, be defended, but it would be most unfortunate for the community at large if they were suffered to escape.

By his forensic skill and eloquence Mr. Williams obtained many verdicts in favor of his clients. On more than one occasion, it is to be feared, the prisoners were unworthy of the mercy shown them, and were unquestionably guilty. The able advocate himself refers to one verdict he secured which he always regretted. It was in a murder case on the Midland Circuit, and the wretch saved from the gallows seems to have been one of the most despicable of human kind. When a poor, miserable, broken-down tramp, he had been charitably taken in by his victim, a comely widow of forty, who kept a wayside inn. After she had given him shelter and had heard his pitiable story she was moved with compassion, and agreed to let him stay as a handy man about the house. In course of time their rela-

tions grew to be more intimate, and as the agent for the widow he went to collect her rents. One quarter-day he returned late at night, the landlady having remained up alone, in order to provide him some supper. Next morning the poor woman was found murdered under circumstances of the most horrible brutality and everything of value in the room had been stolen. Suspicion pointed strongly to the manager as the author of the outrage. He was arrested and sent to the assizes. Mr. Williams defended him, and after a quantity of evidence had been taken he was acquitted. That same night, after drinking heavily, he passed down the High Street of the town, and holding out his right hand exclaimed, "My counsel got me off, but this is the hand that did the deed." Mr. Williams remarks that as a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, to his perpetual regret this ruffian remained at large.

Another instance in which justice was defeated wore a ludicrous as well as a serious aspect. It was a case of stolen property, a Jew being the delinquent. A Jewish solicitor instructed Mr. Williams, and when the latter expressed an opinion most strongly adverse to the prisoner the little solicitor burst out laughing. "Not a leg to stand on, eh? Ha! ha! We shall see about that. Be early in court, my boy, the early bird, you know. *Nil desperandum* is my motto." Next day the case came on at the Central Criminal Court before the recorder, Mr. Russell Gurney. When the jurymen were called there were found to be thirteen in the box. One of them, a melancholy man dressed entirely in black and looking the picture of misery, rose and said that he was to blame. He had been summoned for next day, but he had lost his wife, and would rather serve now to distract his attention if one of the others would retire and attend for him on the morrow instead. This was done, and the case proceeded. The man in black took the oath on the Old Testament and was sworn with his hat on. The prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," but the evidence against him was of the most damning character, and a verdict was expected at once. However, it was seen that there was a disagreement, and the jury retired. At three o'clock the following morning, after spending about thirteen hours in their room, the twelve men dragged their weary steps into the box, and the foreman announced a verdict of "Not guilty." The solicitor to the accused absolutely danced with delight. "Not a leg to stand on," he exultantly exclaimed to the counsel, and then hurried the prisoner from the dock. Mr. Williams was staggered at the result of the trial, and chancing to come upon one of the jury in the lobby of the court he asked him the reason for the extraordinary verdict. "Lor' bless you, sir," the jurymen replied, "it was that miserable-looking chap as lost his wife. There never was such an obstinate, disagreeable fellow born. From the first he said he had made up his mind that the prisoner was not guilty, and he said he would never consent to a verdict the other way. When we went to the room he put his

great-coat down in a corner, curled himself up on it, and commenced reading the newspaper. When any one spoke to him, he said he wouldn't answer unless they'd come over to his way of thinking. The worst of it was, sir, we had nothing to eat or drink, but this obstinate chap kept eating sandwiches and drinking brandy and water from a great flask he had brought in his pocket, and when we asked him for some he burst out laughing and said he wouldn't give us a mouthful between us. Well, sir, what was the good of our sticking out? There we was, and the recorder had said he wouldn't discharge us, so we should have stopped there and starved. One by one gave in until we all agreed to 'Not guilty.'" Next day the melancholy jurymen were seen to come out of the solicitor's office, attired no longer in black, but in a light tweed suit, such as a tourist affects, and with a merry, self-satisfied twinkle in his eye.

G. Burnett Smith.

IMPERIALISM.—AN ESTIMATE.

IMPERIALISM is far from a new idea, yet it may fairly be said to have assumed within the last few years a more precise and definite meaning in our language and a more assured place in our political ideas than it ever had before. As the word is understood to-day, it may be defined as a national policy by virtue of which one people undertakes the control, government, or management of other peoples primarily with a view to the safety or advantage of the controlling nation. It need hardly be remarked that this question of advantage is not, as a rule, dwelt upon by the nation which adopts the policy of imperialism, for in every case the benefits that may be expected to result for the people controlled are the considerations put forward by the advocates of such a policy. The fact, however, remains that in all cases the advocates of a policy of imperialism find themselves compelled to fall back upon the argument that it is a policy which pays or will pay in the end as the only one that will reconcile the mass of their own people to the burdens which it entails. Such are, in fact, the arguments that are used to-day in this country by a large proportion of the advocates of colonial expansion, which is, of course, another name for imperialism. They are, it must be allowed, perfectly valid arguments, if we can assure ourselves that their basis is a sound one in fact. Every nation has a right to seek its own safety and advantage if these can be secured without injury to others, and much more if they can be combined with advantage to others; the principal defect of the argument, as commonly presented, would seem to be that too little attention is given to the question of substantial advantage. The question, "How does the ledger account stand with reference to an imperialistic

policy?" is one which is at least of interest, and may conceivably be of importance to ourselves at this time.

Experience is the final arbiter of the wisdom or folly of the policies of nations as it is of individuals, and it may be useful at this time to ask what testimony experience has to give as to the advantages of an imperial policy as contributing to the wealth, safety, or greatness of those nations that have adopted it. We have not far to go for illustrations, because two European nations have steadily pursued such a policy during the past fifty years at least, applying to it what may be termed the methods of the modern imperialism. These two nations are France and England. Many of the results of the policy are already well known in both cases. The vast increases of territory claimed, and in some sense occupied, by these two nations as imperial possessions are patent to everybody who glances at the map; the increases of warlike armament, both naval and military, consequent on the policy are notorious; the increased activity of their commerce and the greatly extended sphere of their interests cannot be denied; and, finally, the additional points of contact and the increased liability to friction caused by far-reaching territories and complicated national relations are, as might be expected, among the most marked results of the policy.

Taking first the experience of France as being at once more simple and uniform than that of Great Britain in the field of imperialism, let us briefly examine it under the three heads of its contributions to the wealth, safety, and greatness of the nation. Modern French imperialism may be said to date from the conquest of Algeria, between the years 1830 and 1840, as at that time the result of a succession of wars had been to leave her only a few scattered shreds of the imperial possessions, both in Asia and America, which had once threatened to cast those of Great Britain into the shade by their extent and value. France is accustomed to speak of her "colonies," but, as a matter of fact, she has no colonies. Once, and once only, it would appear, she really established a colonial population, in the case of Canada, but the time seems to have passed when it was possible for her imperial policy to be modified, and it may be complicated by questions of a large French population settled in distant parts of her empire. Algeria, which she has now held for half a century and more, contains only about one French resident in every sixteen of the population, and those chiefly at seaport towns, and in no other of her so-called colonies is the proportion anything like so large. Like all her other possessions at a distance from France, therefore, Algeria is held, not as a home for the surplus population of France, either present or prospective, but for purely commercial reasons. As with Algeria, so it is with her later and vastly greater possessions in Africa; so it is with Cambodia and Cochin-China; so also with Madagascar. None of these are wanted for colonies, but all are looked to as in some way likely to add to the wealth of

France, to contribute to her safety, or to minister to her influence and greatness. What, then, is the verdict of experience on the subject?

The first point for inquiry may fairly be that of the simple ledger account, and the question to be asked must be, "Have these possessions been a paying speculation for France or are they likely soon to become so?" The question as to the past is easily answered by an emphatic "No." Algeria, the nearest to France of them all, the country that made Carthage great and rich, the country that prospered and was wealthy for centuries under Roman rule, has not contributed anything considerable to the wealth of the inhabitants of France in a period of more than half a century of occupation. As Algeria was acquired by conquest, and the process of conquest is nearly always an expensive one, it would be scarcely fair to expect that the national ledger should show a credit balance in the earlier years of possession. Therefore putting aside the question of the cost of acquisition, which was undoubtedly heavy, it is important to note that ever since the conquest was completed and the possession assured there has been an annual loss to the French treasury amounting to several millions of francs: that is to say, the revenues derived from Algeria do not now and never have at any time been equal to the cost of maintaining French rule in the country. On the other hand, it is but fair to admit that by her fiscal arrangements France has monopolized a large proportion of the commerce of the country, so that of an annual commerce valued at about one hundred and twenty million dollars, less than one-tenth goes to foreign countries. In this way there can be little doubt that the possession of the country actually pays France considerably more than she loses by the unfavorable balance on government account. In this respect, however, it must be admitted that of all France's imperial possessions Algeria stands alone. The Indo-Chinese possessions of France, about as large in area as France herself and containing a population of nearly twenty millions of natives, were acquired for the most part about twenty years ago, and have constituted a heavy annual drain upon the treasury of France ever since. The attempt made in the East, as in the Mediterranean, to monopolize the commerce of the country has not been successful, as, in spite of a tariff which has gone far to paralyze trade, nearly two-thirds of the commerce still goes to foreign countries. It is calculated that this part of her empire costs France annually an actual outlay beyond receipts of fully twelve million dollars.

It is almost needless to say that what is true of French Indo-China is much more emphatically true of her more recently acquired possessions in northern Africa south of Algeria and in Madagascar. Up to the present time both have been a source of great expense, from which hardly any gain has resulted. It may be said, however, that the French empire in both countries is in but the first stage of

its development, and that the future will, even on a strictly financial basis, justify the policy. The lessons of experience, so far as France, at least, is concerned, do not appear to encourage the expectation to any great extent. Year by year results in her eastern possessions become worse rather than better, and it is difficult to see why the policy which results in stagnation and loss in Indo-China should prove a success either in central Africa or Madagascar, where the conditions are certainly less favorable to begin with.

There remain, however, the advantages to accrue to France in the form of additional safety and augmented greatness. If vastness of territory can in any way be said to constitute national greatness, it may be admitted at once that France's policy of imperialism, carried out systematically during more than half a century, has been successful in this direction. Within this period the imperial possessions of France have increased by fully three millions of square miles, with a population estimated at about thirty millions of persons; thus, while her territory has been extended about sixteenfold, her population has been nearly doubled. If greatness, therefore, is equivalent only to size, the policy of imperialism has certainly been effective in making France great. It cannot, however, by any stretch of language be said to have contributed to her safety. Financially it is year by year draining her resources by continual deficits of revenue to meet expenditure; it is compelling her to keep large bodies of troops in distant parts of the world and to maintain a large naval force at long distances from any natural base of supplies, and it is exposing her at many points to contact with native rebellions in her possessions and to serious complications with foreign powers upon her widely extended frontiers.

Such have been the results to France of her policy of imperial extension during nearly sixty years. It cannot be said that the ledger account shows favorably, for, even allowing the largest profits from her Mediterranean possessions, it cannot be doubted that her people are as a whole growing poorer year by year as the result of empire. It cannot be alleged that she is safer from external attack, because troops of France in Cambodia, Madagascar, and central Africa are not available for home defence, and men-of-war on distant stations add nothing to the security of the coasts of France. That she has grown great in size is indeed unquestionable, but with this additional territory have come a hundred additional risks of internal mismanagement and external complications calculated to render her mere extent a subject of constant anxiety and of more than doubtful congratulation.

What, then, it may now be asked, of Great Britain? Her example has been the moving cause of France's imperial policy; her success has made her the envy of other nations, and is evidently the cause of no little satisfaction to her own people. What, then, let us now inquire, does that success amount to? What have been its

causes? Are they of a kind that can be secured by other nations by following her methods? It must be admitted at once that the history of nations has no example to show of imperial expansion so rapid, so world-wide, or so apparently profitable as that of Great Britain during the last hundred years. A little more than a century ago by the loss of her American colonies she was left with only the Canadian territory on this continent, while her hold upon Asia consisted of the precarious possession by a great trading company of widely severed patches of territory in the peninsula of Hindostan. She had formally taken possession of the great island of New Holland and had begun to use a single harbor on its coast as a place of punishment for criminals, and she also had possession of a few islands in the West Indies and elsewhere of little extent or apparent importance. To-day she claims nearly one-third of the land of the globe as part of her empire, and her claim is not disputed.

In applying once more the ledger method to the imperial policy of England we are met by a difficulty which does not apply to the case of France. England's empire consists of three different classes of territory besides the original islands of Britain: these are her colonies, her Indian Empire, and her great protectorates. Of the first class it may be said with confidence that it pays at present and appears likely to pay still better in the future; of India it may be said that in the past it has been a vast source of wealth to England, and that in the present it is still commercially highly profitable, but that causes are at work which may impair if not wholly destroy its value to her in the future; of the protectorates generally it is true that they are a source of expense to the country as a whole which is not balanced at present by any commercial profits accruing to the nation.

The great colonies of Britain have been in many respects the most remarkable success of the century. Three causes have mainly contributed to this success,—the character of her people, the rapid increase during the century of her population, and the unprecedented development of the means of communication during the period. The first of these is responsible for the readiness with which England's colonists have left Britain to find homes in new countries; the second accounts for the large surplus population which within a period of eighty years has established several new communities of the dimensions of young nations; while the third has so rapidly developed their resources as to render them not only wealthy themselves, but an increasing source of wealth to England herself.

So far as that part of her empire is concerned which consists of her great self-governing colonies, the ledger balance is now in England's favor and is year by year likely to become more so. Her generous policy of giving much in the struggling days of their first establishment, and asking for no return but such as the ties of natural kinship and gratitude might prompt them to make in closer

relationships of trade and commerce, has fully justified itself. Speaking roughly, there are to-day of British colonists in Australasia, South Africa, and Canada about eleven millions of persons, considerably more than one-fourth the population of the British islands themselves; they cost England nothing whatever to govern and practically nothing for protection; while the bulk of their trade in all cases except that of Canada goes naturally to the mother country. Even including Canada, whose close connection with this country naturally diverts much of her commerce from England, the trade of all the great colonies, which last year amounted to upwards of one billion of dollars in value, went to Great Britain in the proportion of more than two to one compared with all the rest of the world. These colonies, it may also be remarked, are, in spite of their distance from England, a source of strength and not of weakness to the mother country. It is true, they involve the employment of a large naval force, but not more than the extent of British trade and commerce in those distant seas would necessarily involve if they were in the hands of strangers, and both Australasia and Cape Colony have voluntarily contributed from their revenues to the cost. And for the rest, not a British soldier is maintained in any one of the colonies of Australasia and but a handful in Canada or in Cape Colony.

The imperialism, therefore, exercised by Britain with respect to her great colonies is one which makes large returns for the original cost of their establishment, and, while it entails no burden on the British tax payer to-day, promises to be a source of increasing wealth and of added strength and safety to England hereafter. But, after all, it is hardly imperialism in any proper sense of the term. England does not govern her colonies at all, and except in their relations to foreign nations they are as entirely self-governing as England herself. It is at least doubtful whether there is room on the surface of the globe for any other nation to repeat the experiment of England's colonial policy.

The problem of the British Empire in India is also unique. Springing from a mere trading company, it has developed, mainly through force of circumstances that can hardly find a counterpart in any other part of the world, into a great empire containing nearly three hundred millions of inhabitants habituated by the experience of centuries to foreign rules, individually poor but in the aggregate possessed of great wealth. As a problem there is nothing more interesting than India, its people, and its future, but as an example for other nations it is of little value, from the fact that its people, its country, and its conditions are unlike all others. China, indeed, has points of resemblance, but greater points of difference, and should it—as seems by no means impossible—be the fate of China to fall into the hands of foreign nations and to be made the subject of a distant imperial control, her new rulers will find that new methods

must be applied and new difficulties encountered and overcome to which the British Empire in India has offered no parallel. In the past India has poured great wealth into England, and even now, when the responsibilities of power are far more fully recognized than they ever were in the irresponsible days of the Company's rule, the government and defence of India are paid for out of the revenue of the country, while by far the greater part of a commerce amounting to upwards of six hundred million dollars a year passes through the hands of England. The very enlightenment and success of the imperial policy of Britain in India, however, may lead to such changes as may put an end to much of its success as a connection of profit to the governing country. In the very nature of things the present system cannot last. Already there are many indications that the new generation of Indian natives will not long submit to be governed by an alien people without a struggle, and the results of such a struggle may well be to sweep away from England the last remnants of the once vast profits of her Indian Empire.

The great protectorates of England remain to be considered. These consist of vast tracts of territory in Africa extending from the Nile in all but unbroken sequence to the boundaries of Cape Colony, and great island possessions in the Eastern Archipelago and the Pacific Ocean. They embrace half of Borneo, the best portion of New Guinea, and groups of islands scattered far and wide over the ocean. It is no exaggeration to say that not one of all these possessions is profitable to England at present. Experience has taught her many lessons by which she diminishes their cost; necessity, extending over generations, has provided her with an almost hereditary class of administrators, to whom her methods seem to be a second nature, and yet the cost of those great dependencies is year by year vastly in excess of either the public revenue or the private profits they can show. For the present, therefore, it is clear that the great protectorates, even in the experienced hands of British administrators, will not successfully stand the test of the ledger account; yet it may be said that this is only the first stage of a speculation that will eventually be the producer of great wealth. This was true in the case of the great colonies of Australasia. For many years they were costly to Britain, but undoubtedly that cost has long since been repaid to the mother country, and it is difficult now to foresee a limit to the profits that may arise from their possession. There is, however, a great and essential difference—too apt, perhaps, to be lost sight of—between a real colony settled and not merely dominated by a foreign country, and an imperial possession in which the imperial people must always be strangers and masters of the vast mass of the population. In such a case they may civilize and elevate the people to some extent; they may develop the latent resources of the subject country, and for a time may even, by unusually good management, draw trade profits more than enough to counter-

balance revenue losses, which in one direction or another may confidently be looked for; but the time will come when the imperial yoke will be resented, and at that point the advantages will cease. The racial sympathies and natural gratitude which may be insured in the case of real colonies and may become a perpetual bond of union between them and the mother country, lending strength and safety as well as profit to both, can never be secured with a wholly alien population, and will certainly not stand the strain of separation. In this way the evidence would seem to point to the eventual failure as a commercial speculation of every phase of modern imperialism which does not include settlement on a scale large enough to leaven the whole population. Under these conditions imperialism may lose its inherent vice of selfishness, and so may reap the reward of a permanent success: under any other the lesson of experience would seem to be that the nation entering upon the career of imperialism may look for the satisfaction which goes with the bestowal of advantages upon others, may hope for the enlargement of its sympathies and the development of its experience, but will also do well to make up its mind to forego either permanent empire or large profit from the adoption of such a policy.

Owen Hall.

BRAINERD'S IDOL.

WHEN the little dramas of life are played, nine times in ten the spell of them is less potent upon spectators than upon participants, who, to their own undoing, are often very much in earnest. In the affair of Brainerd, for instance, the hero found everything real enough, but the audience, though at times perplexed as to the plot, was unanimously sceptical. I can vouch for the fact, because I was the audience—parquet, balcony, and gallery; and from first to last I was never under the illusion. Not that any credit attaches to the escape from its influence, stupidity being mightier than wisdom in saving some of us from blunders.

Brainerd was managing editor of the *Daily Echo*, and by far the hardest worker on the staff. He was somewhere in the thirties—nobody knew just where, for he was a quiet fellow, not given to autobiography. He had a few weaknesses which made him lovable in his rare hours of leisure, and one great passion which ruled him at all times. And that passion was for news. It made him toil fifteen hours a day without complaint, and sometimes it made his subordinates curse the day he was born. He was generous with his money,—with everything, in fact, except forgiveness for derelictions of duty by which news was lost, and indulgences by which news once obtained was omitted from the *Echo's* pages. Because I had

the honor of serving as his assistant, my desk was placed in his room, and perforce I was a witness of many sorrowful scenes of justice done or petitions rejected. It was with one of the latter sort that the play began about eleven o'clock one night, when three visitors were ushered in. They were well-dressed, prosperous-looking men, clearly enough strangers to a newspaper office, for they huddled together as if for mutual protection, and glanced curiously about the room as if expecting to see queer sights. Perhaps they thought the press was somewhere about, or the trap for poets, or the office cat rotund from a diet of manuscript: nobody can tell just what notions members of the great public the newspaper serves may have concerning the interior of the news-mill. They had come, the spokesman explained, to secure the suppression of a story. Two youths, striving for glory as men about town, had made a foolish wager; one of them had carried out its terms; and now both, with eleventh-hour repentance and earnestly desiring escape from the publicity they had courted, had sent the delegation on a round of the newspaper offices. The speaker made his plea smoothly and with some eloquence, but Brainerd was unmoved.

"We have the story in type," said he quietly, "and we shall print it. Our rule is inflexible. I cannot disregard it in this instance."

"But in view of the circumstances——"

"I have considered them."

"Oh, come!" said the spokesman persuasively, "let me urge you to reconsider. If it's a question of money, we'll——"

"What's that?" said Brainerd. He did not raise his voice, but the tone of it might have warned the other that he was on dangerous ground.

"Any reasonable amount——"

Brainerd was on his feet in an instant, but then the second of the visitors broke in with pacific intent:

"Don't misunderstand my friend. His meaning, I take it, is this: You are in the business of buying and selling news. The article in question represents a certain expense to you. Now we are ready to reimburse you for this expenditure, or, if that is not sufficient, to become purchasers of the article at your valuation. We don't want to try to bribe you, or to suggest anything of the sort. We simply make what we imagine to be a business proposition."

"Exactly!" said Brainerd. "I'll answer your proposition. The *Echo* is in the business of buying and selling news. We pay dollars for stories like this; we sell them to the people at the uniform rate of two cents a copy. There isn't money enough in this town to buy this story for private use.—Hogan, show these gentlemen to the elevator."

He spoke very calmly, but none of his hearers mistook his meaning. To be sure, the spokesman tried to mumble an apology, but the other two half led, half dragged him out into the corridor, where

Master Hogan, lying in wait for the party, greeted them with a leer and the spoken hint, "Dis way to de toboggan chutes." He was an artist in his line, was Master Hogan, and a lover of a row, which he could scent afar off. Being, moreover, keen of ear and unburdened by scruples, there were few rows in that office of which he was in ignorance.

Brainerd dropped into his seat, lighted a cigar, and for a time pretended to be busy with the proofs before him. Then of a sudden he whirled his chair about and faced me. That was always his way: his wrath found words long after the cause of it was past.

"By the Eternal!" he cried, "did you ever hear of such insolence? What did they think we were, anyway? Did they suppose their dirty money——?"

"Well, I guess they know now," I interposed. "You didn't leave 'em a ghost's shadow of doubt."

"I hope not. Hang it, though—— I wish I'd said more. I ought to have skinned 'em alive."

"You did enough," said I. "They'll never make the mistake again. They won't come here a second time with a request to kill a story. I'll vouch for that."

"And I'll vouch for something more," said he. "If ever we get a yarn about any of that fashionable set, man, woman, or child, I'll print it, though they come on their knees and pray for mercy."

And with that he turned back to his desk and buried himself in his proofs. An hour slipped away quietly enough. Telegraphic queries from correspondents arrived and were answered, the foreman of the composing-room came in and debated a question of makeup, a brace of the city staff made reports of matters in which Brainerd took especial interest. But these were interruptions of the every-hour sort, and merely helped to assist the managing editor back to his normal frame of mind. Presently Hogan shuffled in, and, seeing that Brainerd was busy for the moment, entertained me with a pantomime. He appeared to have an imaginary foe in chancery.

"Well, what is it?" asked Brainerd, looking up and detecting the boy in the midst of hostilities.

Hogan shuffled up to the managing editor's chair and leaned confidentially towards its owner.

"One's of 'em's back," he announced in a stage whisper.

"Who? What do you mean?"

"One of 'em I bounced."

"So?" said Brainerd. "Show him in."

Hogan, his countenance broad with the smile of anticipation, moved towards the door.

"Here, you!" he said briefly.

The visitor entered and crossed the room. Seemingly his mission was not hostile, for he doffed his hat and bowed amicably to

Brainerd. He was the one of the three who had said nothing, and I had not scrutinized him very closely. Now, however, I looked at him with more interest. He was a good-looking young fellow, with light hair and drooping mustache.

"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" Brainerd queried.

"You mentioned the fact a little while ago that you were—er—er—a dealer in news?" said the visitor questioningly.

"Yes."

"I may infer that you pay for items?"

"Certainly."

"For articles prepared or—er—er—for intimations of facts?"

"For either," said Brainerd. "Often a tip is all we ask."

"And the—the remuneration?"

"Depends upon the value of the matter. The better the item, the better the pay."

"And the source of your information is not revealed?"

"No, sir. We're as silent as the grave. Indeed, we're more so: we don't put up monuments."

"Ah!" said the visitor.

"If you have anything to dispose of, come to me," said Brainerd. "I'm on duty 'most any time from one P.M. to three A.M."

The visitor took a card from his pocket, laid it upon the desk, and bowed himself out of the office. Hogan dogged him to the elevator shaft, and stood scratching his head in perplexity while the car bore the stranger to the ground-floor. I dare say the boy felt personally wronged by so slight an outcome from so promising a beginning.

"Mr. Algernon Ross Perry," read the managing editor, picking up the card. Then, turning to me, he added: "I've an idea, Tom, something may come from this. If the chap turns up while I'm out, treat him well, and have him wait for me. I'd give a good deal to get a footing in the *Constitution's* especial field."

Now, be it recorded, the *Constitution* was the *Echo's* bitterest rival. It was the oldest journal in the city, and probably the most prosperous. Age certainly had not impaired its vigor, and while we of the *Echo* loyally claimed superiority in the matter of general news, we could not but admit, though grudgingly, that the enemy was superior in some respects. The other fellows assuredly did excel us in securing tidings of events in which "society" figured either decorously or disgracefully; and this superiority was hard to be borne, for we knew well enough that the masses may objugate the classes and yet be most eager for gossip of all their doings. And at the head of our editorial page was the motto "For the People." It was sorely grievous to be balked in putting our principles into practice.

Within a week Perry had an opportunity to justify the faith Brainerd put in him. He came to the office late one night, and held

a whispered consultation with the managing editor. Five minutes later there was a stir in the city room, with swift despatching of reporters; and in the morning the *Echo* carried on its first page a third of a column, in all the emphasis of double leads, announcing a gift of fifty thousand dollars to one of the city's pet charities. It was exclusive; no other paper had a line about the donation. Brainerd said little, but his eye shone, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled whenever he thought of our friends of the *Constitution*. And when Perry came again, Master Hogan greeted him as a man and a brother.

A few days later Mr. Perry gave further proof of his nose for news. Some of the younger men of the well-to-do set were voting the old club dull and heavy, and planning a new one, very gorgeous, and not to be over-ballasted with cast-iron regulations. The *Echo* devoted a column to the project. It was not a tale to thrill a nation, but it was well worth printing in a city no larger than ours. The *Constitution* ignored the matter on the following day, but in its second issue referred to it in a spiteful editorial paragraph. Whereat Brainerd chuckled again, knowing that the enemy's wound smarted.

An engagement or two, a squabble in the choir of a fashionable church, and two or three other trifles of human interest formed the list of Perry's contributions in the next fortnight. Meanwhile, by virtue of his repeated midnight descents upon the office, he was getting acquainted with us. More than once he tarried for a chat with the managing editor, and bit by bit Brainerd enlightened me as to his motives in dipping into journalism.

"Oh, he's all right," the chief declared. "He's just tiding himself over a little financial stringency. You see, most of his money's in industrials, and the hard times have made some of 'em bashful about dividends. This notion of doing business with us has been a godsend to him, I guess; for his people, supposing they'd fixed him above the need of work, didn't bother to teach him to do anything. I expect he'll drop out as soon as his stocks pick up; and it'll be a pity, for he's got the true instinct. I only wish there were more like him over there." And the managing editor nodded regretfully in the direction of the city room.

"Well, his misfortune is our fortune," said I.

"Surely. And incidentally we're making the *Constitution* wear crape about twice a week. I've a suspicion he'll hit upon something really big before he quits us."

Now this suspicion was fated speedily to be confirmed. A husband and wife, discovering that they had taken each other altogether for the worse, and passing from complex bickerings to simple assault, decided to cool their mutual wrath in the divorce court. Perry getting an inkling of the facts, the regular staff did the rest. On the morning of the day the suit was filed the *Echo* had a long and accurate account of the domestic differences of the pair. The article

made a stir, for the persons concerned were generally named well up in the catalogue of "those present" at social functions. Many sets of teeth were gnashed, but nowhere so clatteringly as in the office of the *Constitution*. All of which we learned, and were justly happy.

The affair of the divorce established Perry in Brainerd's good graces, though it must be said that he did not secure another "beat" of similar importance for a long time. He managed, however, to pick up a good many pleasing bits of information. As he modestly said, a fellow couldn't help hearing things; and as Brainerd gladly secured the "tips" and paid well for them, there was general satisfaction with the little arrangement. To be sure, Perry had one fault; he could not be induced to visit the office until late at night, and his tardiness made trouble. Argue as we might, he was not to be lured into earlier appearances.

It chanced of an evening when very little was doing in our shop—and such evenings come now and then in the offices of the best regulated papers in the smaller cities—that Brainerd and I were discussing Perry and his midnight calls. But it was threshing over old straw, and there was little satisfaction to be had from it. Presently Brainerd got up with a yawn, looked at his watch, turned back to his desk, shuffled over the papers piled high upon it, and from the depths of the confusion fished out a brace of tickets.

"Hullo, Tom," said he, "this is the night of the amateur opera. Suppose we run over and see an act?"

"Gladly," said I, rising with an alacrity born of desire for diversion of any sort. The theatre was near by, and in five minutes we were in our places in the parquet. The performance was creditable, I believe, but, as it happened, both of us found more of interest in the audience than in the doings beyond the foot-lights; for the house was crowded, and made a brave show. Indeed, had the roof fallen I fear the city would have been forced to secure an entirely new supply of notables. I whispered something of the sort, but my companion made no answer; so I turned to emphasize a repetition of the remark, though probably it was not worth the trouble, but still Brainerd was unheeding. He was staring at a box on the right, tenanted by a party of five, a plump matron, two girls, and two men, one elderly, the other banefully youthful. They were well-groomed people, good to look at, but, to my notion, hardly deserving of the rapid attention he was bestowing upon them.

"Oh, come!" said I, "what ails you? Get back to earth, will you?" And I prodded him with my elbow.

"Eh? What is it you're saying?" He kept his eyes fixed upon the box.

"Nothing to be repeated twice," I answered a bit sulkily. "Do you know the folks yonder?"

"No." After all, this was the expected reply; for Brainerd's

acquaintances were limited to those he met in the way of business. It surprised me when he spoke again a moment later.

"She is a beauty," he said, but more, I'll be bound, to himself than to me.

"Which one?" I asked,— "the girl in blue?"

"No, no," said he impatiently, "the other, of course. Man, are you blind?"

Tastes may differ in anything, from neckties to creeds. At any rate, "the other" would never have captivated me. She was handsome certainly, a slender young woman, brown-haired and clear-skinned, with good features and fine eyes. Yet she was not beautiful,—at least, not according to my standards. Brainerd said no more, but during the rest of the act he hardly took his eyes from the object of his adoration. And when the curtain fell he sat as if bound to his seat.

"Shall we go back?" I queried.

"Yes; we'll have to;" but he made no move.

All about us was the hum of voices as the audience improved the time for gossip. A line of men filed up to the box on the right, our friend Perry among them. Him I pointed out to Brainerd, who rose rather suddenly and announced a readiness to return to the office. He seemed oddly preoccupied while we walked along the street, but at the door of the *Echo* building he halted for an instant.

"I wonder who your charmer is?" said I. "We'll have to ask Perry."

"She is the loveliest woman I ever saw," said Brainerd gravely. "She should be an inspiration to any man, an inspiration to bring out the very best that is in him." And with that he marched up the steps, as if he had exhausted the subject.

A little before midnight Perry came in and drew a chair close to the managing editor's.

"I happened to learn that the president of the First National had a stroke this afternoon," said he. "You can get the particulars, I fancy."

"I'll send somebody to the house," said Brainerd listlessly. His usual vim appeared to have vanished.

"Rather a serious case, I understand," Perry went on. "His age will be against him. He's nearly seventy."

"So?"

"Yes; sixty-eight, they say."

At that hour a reporter should have been despatched at once, for the banker's residence was in a remote part of the city, but Brainerd seemed to lose sight of this very practical feature of the case. He twirled a lead-pencil in his fingers and was silent and inactive.

"I couldn't glean any details," said Perry after a pause.

"So?" Brainerd repeated.

"I saw you at the amateur show," I remarked. "Good house: they'll clear a neat penny."

"Yes; everybody was there."

"I noticed you in one of the boxes 'tween acts," said I, with keen appreciation of my craft.

"Oh, Major Sherwood's, I expect," Perry answered carelessly.

"Yes, I paid my respects to his party."

"Daughters of his?"

"One was."

"The one in blue?"

"You must have had your eagle eye with you," said he with a smile. "Yes, the one in blue was Miss Sherwood. The other was Miss Forrest, who is staying with her till her father—Miss Forrest's, I mean—gets back from Europe. The family belongs here, but since the death of the mother, three years ago, the daughter hasn't been about much. In fact, she has been with relatives in the East a good deal of the time."

"She's pretty," said I.

"Well, opinions vary, but I rather think so," said Perry judicially. "She's certainly a very nice girl. Now, as I've no more information to impart, I'll be jogging along," and bidding us good-night he sallied forth.

"Well, Brainerd," said I, "what's to be done with that tip?"

The managing editor pulled himself together. "I'll attend to it," said he, and, jumping up, hurried to the city room. When he returned he said not a word of Miss Forrest, but plunged into his work, as if glad to find something to do.

It surprised me somewhat that Brainerd for many days made no reference to the young woman, though, as a little reflection might have shown, there was slight cause for wonder. He was a busy person, and idle hours are needed for the firing of a lover's frenzy. It is no privilege of mine, however, to insist that Brainerd was in love. Those who knew him declared him singularly unsusceptible to feminine charms. They even made jokes about it, dubbing him "The Human Iceberg," and the like. Perhaps they were right. Perhaps Miss Forrest had appealed to him as a picture might appeal, or had merely roused him by some subtle play of soul sympathy to strive to bring out the very best that was in him, as he himself had phrased it in that outburst of confidence which seemed doomed to have no repetition. Yet there were two or three things, mere trifles all of them, capable of other interpretation. For instance, the managing editor of the *Echo* fell into the habit of running out for an hour of an evening to see an act at the theatre, now restored to the uses of road companies of professionals, or to look in at a concert. There was no music in Brainerd, and he never could tell what the musicians played, but of a sudden he seemed to dote upon concerts. As a rule, he came back to the office and rushed into his work

in his matter-of-fact way, but once or twice his return was followed by a reverie, which may have been delightful, but which did not expedite the business of the *Echo*.

Then, too, there was a queer incident of a much corrected proof. Brainerd had been toiling away at something for half an hour, hunching himself over his desk, as was his habit when the matter in hand was particularly difficult. Then he darted out to the composing-room and darted back, as if in a tremendous hurry to make up for lost time. Presently he whipped about in his swivel-chair and gave Master Hogan an order.

"Fetch me a revise of the society stuff," said he sharply. "Tell 'em to rush it."

Hogan shuffled off at speed, but came back empty-handed.

"They're resettin' it," he explained. "It'll be up in ten minutes."

Brainerd sprang up and strode out of the room. Hogan, favoring me with a meaning wink, followed. If there was to be trouble, he proposed to enjoy the spectacle. A little later he returned and tossed a bundle of proofs upon my desk.

"Mr. Brainerd wants you to look 'em over," said he grumpily. His tone was enough to prove that he had been disappointed: there had been no row.

I ran my eye down one slip, and another, and another, made a correction here and there, and picked up the fourth. Right at the top was a blurred tangle of printer's ink and pencil-marks the like of which it had never been my privilege to behold. Hardly a phrase of the original had been left unchanged. No wonder the foreman had elected to reset rather than correct. Indeed, at first glance it was hard to tell more than that the article dealt with an afternoon reception given by Mrs. Sherwood and her daughter in honor of their guest.

Brainerd found me still surveying the proof, for I did not hear his step. He flushed a little under my glance, though he said, with a fine attempt at unconcern,—

"Oh, that blundered in here, did it? It's of no account. I fixed the thing out in the composing-room;" and taking the slip, he tore it in a dozen pieces.

"It must have been pretty bad," I ventured.

"Atrocious!" said he quickly. "There's got to be a reform in that society column. Tea-fights may not be the most important affairs in the universe, but that's no reason why we should butcher 'em and then pickle the fragments."

"True for you," said I; but I didn't ask why none of the other items in the column had shared in the improvements lavished upon the description of Miss Forrest's reception. After all, it was not my business.

Perry, meanwhile, had been thriving in his trade, although he

had not hit upon another story equalling the divorce. His value to the *Echo* was unquestioned; for lately the *Constitution*, spurred to fresh enterprise by keen competition, had been making a pretty fight for the lead. It was, therefore, with something akin to consternation that Brainerd heard his announcement of a projected trip to Europe.

"Yes, I'll be off in a month or two," said Perry. "I guess my lean year is nearly ended. One of the companies I'm in has declared a dividend payable in a few days, and another, I hear, will follow suit. Then I'll be foot-free."

"Happy mortal!" said I. "You may not have perceived it, but it's a fact that I've been envying your manner of life in this town. And as for Europe—why, I have to get along with dreams of the same."

"Dreams beat reality sometimes," said Brainerd. It was an odd remark from so practical a fellow.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I dare say," observed Perry vaguely.

"Nevertheless, going about as you do should be pleasant," said I.

"Well, it is for a while. Only when you begin you have to keep it up. And anything you have to do comes to be work. You become lazy, or cynical, or alcoholic, or you run away. Really, the last's the best plan. You'll meet new people, and for a few days you can pretend that they're perfect, and freshen your faith in human nature. Of course, you'll find the flaws after a little."

"Then you believe that—bar one's own womankind, of course—there's a flaw in everybody; that there's nobody surely above reproach?"

"That's my experience."

"But not mine," said Brainerd gravely.

"Which means, for instance," said I maliciously, "that there are people in this city so nearly perfect that you can't conceive of them figuring unpleasantly in any story you may have to print in the *Echo* newspaper?"

"Precisely," he answered.

"Well, your acquaintance must outclass mine," said Perry, rising. "I congratulate you—but I wouldn't have thought it."

I believe it was in Brainerd's mind to offer a little explanation of his position after our friend's departure, but the coming of a telegraph-boy changed his intention. And so I missed something which might have been at least instructive.

The newspaper mill ground smoothly for the next few days, and then came—disaster. Somehow, somewhere, a cog slipped. Nobody knew of the accident at the time, but the next morning not a newspaper man in the city was unaware of its results. Dividing my time between coffee and printed pages, I glanced from the *Echo* to the *Constitution*, my copy of which lay on the breakfast table. There, from the enemy's first page, in all the horror of the blackest

of heads, the thing was staring me in the face. A young man of good family, crazed by remorse for a small defalcation, had cut his throat. And the *Echo* hadn't a line about the case! The *Constitution* appeared to have left us lean pickings for a second-day story. I feared it hadn't missed a single revolting detail.

I found Brainerd at the office, very composed in manner, very grave, and very taciturn, as was his wont when there were vials of wrath to be uncorked and uncertainty as to the culprit. In a sentence or two he curtly told me that the city editor was making an investigation, and that he hoped for a report in an hour or less.

There was a knock at the door presently, and in walked Perry. It was his first daylight venture into the shop, and I gave him a hearty, if surprised, greeting. Brainerd nodded him to a chair.

"I thought I'd drop in and see how you looked without the electrics going," said the visitor. "Well, I can't call either of you cheerful." And he glanced keenly from one of us to the other.

"We're enemies of the race," said I. "Read the *Constitution*?"

"Oh, that's the trouble, eh? What'll you do about it?" Perry had caught the spirit of the place, and in a measure understood our gloom.

"Ask the captain," said I.

"There has been outrageous neglect of duty," said Brainerd. "When the fault has been determined an example will be made."

Perry pulled at his mustache, as a good many men do when they wish to stimulate mental activity.

"I'll tell you what I'd undertake," he remarked after a pause,—"that is, of course, if you won't think me meddling with your affairs."

"Go on," said the managing editor.

"I'd try to get a story—as good or better—for to-morrow."

I laughed outright, and even Brainerd thawed a little.

"Why, that is merely our regular endeavor," said he. "Our chief business in life is to strive to make the *Echo* the best paper in the city every day in the year."

There were more tugs at the mustache. Then said its owner, "You may think a horse is doing his prettiest, but sometimes the whip'll make him go faster."

"Look here, Perry," cried Brainerd. "What's up? Have you got a story to offset that suicide?"

"No; can't say that I have."

The managing editor's face fell. "I wish we could hit upon one," he said despondently. "I'd pay well for a chance to even up with the *Constitution*. Yes, I'd go as high as a hundred,"—which, by the scale of the *Echo*, was a wildly extravagant offer.

Again there was a pause, broken by Perry.

"I haven't a story—now," said he slowly, "but I may be able to capture one; that is, if you'll advance me the hundred on the

chance. If I fail, I'll return the money to-morrow. If I succeed, you won't begrudge the cost. I wouldn't ask for prepayment, except for the fact that, pending remittances, I'm broke, and there'll be more or less expense involved."

"What's the line?" asked Brainerd.

"I'd rather not attempt to explain, for I'm not sure what will be the outcome. There may be no outcome at all. If there isn't, I pay back the hundred. If you don't care to trust me——"

"Oh, I trust you," said the managing editor hastily. "But this idea of buying a story 'sight unseen,' as the boys say, is novel. Suppose we shouldn't agree as to its importance: there's the rub."

"Well," said Perry, "this much I'll promise: it will cause as much talk as the suicide, and I guess more. And, pardon me, but I'd like to hear your decision as quickly as it's convenient for you to give it. If I'm to undertake the job, I'll have to put some wires in working order."

Brainerd hesitated, and no wonder; for, as has been set forth, the price offered was likely to cause consternation in the business office. Just then, however, while he hung in the wind, an early copy of one of the afternoon newspapers was brought in, and on its first page was a long account of the suicide. That ended his indecision. He filled out a slip—I noticed that he tore it from his personal check-book and not from the pad of orders on the *Echo's* cashier—and handed it to Perry.

"For heaven's sake, don't fail us," he added.

"I'll pledge you my best efforts," said Perry; and he hurried away, looking mightily pleased at the turn affairs had taken.

Naturally enough, Brainerd and I hazarded some conjectures about the manner of yarn our ally was to produce. In some way or other I was possessed by a theory that a duel was to be fought. Brainerd did not share in this view of the probabilities, but he honestly confessed that he hoped I was right.

It was not to be expected that we should hear from our friend until late in the evening, but when the clock struck eleven we began to be anxious. At twelve the anxiety had become feverish. If Perry failed us, the morning's *Echo* would be wofully dull and humdrum. The managing editor had a trick of tearing paper into small pieces when he was nervous, and now the floor about his chair was white with fragments of a dozen sheets; and I, having twice thrust the paste-brush into the ink-well, was growling like a bear deprived of his dinner.

Master Hogan entered, gave a letter to Brainerd, and started to go out again with more than his customary celerity, for he had a fine sense of times when it was unprofitable to linger.

"Who brought this?" asked Brainerd sharply.

"A dude—I dunno who he was. He didn't wait or say nuthin', 'cept that was for you," and the boy slipped into the corridor.

Brainerd tore open the envelope, smoothed the pages of the letter, and began to read. There was a strange look on his face, which might have meant several things, but which certainly offered no hint of satisfaction with what met his eye. Not until he had reached the end did he look up. Then said he, very steadily,—

"Tom, this is Perry's story. He and Miss Forrest eloped this afternoon. They went to Zenith and were married. It is undoubtedly exclusive."

"Whew!" I ejaculated. "Eloped? Went to Zenith? Why the deuce——?"

"Zenith is just over the State line; no license is needed there."

"But, man alive!" I cried, "why didn't he warn us? Perry an eloper! And with Miss Forrest.—Holy Moses!"

Then I pulled up short, for I chanced to remember Brainerd's adoration of that young woman, and to reflect that he had had an important, if indirect and unintentional, part in proving her thoroughly human.

"It appears that they have been engaged for some time," he went on, flushing a trifle, but speaking in a level tone. "Her father was unalterably opposed to the match; absolutely forbade it; in fact, started home from Europe to prevent it. Here's a personal note Perry sends with the yarn: He says: 'A million thanks for the hundred, which made it possible for me to be, as I am, the happiest of men. Her father is due to arrive to-morrow, but he will come too late. If it hadn't been for your kind assistance, though, I couldn't have arranged this surprise for him; for I hadn't money enough to pay car-fare to Zenith, let alone feeing the minister and providing for a modest honeymoon. I can't say that I shall be delighted to see myself in print, but I suppose the thing would have leaked out sooner or later, anyway. And so I'm reconciled to furnishing the *Echo* with a beat.'"

"That's good sense," I commented approvingly; "and, what's better, it'll enable us to give the *Constitution* our dust to-morrow. What sort of shape is the story in?"

Brainerd's hands twitched, as if with a yearning to rend the manuscript; but then the man professional triumphed over the man natural.

"Here! you read it," he said as he tossed it upon my desk. "Head it up and mark it 'First page,—must.' I've something else to do."

But the something else must have been of no pressing importance; for, looking up in the midst of my task, I saw the managing editor staring blankly at the big map on the wall. And of a sudden the thought came to me that sometimes it may be safer and more joyous to see the ending of a play, even a comedy with a wedding as a conclusion, from the body of the house than from the stage itself.

William T. Nichols.

PERCEPTION OF THE PICTURESQUE.

APPRECIATION of the beautiful in nature comes only to a people enjoying some degree of freedom from anxiety about the means of living and possessing some degree of culture. On a visit to one of the poorest districts of Ireland I had pointed out to me, as a sort of curiosity, a cabin before whose door the indwellers had planted and continued to care for a few common flowers. All around general penury had frozen out all taste or care for such ornamentation. In this particular case the woman had been a servant with "the quality" and had saved a trifle, and good-natured Patsy, though inwardly despising her whims, indulged her in them.

I once visited some rustic friends dwelling on the banks of the Avon, in Scotland. Their house stood in close proximity to the ancient forest of Cadzow, whose gnarled oaks (relics of the Caledonian Forest) attract artists in search of subjects for "studies" from all parts of Britain, while the stream, charming through all its course, is at this point wildly picturesque and beautiful. My hosts were most solicitous that I should enjoy my sojourn. When I proposed a stroll through the forest and along the tree-crowned heights overhanging the river, "Na, na," said the guidwife; "if ye like to see bonnie sights, gang down to the auld gardens o' Barnclinth, whaur ye'll see ewe-trees and boxes clipped into the bravest shapes—birds, and beasts, and Adam and Eve before the Fall. Eh, but they're natural and beautiful!" Indeed, a taste for scenery, especially in its sublimer aspects, is one of the latest to develop. Every one who has read the touching episode of La Roche in Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" must have perceived that the philosopher (David Hume) was more impressed by the gentle loveliness of the vale in which the pastor's house stood than by the sublimities of the Bernese Alps amid which it was cradled.

A people's eyes—even those of a somewhat cultured people—seem to require to be coached before they perceive the natural beauties or grandeurs presented to them. Sir Walter Scott performed this operation for Scotchmen, and for untold thousands besides. Before the appearance of "The Lady of the Lake" Scotchmen gazed on their native mountains and cliffs, on their lakes, rivers, glens, and passes, as impassively as the cattle that found scanty pasture among them. Englishmen were even worse. To them the whole thing was simply "horrid" and "ugly." A Captain Burt, who spent some years in government service in the Highlands after the suppression of Mar's rebellion, fills two goodly volumes with letters to his friends, consisting of little more than lugubrious jeremiades over the dismal "ugliness" of the region to which he was

condemned, with its huge, unshapely, barren mountains, its gloomy ravines, and its bleak expanses of heath-covered moorlands and desolate, lonely lochs. Dr. Johnson, we know, was scarcely more appreciative.

It may surprise some readers to have it recalled that even Burns, who has been designated, *par excellence*, the "Bard of Nature," neither in his poetry nor his letters shows any appreciation of the picturesque in nature. From his farm at Mossgiel he commanded one of the finest views in Scotland, embracing Ben-Lomond, Ben-Venue, and the other mountains keeping watch around Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the exquisite Firth of Clyde with its numerous lochs winding away northward among the lonely pastoral hills of Argyshire. Above all, Arran, with its grandly romantic mountain-farms, was daily before his eyes, as well as the giant mass of Ailsa, rising sentinel-like, sheer and solitary, out of the water where the firth merges into the Irish Sea. Yet not once will you find him making mention of this noble land- and seascape so constantly in his view. In his northern tour he traversed for twenty-two days some of the grandest scenery in the Highlands, yet nowhere do his writings testify to any adequate appreciation of it. "I write this," he says in a letter to Robert Ainslie, "on my tour through a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which sparingly support as savage inhabitants." This is all—absolutely all—he has to say to his friend and former travelling companion regarding the natural aspects of a region which now attracts thousands of admiring visitors every year from our own and other lands. In a subsequent letter to his brother Gilbert he speaks of the scenery much in the same strain, while he is very specific in particularizing the mansions of the great in which he was hospitably entertained. He kept a brief diary during his tour, and, so far as my memory serves, two words only in that refer to the grandeur of the scenery he had witnessed and the impression it made on him.

Yet no poet evinces a keener sympathy with natural objects to which he could attach an individuality, and which he could associate in any way, even by analogy, with human interests or feelings. Not only have the wounded hare, the homeless mouse, the mountain-daisy, the "ourie cattle," and the "silly sheep" elicited stanzas of the finest sensibility, but he speaks of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," of "Afton, flowing gently among its green braes," of "the burnie wimpling through the gowany glen" or "cooking underneath the braes," and so on, not only as if he loved them, but almost as if he conceived them to be conscious of his affection. It is just because he invests them in some measure with the feelings and sentiments of humanity that he thus loves them and sings them.

Did space permit, I think I could show that even the ancient Greeks, with all their keen sense for the beautiful in the human

figure and for proportion, symmetry, and grace in architecture, and with all their perfection in sculpture, had no real perception of the picturesque or sublime in scenery. *Æstheticism* is one thing, *naturalism* is quite another.

How does the matter stand with our own land? Not many years ago I met with intelligent, fairly-read people in Philadelphia who were unconscious of the charms of the Wissahickon. Baltimore has but lately awakened to the knowledge that she possesses a gem of the same kind. But America is clearing herself of the discredit of being blind to the beauties so richly scattered over her land. Mauch Chunk, the Luray Cave, Virginia's Natural Bridge, and Harper's Ferry (grand and beautiful as the most famed scene in Scotland) are attracting larger and larger streams of admirers yearly, while the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone are proving formidable rivals to Switzerland and the Tyrol. This growing perception of the claims of our own country to our admiration is one of the most unequivocal evidences of our advancing civilization.

J. Hunter.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

FEW Americans condescend to regard the Chinaman seriously. He is considered a hopeless barbarian, so absolutely wedded to tradition as to be incapable of progress. He is debarred by statute not only from the right of suffrage, but even, in most cases, from the privilege of acquiring a residence in America. He reciprocates the national prejudice against him, and clings steadfastly to the customs of his native land.

His ways of life are a study for the curious, who refuse to admit that his intellectual activities are worth mentioning. As a subordinate miner, a workman on railroads or irrigation ditches, a market-gardener, or a laundryman, John Chinaman has been a success in California ever since the gold discovery. Every one is willing that he should carry on whatever menial occupation he cares to undertake, but on the rare occasions when he aspires to something better he at once becomes a butt of ridicule or an object of hatred.

Upon this basis is the accepted estimate of the Chinese physician, the only professional man who has invaded our shores from the Flowery Kingdom. There are many Chinese physicians in San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific Coast. A few have established themselves in Eastern cities. Newspaper writers in search of a sensation make the most of the Chinese doctor, and invest him with a fictitious interest. They describe him as a star actor among the odd and curious scenes of Chinatown, that foreign city within the limits of an American municipality. They thread narrow alleys

and climb dark stairways to find him in his secluded den, and relate thrilling stories of wrinkled mummies who felt their quickly-beating pulses and wrote prescriptions for sharks' fins, or spiders' eggs, or dried toads and lizards. These fairy tales go the rounds and are read by thousands who shudder at their imaginary horrors.

The truth is that there are genuine Chinese physicians who practise a system of purely herbal medication. And there are quacks who pretend to be Chinese physicians and impose upon the credulity of their fellow-countrymen and of tourists. The latter class are doubtless much more numerous than the former, and furnish material for the fictions mentioned. They do not attempt to ply their vocation among the whites, but wisely confine their "practice" to their own people. But when an inquisitive white man hunts them up they are usually willing to humor him in his preconceived opinions, especially if he is willing to pay something for being humored.

Li Po Tai was the first of the Chinese doctors to leave his countrymen and to go boldly among the whites, advocating his system of medicine and establishing a lucrative practice among Caucasians. He came to San Francisco in the early days of the gold excitement, and lived there for nearly half a century, dying in 1893. The returns from his practice for many years before his death amounted to seventy-five thousand dollars a year. From one hundred and fifty to three hundred patients consulted him every day, and people came to him from all parts of the United States, including New York and other large Eastern cities. He maintained an extensive Oriental establishment during his life, and left a large fortune to his family at his death. Thousands of people freely asserted that his herbal remedies had cured them of obstinate chronic diseases after all other means had failed. These facts are beyond dispute.

In Los Angeles at the present time is incorporated a firm of Chinese physicians following Li Po Tai's methods. Its principal members and stockholders are two Chinese physicians, a nephew and a son of Dr. Li Po Tai. Both were educated at the Imperial Medical College at Peking, and both also received training at Li Po Tai's sanitarium in San Francisco. Both speak English readily, and their practice is exclusively among English-speaking people. Los Angeles is a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and has some three hundred and fifty physicians. It is commonly understood that, with the possible exception of one or two firms of "advertising doctors," this firm of Chinese physicians has more patrons than any other physician or combination of physicians in the city.

Nearly the entire population of Los Angeles consists of recent comers from the East. Therefore it will not do to argue that they are deficient in intelligence. As a rule, the poorer and more ignorant classes cannot pay the rather high charges demanded by the Chinese doctors, and one finds among their patrons well-to-do people,

many women, business men, capitalists, and a few professional men, —lawyers, journalists, and even physicians. For the most part they are persons suffering from chronic disorders who have "tried all the other doctors" and consult the Chinamen as a last resort.

The office of this firm is upon one of the favorite residence streets of the city. It is a spacious and handsome dwelling, surrounded by lawns and flowers. Huge signs of blue and gold proclaim the names, titles, and attainments of the doctors, and are the only indications to distinguish the house from the scores of pretentious homes along the street. On entering, the visitor is received by an American attendant and shown into one of a suite of parlors or waiting-rooms. These are tastily furnished in the American style. Upon centre-tables are late copies of the leading periodicals. The visitor rests and reads until the physician is at liberty to receive him. Then he is ushered up a flight of stairs and into the doctor's office. This, like the rooms below, is light, airy, and well furnished. Rows of Chinese medical books, elaborate diplomas in gold letters upon purple satin, and strange charts representing the Chinese ideas of the anatomy of the human body, hanging upon the walls, give something of a professional air to the apartment.

The doctor sits at a little table in the centre of the room and motions the caller to a seat opposite. The head of the firm is a man nearly fifty years of age. His features are of a different mould from those of the every-day Chinaman whom one meets upon the streets and suggest a different lineage. One is reminded that among the teeming millions who dwell in the Flowery Kingdom there are many strains of blood radically distinct from each other. This man has a strong and intelligent face, a bright, keen eye, a pleasant smile when speaking, and a very musical voice. His attire is similar to that of the ordinary Chinaman, but of unusually costly material, silks and satins trimmed with velvet and made with delicate needle-work. A skull-cap protects the head, the front of which is shaven, as is customary with the Chinese. The doctor wears a queue. Upon his feet are silk slippers with wooden soles.

Nearly all visitors receive a "pulse diagnosis," or examination of their physical condition, which, together with the doctor's opinion, is given free of charge. The prospective patient rests each wrist in turn upon a little cushion on the table. The doctor places three of his long, flexible, tawny fingers lightly upon the wrist and notes the pulse for a period varying between three and five minutes. During this examination he turns his head away and is evidently absorbed in a concentration of all his mental faculties upon the pulse and its indications. Usually he inquires the age of the person under examination and whether he or she is married or single. These are the only questions. Without further examination he renders an opinion of the nature of the disease, its causes, and the probabilities of a cure.

The Chinese believe that the condition of each of the vital organs is indicated by the pulse. They define at least twelve different pulses, and claim to be able to distinguish them by the beating at the wrist. Whether the observer believes these claims or not, he is often astonished at the results of his examination, and leaves the room with a profound respect for the wizard who has "told me everything." These physicians have unmistakably a wonderful acuteness and accuracy in diagnosis. Whether it is based upon some form of chicanery or upon science, it is certainly successful. In China the profession of medicine is often hereditary, and the gift of diagnosis is practised for many years with untiring assiduity. It may be analogous to the sixth sense which the blind sometimes possess, by which they thread the crowded streets of cities alone or even ride bicycles. American physicians, who deride the philosophy of Chinese medicine, admit the skill of the Chinese in pulse diagnosis and the possibility of their possessing valuable professional secrets in this respect.

If the inquirer concludes to become a patron, the doctor writes an odd-looking prescription in India ink upon a large square piece of thin paper, which is handed to a Chinese attendant summoned by touching an electric bell. The visitor is bowed out of the office and returns to the reception-rooms; the doctor touches another electric bell, which announces his readiness to receive another patient. If desired, the prescription is prepared on the premises, or the patient may take the herbs home and prepare them there. In the former case he waits for half an hour while the herb tea is "cooking" and is then invited into still another pleasant and cheerful apartment, where he is seated at a little table and the bowl of herb tea, a glass of distilled water, and a porcelain dish containing raisins are placed before him. The herb tea is the medicine, the raisins may be eaten to modify its bitter flavor, and the mouth may be rinsed with the cool water. This, however, is not to be swallowed in any quantity, as the medicine must be taken as hot as it can be borne: cold water is supposed to counteract its beneficial effect.

The taking of a first dose of Chinese medicine is an ordeal which can be better imagined than described. It is invariably a bitter decoction. If the patient prefers, the herbs are given him in square pasteboard boxes holding about a pint each and he "cooks" them at home. A Chinese prescription contains from ten to sixteen varieties of herbs, flowers, nuts, gums, barks, and roots. More than three thousand species are classified and used as medicine, but of these only some six hundred are in general use. Whether the patient takes the remedies at the sanitarium or at home, he is requested to present himself every day before the doctor for another pulse examination, so that every change in his condition may be noted and the prescriptions may be varied accordingly. The Chinese are clever chemists in the line of pharmaceutical preparations, and pre-

pare many medicines for their own use in the form of pills and powders; but these are employed by the Chinese physicians in treating the ailments of white people only to a limited extent. The reason given is that the simple, hot decoctions of the fresh root or plant are the best form, because the most readily assimilated into the system.

One dose of medicine a day is the rule, except in extreme cases. A Chinese doctor rarely promises a cure in less than three months. His terms are from eight to fourteen dollars a week. He places his patients upon a rigid diet of plain foods, and absolutely forbids cold water, coffee, fresh fruits, and fried or roast meats. A little tea is allowed, but no alcoholic stimulant whatever under any circumstances. Tobacco is also forbidden. The herbs used are all imported from China. No poisonous herb and no mineral substance is permitted to be used. With a single exception, no substance derived from an animal is used. That exception is the horn of a certain species of deer, which is ground into a powder and sometimes given with the herbs. This is rarely used in the treatment of white patrons, but the Chinese believe that it gives great strength. Ginseng is employed in many prescriptions, not for any specific action, but because it is supposed to strengthen and reinforce the action of all the other ingredients. Millions of dollars' worth of this drug are exported from this country every year to China, but the finest comes from Korea, that grown in America being of a cheap and inferior quality. Many of these herbs are very expensive. A variety of cinnamon used costs eight or ten dollars an ounce. A single dose of a preparation for alcoholism costs thirty dollars: needless to say that it is not often prescribed. Whatever may be the devious practices of Chinese doctors among the ignorant of their own race, those who prescribe for white people observe the utmost neatness and cleanliness, and adhere strictly to their rule of employing only non-poisonous herbs.

The Chinese assert that their system of medicine was founded on vivisection practised upon criminals condemned to death more than three thousand years ago; that its fundamental principles were then established, and have not been changed to the present time; that ancient medical books, written centuries before the Christian era, are still studied in the great Imperial Medical College at Peking, and that time-honored secrets in their profession are handed from father to son for many generations. With our knowledge of Chinese character and history, the autocratic forms of Chinese government, and the disregard for human life even now prevalent among the Chinese, we may readily believe that criminals were vivisected as claimed. A desire to preserve the lives and health of the rulers and nobles would of itself have been a sufficient incentive to such shortcut paths to a knowledge of anatomy and of the action of medicinal substances upon the human body.

The Chinese physicians mentioned as practising in Los Angeles give scores of references among their patrons in that city which upon investigation have been found to be genuine. Those who permit their names to be used make no concealment of the fact that they have patronized Chinese doctors. Many others, not caring to answer questions or to be exposed to ridicule, decline to be "interviewed." Some are loud in their praises, and freely assert that the Chinese system of medicine is more rational, more thoroughly in accord with nature, and more successful than any other. "I am sorry," said one of these, "for what I know of Chinese medicine; sorry to think that these degraded heathen can do things with their herbs which our own doctors, with all their skill and knowledge, cannot do." In one case, which may be mentioned as an illustration, the wife of a wholesale druggist had come to Los Angeles from a city in a neighboring State to be treated by Chinese doctors for the opium habit. She had acquired this by taking morphine as a medicine during illness, had reached a point where she could neither stop nor continue taking the drug and live, and had derived no relief from various antidotes and methods of treatment. She was cured by the Chinese herbs. There could be no question of her sincerity in this statement.

In California Chinese doctors are not recognized by law, and the judicial records of the State show that they have often been arrested and sometimes fined for the illegal practice of medicine. In his later years Li Po Tai, the pioneer, had powerful friends, such as Senator Leland Stanford and Governor Mark Hopkins, whose influence and friendship protected him, but in the early part of his career he was subjected to much persecution. In Los Angeles some unsuccessful attempts have been made to enforce the law, but at the present time the Chinese doctor feels the pulses of his patients and concocts his elaborate prescriptions practically without hindrance. It is a curious phase in the history of medicine.

William M. Tiedale

MENDICITY AS A FINE ART.

BEGGARS in Homer's day disputed with dogs the scraps that fell from the rich man's table, but classic times were far from favorable to mendicity. Ancient lawgivers had no sympathy for the man who could but would not work, and the bright young scamp ambitious to become a master beggar found his path beset with difficulties. He dare not practise his vocation in Egypt; there, if convicted of slothfulness, he was offered the choice of working or of being put to death. In Greece and Rome he was liable to flogging or slavery in the mines or galleys; he was even debarred from receiving a share of the largesses distributed by such emperors as Nero

and Tiberius. As for the ancient Germans, they plunged their idlers into the thick of their marshes and left them to repent their sloth while starving to death. Against such adverse circumstances the beggars had little chance to develop their natural gifts, and mendicity languished accordingly.

Constantine the Great, by liberating the Christian galley-slaves and establishing almshouses and hospitals for their reception, inadvertently bettered matters for the beggar fraternity. Many of the manumitted ones did not take kindly to such institutions. They objected strenuously to friendly surveillance, which to their minds smacked too much of their former servitude. Perfected freedom was what they wanted, freedom to wander at will, to come and go as they would, to do as they pleased without the least restraint.

So, declining Constantine's offer of a home, they refused to settle down into uneventful pauperism, preferring to beg their livelihood while travelling about the country. The scars made by the blows and chains of their captivity they turned to account while demanding alms, finding them wonderfully inducive of sympathy.

Mendicity experienced a prompt revival, begging suddenly grew exceedingly profitable, and the ranks of the liberated slaves were swelled by a host who had never served an apprenticeship in the galleys. Of course, they had not the slightest right to public sympathy, but as they were accomplished liars, this mattered little. They told harrowing tales of fictitious imprisonment and reaped their full share of alms.

But the thing was overdone. The beggars became so many that at last, instead of being looked upon with compassion, they were regarded only as a nuisance. Constantine's successors grew tired of them and revived the laws which reduced vagabonds to slavery and vassalage, a setback which swept the beggars from the land and for years retarded the development of mendicity as a fine art.

But mendicity was to have its renaissance as well as painting and letters. No wonder the beggars thrived and waxed numerous during the latter part of the Middle Ages! The Church commanded almsgiving; popular fallacy strangely confounded squalid penury with holiness; and the populace was so ignorant that it could be gulled by the flimsiest trickery.

Then, too, organized charity was unknown. In many places it was customary to issue begging permits to those the authorities looked upon as the deserving poor. Similar documents were given to needy students, and several religious orders were supported entirely by eleemosynary contributions. Begging permits could be forged readily, and clever rogues made much by displaying false credentials.

Other forces were at work to strengthen the power of the vagabonds. Early in the fifteenth century a strange race made its appearance in Europe, a race destined to play a prominent part in the history of mendicity. The newcomers differed greatly from the

peoples whose territories they invaded. Swart of skin, speaking a tongue outlandish to European ears, and with straight black hair straggling over eyes gleaming with wondrous cunning, they inspired awesome regard by their knowledge of occult arts and their skill at fortune-telling. In 1417 a little band of them made its advent in the neighborhood of the North Sea, a year later another tribe visited Switzerland, and in 1427 they roamed about Paris in considerable numbers, their kinsmen having by that time invaded both France and Italy. Still later they landed in England.

Whence came they? Nobody knew. The story they told of their origin is strangely romantic, one of those pretty fables a credulous age accepted as truth.

In bygone centuries, they narrated, their forefathers lived a quiet, uneventful life by the waters of the Nile, troubling their heads little about the outside world. The monotony of this existence was broken one day by the appearance of three strangers asking for shelter—a Jewish carpenter accompanied by a sweet-faced woman and a smiling babe. But instead of hospitality the visitors received only scorn; Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were driven elsewhere to seek welcome. This ancestral sin demanded expiation, and the descendants of erring sires were doing penance for it by seven years' wandering in foreign lands.

This highly moral but mendacious tale was believed not only by the common people, but by several princes as well, and the Gypsies were given permits to ramble the country unmolested.

For professed penitents it must be admitted that these Eastern rogues—for Orientals they undoubtedly were, though Hindoos probably, not Egyptians—took existence pretty easily. Their knowledge of horseflesh was remarkable, their skill as beggars astonishing, and these two accomplishments, added to their adroitness as fortune-tellers, netted them considerable income. Their personal habits were not nice, but their easy-going out-of-door life proved wonderfully attractive to European vagabonds, who soon entered into unholy alliance with the newcomers for the express purpose of fleecing the unsophisticated. Sometimes native rascals would cast their lot with Gypsy tribes; more frequently they formed themselves into independent bands somewhat resembling trades-unions and governed by rude tribal laws patterned on those of the Gypsies.

They even developed a language of their own, a jargon which had the Gypsy tongue as its basis, but contained many cant words peculiar to itself and varied according to the locality in which it was spoken. In France this secret language was termed *Argot*; in Spain, *Germania*; in Germany, *Rothwälsch*; in Italy, *Gergo*; and in England, pedler's French (in modern English cant).

In France a veritable beggar kingdom sprang into existence. It was an elective monarchy, and its rogue of a king swelled his exchequer by levying taxes on his disreputable subjects. His able

lieutenants, known as *cagoux*, collected revenue in distant parts of the domain and enforced the penalties for non-payment of tribute, adding to these duties the task of instructing youthful mendicants on all the subtleties of their art. Directly beneath the *cagoux* in rank was another class of officials, composed of decayed priests and students whose smattering of learning gave them some standing even among beggars. These were the *archisuppots*, the mendicants' counsellors-at-law, who taught recruits the beggar tongue, *Argot*.

The rank and file of the beggars were divided into distinct classes, each following some particular form of mendicity to which strict attention was demanded. One had to be a specialist and stick to his own line of business; the general practitioner was accorded no recognition.

The subjects of the King of *Argot* kept no chronicles; consequently our knowledge of the beggar dynasty is somewhat limited. Three kings, however, managed to make names for themselves in history: *Ragot*, a Solon in rags, who founded the monarchy and drew up a system of laws for its government; *Anacreon*, who, wrapped in a mantle of a thousand pieces, collected alms while riding an ass through the streets of Paris; and a monarch who is known to us as the King of Tunis. The latter reigned for three years only, and was broken on the wheel at Bordeaux because his ideas of personal liberty differed from those of the French government, whose minions happened to be stronger than his own.

At stated periods the French beggars held a general parliament at *Sainte Anne d'Auray* in Brittany, where means were discussed for the advancement of mendicity in all its branches. What a gathering it must have been! What a fantastic, nightmare-like assemblage of rags and tatters!

From an artistic point of view the scene had many merits. *Salvator Rosa* could have done it full justice pictorially, and *Callot* would have revelled in the grotesque types it embodied; but only suppose an honest bourgeois could have had a vision of it in his sleep!

As a background, imagine clusters of miserable hovels, dome-shaped and low, like the snow-houses of the Eskimos, mephitic dens scarce fit for brutish habitation, much less suitable as lodgings for human beings. In and about these rude dwellings swarmed the beggar king's subjects. Here were those whose hideous deformities excited the envy of their companions who possessed no such natural gifts for exciting compassion. There one might see false cripples, with crutches discarded for the nonce, stepping out bravely as the best of men. Youths whose faces still bore marks of refinement, despite the record of evil living written upon their countenances, bandied obscene jests with burly swashbucklers, deserters from the army, or disputed ridiculous theological problems with drunken old reprobates whose shaven crowns betrayed their former connection with the priesthood.

Bands of little children ran hither and thither, fighting joyously among themselves, playing jokes on their elders, blaspheming in shrill treble voices, and getting into all sorts of mischief. Usually these juvenile rascals went half naked in droves along the highways, playing the part of poor orphans; but during the parliament their canting tones were laid aside and there was little pitiful about them.

Such were the King of Argot's subjects. That he should have been able to rule seems marvellous, particularly when one takes into consideration the fact that he was liable to deposition if he incurred the ill-will of his henchmen.

As long as it consisted solely of beggars, the kingdom prospered, but eventually thieves were admitted, and it experienced a downfall.

In 1656 the Hôpital Générale was established. Those whom need and not desire had driven to begging were given a refuge within its walls, while the police interested themselves so actively in the other mendicants that their organization was soon disrupted.

Some coöperation still continued to exist, however, and only recently the organized charities in Paris discovered a daily newspaper, the *Journal des Mendians*, published solely for the benefit of those who practise mendicity. In this unique sheet appear notices of all weddings, baptisms, funerals, and other ceremonies at which alms may be collected. When wealthy families are mentioned, their names are given in bold-face type; if they are known to be charitable, in still larger capitals. Personal weaknesses of almsgivers are treated of in a separate column; thus one individual will give freely if addressed with great deference, while another can be wheedled into generosity if spoken to as Monsieur le Comte. The editor of this unique newspaper—which, by-the-way, is an expensive one, for it sells at a franc a copy—is a former printer; the publishers are an ex-lawyer and a once well-known merchant.

While French beggars were running things pretty much to suit themselves their *confrères* across the Rhine were growing very unpopular. No one was safe from their importunities; they even had the temerity to bother Dr. Martin Luther. But the great reformer had his revenge: he fulminated a tirade against the mendicants which must have injured their business, and which to-day gives us valuable information concerning the beggar fraternity of the sixteenth century.

In 1475 the Swiss authorities lost patience with the beggars and arrested a great number of them, who were locked up snugly in the jail at Basle. An exhaustive examination of the prisoners followed, and, fortunately for us, there was a man on hand who thought the testimony sufficiently important to take it down fully. This was Johann Kneibel, the chaplain of the Basle cathedral, whose chronicle is still preserved. Some years later an unknown literary man, an expert in roguery and at least an amateur in mendicity, took Kneibel's manuscript and from it compiled a curious little book, the

"*Liber Vagatorum*," in which the beggars are carefully classified and advice is given the reader how to treat each particular type. This is the earliest work of its kind of which we have any record; it was written probably about 1509, and the first edition was printed at Augsburg. A copy of the "*Liber Vagatorum*" fell into Luther's hands and struck him at once as something "which filled a long-felt want." He knew what it was to be cheated by professional beggars, whom he looked upon as emissaries of the evil one; so he hailed the book with joy and gave it the seal of his approval by editing a new edition, which appeared at Wittenberg in 1528.

His reason for so doing is characteristic: "I thought it a good thing that such a work should not only be published, but that it should be known everywhere," he writes in his preface, "in order that men may see and understand how mightily the devil rules the world. I have myself of late years been cheated and slandered by such tramps more than I care to confess."

The vicinity of a church was the place to study beggars in Luther's time, as indeed it is to-day in Spain and Italy. Every approach to the sacred edifice was lined with them. Shivering fellows displayed themselves stark naked,—people were not squeamishly modest then,—crying for alms on the plea that they had fallen among thieves and been robbed of their worldly all. They shook as if from cold, but it was nettle-seed purposely applied, not frosty winds, which made their flesh quiver. One class of mendicants affected the falling sickness, pricking their nostrils with straws until the blood came, and frothing at the lips by aid of soap concealed within the mouth. Women who simulated raving madness were led about in chains; pretended lepers sounded a mendacious warning with their rattles; wenches who knew not shame shammed pregnancy; wretches smeared with deceptive salve, which made them look as if nigh to death, lay in the pathway; blind harpers chanted songs of foreign lands they had never visited. There were those, too, whose garb and cockle-shell seemed to denote the pious pilgrim, but whose only desire was for material riches; and those who professed themselves baptized Jewesses, and asked for money as the reward of their conversion.

All these cunning impostors pitted their wits against the world to make a living. They were clever actors who played lowly rôles in the drama of life and whose prosperity depended upon how well they deceived the public. But there was one class of beggars who degraded their art by an abominable striving after realism. These were the inhuman scoundrels who stole and mutilated little children, palming off their hapless victims as their own progeny, and thus coining profit from the injuries they themselves had inflicted. This inhuman practice, it seems, is not entirely unknown to the nineteenth century. Only recently a St. Petersburg newspaper described the capture of an eight-year-old girl by South Russian beggars. The

child was taken to an out-of-the-way cellar, where her face was seared with blazing pitch, which blinded as well as disfigured her for life. Her fingers were then disjoined, and afterwards her feet were cut to make her limp.

The Gypsies landed in England during the early reign of Henry VIII. The usual consequences followed their coming. Everywhere they were received with open arms by the common people, who looked upon them as conjurers who contributed to the general amusement; but within a dozen years from their arrival they had organized the English vagrants into dangerous bands, each with its meeting-place and its working district.

Albion's lawmakers in alarm devised barbarous punishments for mendicity; but ear-cropping, branding with hot irons, and flogging were powerless to stop the growth of the beggar tribe. The closing of the monasteries swelled its ranks, and in Elizabeth's day Irish mendicants flocked to the suburbs of London.

St. Giles, where in Norman times lepers had begged for alms, became a favorite lodging-place for the mendicants. There they heaped together in miserable lodgings like ants in an ant-hill. To the profits of daylight begging they added the results of nocturnal robbery, and their presence became a constant menace to peaceful citizens. Attempts to limit the number of the beggars' lodging-houses proved futile, and these dens, the character of which was so vile that it can hardly be imagined and cannot be described, continued to increase until well into the present century.

Archenholz, writing about 1784, wonders at the number of beggars he found in the London streets, and relates that a friend of his donned a ragged coat one day and bribed his way into a mendicants' club in St. Giles. "He found a great deal of gayety and ease, and nothing that bore the appearance of indigence save the tatters that covered the members. One cast his crutches into a corner of the room; one unbuckled his wooden leg; another took off the plaster which concealed his eye; all, in fine, discovered themselves in their natural forms, recounted the adventures of the day, and concerted the stratagems to be put into execution on the morrow."

The St. Giles beggars were made the subject of official investigation by a committee of the House of Commons in 1815, from the minutes of which one learns that some of these gentry managed to make as much as eight shillings a day.

The simplicity of American life during colonial times and the early days of the Republic prevented the development of mendicity in this country. The pioneers of the art were most of them shipped back to Europe under the laws which made skippers responsible for the character of their passengers, and native talent was as yet undeveloped. But, as population increased, conditions changed, until to-day it is possible to study a great variety of beggars, foreign as well as domestic, without going outside of any of the large cities.

Before the present immigration law went into effect English beggars frequently toured this country, mapping out their route before they landed, and bringing money with them to pay expenses in case their venture proved unprofitable. Such visitors to our shores are no longer permitted to land.

The American beggar is fully up to date and very ready at concocting pitiful tales, but, all things considered, America, despite the generosity of its people, is not the best field for the practice of mendicancy. Until recently Rome was a paradise for beggars, and fortunes were made there by the most skilful. But in the summer of 1897 the police started a crusade against these mendicants, arresting over six hundred of them during the month of July.

On the whole, China seems to be the land where at present mendicancy thrives the best. There it is recognized by the government, and its followers are never interfered with by the police. In Peking there exists a beggars' guild ruled by a king and queen, and there the beggar's education begins during his early childhood. Should a European chance to complain to the authorities of the beggars' importunities, he is answered, "Well, why don't you give them what they ask?"

My advice to would-be mendicants is that they stain their faces yellow, shave their heads, grow pigtails, save up their money, and go to Peking. There—if they succeed in ingratiating themselves with the native artists—they may attain eminence as masters of their art, and incidentally learn a number of tricks quite unknown to European adepts.

Francis J. Ziegler.

HIS HONOR.

THE Senorita Guadalupe Alvarez was discovered by the six Orosco sisters, and they, having fed, housed, and clothed her, reported her case to the Spanish Benevolent Society.

The senorita, with her dark eyes gleaming out at a deputation of benevolent Spaniards from the shadow of a black shawl that she wore over her head in lieu of the mantilla of her native land, was found to be young,—not yet eighteen,—handsome, grave, and tranquilly helpless. She had come up from Mexico to San Francisco to support herself, she said, in her liquid, soft-cadenced Spanish. No, she could speak no English, only "Ow dee doo" and "Hawl aboard." These useful specimens of the English language she had acquired on the steamer, and she pronounced them with a studied strangeness of accent and a stately, unsmiling pride.

She had heard, she continued with her unmoved Indian gravity, that women supported themselves in the States, and she had come to

do so, and brought her maid, Pancha,—she indicated with a queenly gesture a squat, brown half-breed girl crouching in the corner,—who had not even enough English to say “Hawl aboard.” She herself could sing to the guitar and she could do drawn-work and—“What else?” she echoed in slightly disdainful query. Nothing else, certainly. She was the daughter of the late Don Miguel Alvarez, grandee of Mexico, a descendant of the Montezumas, the child of kings. She was now poor, but, nevertheless, it was not meet for the daughter of the Montezumas to do the work of Pancha; and she looked at the six Orosco sisters and the benevolent Spaniards with a glance of complacent, calm pride that made them feel that they had never before realized what it was to come into contact with the impoverished descendant of kings.

The benevolent Spaniards might have retired abashed before the magnitude of the undertaking if it had not been for the Senora Cabrillas. The Senora Cabrillas was the eldest of the Orosco sisters, and, being a Mexican, had a fellow-feeling for her lonely country-woman. She too had once been helpless, poor, and without the solace of the English tongue. This latter disadvantage had, however, been overcome in the course of a twenty-years’ sojourn in California. It had been a great struggle, but in the end the Senora Cabrillas had conquered and now spoke English with a proud, unhampered fluency and a rich picturesqueness of phrase.

So the Senora Cabrillas and her sisters—with the benevolent Spaniards, desiring to be vaguely generous, massed in the back-ground—took in hand the case of the Senorita Guadalupe Alvarez. They impressed upon her gently but firmly that there is not an overwhelming demand in San Francisco society to hear black-browed, impassioned-looking young Mexicans sing “La Paloma” to a guitar. They also sadly admitted that in the Roman Catholic churches a fortune is not to be made by singing one solo every Sunday morn. But when Guadalupe drew forth from her scanty kit the lengths of lace-like drawn-work so dexterously wrought upon fine linen, the Orosco sisters sent up a cry of admiration and thanksgiving, and declared that henceforth all would be well.

They bore away the drawn-work and sold it to charitably disposed ladies with plump purses and rich-rolling Hibernian patronymies, and disposed of it at bazaars for churches called after musically named Spanish saints. They worked up the business in such a masterly manner that before the winter rains had ceased the Senorita Guadalupe and the silent, Indian-faced Pancha were making drawn-work for half fashionable San Francisco, and the Orosco ladies felt sadly that their protégée would soon not need their aid in the interesting endeavor to make the two ends of her income meet.

One day it fell out that the Senorita Guadalupe was called in to take an order from Mrs. Brian O’Hara, that lofty lady of the mighty girth, whose mansion crowns a conspicuous hill-top and whose name

is rolled with obsequious respect upon the city's tongue. Mrs. O'Hara unfolded the linen and began to explain, and then—alas, could go no further, for neither had the language of the other. The interview would have come to nothing if Mrs. O'Hara had not be-thought her that her son Tom was somewhere in the house, and that Tom, who had once been sent down to Mexico to be kept out of mischief in San Francisco, had there, in the desperation of his ennui, learnt Spanish.

Tom was sent for. He came reluctantly—a robust, well-groomed, heavy-featured young man in costly, smooth-setting raiment. He was a trifle out of temper at the summons, but when he saw the finest dark eyes he had looked into since he sailed from Mazatlan he became at once polite and smilingly alert. Those velvet eyes, shot with the gleam of sleeping fires, caused a sudden, soft agitation in the heart of Thomas O'Hara, a heart heretofore a stranger to such sensations of distressful sweetness.

That was the beginning of it. Tom O'Hara carried several orders for his mamma to the house at North Beach, where, in a dingy up-stairs room, the *senorita* and Pancha bent over the lengths of linen weaving their delicate webs. When his mamma's orders came to an end, Mr. O'Hara dissembled darkly and took orders from fictitious characters which he created and elaborated with the skill and cunning of an embryo novelist.

Could Mrs. O'Hara have seen the piles of drawn-work that accumulated in the hidden recesses of her son's wardrobes and bureau drawers, she would have been quite as surprised as the *Senorita* Guadalupe herself. But this august lady was engrossed with serious and important matters. Tom was her only son. In the natural course of things he would inherit his father's millions. And Tom was a good fellow, the best-natured fellow in the world,—unfortunately, one might say, too good-natured. Tom had never done anything but be agreeable, and stupid, and dress well. His parents had given up thinking that he would ever be anything. Their hope was now that he would *not* be anything: it was so much the safest.

If Tom would just be dull and amiable it would be all right. But there was no counting on that. It was only a question of time when Tom, phlegmatic, idle, rich, and so deplorably good-natured, would do something irredeemably foolish. The O'Hara parents firmly believed in the adage about Satan and the idle hands, and Tom had no more to do than those young gentlemen so scornfully described by the Psalmist, whose occupation was to "grin like dogs and run about through the city." He had never really cared for any woman, but when his parents thought that this state of heart-whole blessedness might at any moment cease to be, and that their young Hylas might be borne off triumphant by the nymphs, they were filled with fond alarms. Their one hope and desire was that he would marry some nice, high-handed, managing girl—some one

whom he could love placidly and fear inordinately. There was nothing short of a crime the O'Haras would not have committed to bring about this happy event.

So when that distinguished belle and beauty, Beatrice Drury, turned her eyes and her attentions upon Tom they felt relieved and hopeful. Not that they liked Miss Drury so much. Even though the young lady was a Roman Catholic, and her father had been a pioneer, they felt that she was not what they could have wished had Tom been a model, hard-working, peace-giving son. But if she was unlovable, vain, and perhaps not as strictly regardful of the truth as they could have desired, yet she was, beyond a doubt, able to manage Tom, and that was the chief point in the case.

Miss Drury naturally viewed the question from another standpoint. She characterized Tom in her thoughts by many good, marrowy, Saxon words which, if not kind, are strongly descriptive. She said he was a "clod," a "boar," and a "lump." Her fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of Tom upon her return from Europe. Miss Drury, with the consciousness of her beauty weighing heavily upon her, had resolved not to waste it upon the desert air of San Francisco, but to take it to Europe and show the effete monarchies what Helen of Troy was like. But Helen of San Francisco, though passing fair and the daughter of a pioneer, was not an heiress. Her father, while he had a large enough income to give his daughter the prettiest of frocks, the latest fads in jewelry, and a carriage in which to drive luxuriously about the city, would leave her no well-invested millions. So, with hurt chagrin, Miss Drury realized that owing to the limitations in the family exchequer it was quite impossible for her to buy a duke or a lord, and some second-rate domestic article must content her aspiring soul.

In elaborating herself to the highest pitch of fashionable perfection Miss Drury had changed her first name from the commonplace, undignified Bessie of her baptism to the regal Beatrice of her effulgent girlhood. It now seemed to her that her second name should be changed too, and the best person to do that, she reflected, was Mr. Thomas O'Hara. She cogitated some time about it before she made up her mind, her head resting on her slender, heavily-jewelled hand, the thick, down-drooped lids hiding the dreamy meditation in her eyes. Her bashful maiden reverie was full of thoughts of Tom. She thought how stupid he was, and wondered what his income would be, and if it wouldn't, after all, be best to have a stupid husband who would simply sit about and spend money and adore one.

Her mind made up, Miss Drury lost no time in opening the campaign. She boldly took the field and cut out Tom from her feeble and dismayed rivals with masterly promptness and despatch. The gentleman was not averse to being courted by this flattering young lady, who told him in many subtle, covert ways how handsome and

clever he was. His parents looked on in uneasy anxiety. They recognized Miss Drury's dexterity; they applauded her refined audacity; they hoped for her success. Tom alone was ignorant of the forces working for his overthrow: "regardless of his doom, the little victim played."

Everything was progressing harmoniously, Miss Drury's strategic combinations were concentrating for the culminating effort, when a change was suddenly observed in Tom. It was abrupt and disconcerting. Of a sudden he became distrait, preoccupied, uninterested. He no longer sought the society of the handsome Beatrice, and his floral offerings at the shrine grew less and less. Something had happened. Miss Beatrice with serene, suave countenance and narrowed, indifferent eyes, watched quietly for a space, to be sure, then went forth to find out what it was. It took her three days—devoted to paying calls and attending teas and receptions—to do it. At the end of that time all the facts of the case lay in her hands. A Mexican, living on North Beach, had reft her Thomas from her—a Mexican who made tea-cloths and pillow-cases. Miss Drury disguised her scorn of this inexplicable aberration, said a few scorching words on the subject of the mental deficiencies of Mr. Thomas O'Hara, and then proceeded to make a toilet of the most dazzling and gorgeous description.

Arrayed in her newest gown, all crisp and rustling from the French modiste, Miss Drury entered her coupé, gave the coachman an address at North Beach, and, leaning back on the black silk cushions, was rattled across town. As the carriage rolled along through the streets of the Spanish quarter, people stared at the fine equipage and the fair-faced, unsmiling lady within. Such a carriage and such a lady were unusual sights in the byways about North Beach.

The coachman himself was puzzled at the address given him, and grew more so when, as the carriage ascended a sloping street, with the red and lacerated flank of Telegraph Hill rising bare and bleak above, the strap was pulled, and the glistening, rustling, silken-sheathed, violet-perfumed figure opened the door, alighted, and picked a delicate way into a dreary tenement, with a blue-roofed balcony skirting the front and a long line of washing hanging over the hand-rail.

The *Senorita Alvarez* was not surprised to see her visitor. The *Senorita Alvarez* had kingly Indian blood in her veins, and it prevented her from ever being surprised. Moreover, many such rose-lipped, lily-white ladies, with liquid eyes and purring voices, sought her out to give her orders for drawn-work. Pancha set a chair, and the visitor, her breathing slightly quickened from the ascent of the narrow staircase, looked at the Mexican with veiled curiosity. The first glance reassured her. The girl had remarkable eyes, but the high cheek-bones and widely cut nostrils showed her Indian blood

and were not pretty. Miss Drury felt exhilarated, self-confident, and coolly audacious.

She had come, she said, speaking in somewhat halting French, to give an order for a tea-cloth. The *senorita* responded in the same language, and with suspended scissors gave ear to the description of the desired article. The conversation did not end here, but, expanding, deviated from drawn-work, darted about among the well-known names of the *senorita's* patronesses, and then came up with a slight jerk on the name of Mr. Thomas O'Hara. Miss Drury, unruffled and serene, had brought it there and kept it there with a persistency that was a trifle marked. Only a slight vibrating agitation of the bunch of shaded violets that decked her corsage betrayed that she was not as perfectly composed as the immobility of her shell-tinted countenance suggested. She did not look at the *senorita*, which was the reason she continued so glibly, not seeing the daughter of kings noiselessly stop her work, lean back, and stare with a peculiarly fixed intentness of gaze.

Miss Drury, gayly and with little occasional breaks into ripples of light laughter, said a good many carelessly friendly, one might almost say confidential, things about Mr. O'Hara. The *senorita* made no response, and it must have been her discomfiture before this chilly silence that caused Miss Drury to do anything so tactless and unfriendly as to intimate with clear-edged sharpness of utterance that Mr. Thomas O'Hara was a gentleman of capricious fancy and deplorable principles. The *senorita*, perhaps not understanding, responded to this with a sudden throaty sound of interrogation.

Still unheeding, Miss Drury continued, speaking more rapidly now and with a noticeable quickness of breathing. She alluded to Mr. O'Hara's aristocratic prejudices and rooted determination to marry in his own set. She spoke of his matrimonial ambitions with an intimate knowledge of his wishes and hopes which would certainly have surprised that amiable young man. Then, pausing for a bashful second, she went so far as to admit that she herself was the lady whom he really desired to lead to the altar.

The *senorita*, with a sudden movement, gave a second sound, lower and with a growling animal suggestion in its inarticulate hoarseness. Something in it made the visitor pause, and the two women silently eyed each other with arrested, motionless menace. It seemed to rouse Pancha, who rose from her corner and approached her mistress with a noiseless, padding step, like that of a panther. As she stood behind the *senorita's* chair her breathing was audible in the silent room.

Miss Drury was not frightened, not quite realizing the full meaning of that heavy silence, with its undercurrent of harsh-drawn breaths. She brushed her crisp, silken skirt preparatory to rising, and as the finishing touch spoke of the *senorita* herself, her nationality, her position. She rose here, turned her head as she adjusted

the fall of lace over her shoulder, and said—without choice of phrase or useless delicacy of language—that the *senorita* was, for that matter, only a Greaser, and as for her friendship with Mr. Thomas O'Hara—she pulled the lace and laughed—well, she supposed she didn't want to make a scandal, but, of course, men like Mr. O'Hara didn't marry Greasers; he was only amusing himself. She, for her part, tried not to believe all that she heard, but it was rather hard not to, as everybody else did. Miss Alvarez had been fortunate in finding so generous a friend as Mr. O'Hara, but his generosity under existing circumstances would certainly not go as far as marriage, and Miss Alvarez, if she had any sense of decency—

She did not complete the sentence. The Mexican, rising suddenly to her feet with a smothered cry, made a furious lunge at her with the scissors in her hand. Pancha reached out and caught the descending hand with the long steel point gleaming between the fingers, and Miss Drury, leaping back from the murderous onslaught, struck the closed door, which, bursting open with the force of the blow, let her go reeling and staggering backward down the stairs. As she fell she struck against the rail, and, clutching it, looked up, blanched and terror-stricken, at the savage figure above—a dark, avenging goddess pouring out in the fury of her passion a flood of unintelligible Spanish invective. Then the restraining hand of Pancha interposed, drew back this lurid vision of anger, and shut the door. Miss Drury, gathering herself together, crept down the stairs, and emerged into the afternoon sunlight pale and large-eyed.

Alone with Pancha, the *senorita* paced up and down her room, still shaken with tumults of wrath, her bursts of anger finding vent in sudden mutterings and spasmodic ejaculations. So engrossed was she in the turmoil of her emotions that she did not hear steps on the stairs, voices, a knock on the panel, nothing, till the door was pushed open and entered unto her the six Orosco sisters, bearing small gifts, beaming with love, and running over with tender inquiries for their adored protégée.

As their glances swept the room and its occupants they stopped and looked about in puzzled inquiry. The delicate webs of drawn-work lay tossed and trampled on the floor; the spools of thread had rolled into the corners of the room; the scissors lay open near the threshold. Pancha sat silent in her corner, eying her mistress with furtive apprehension. And this lady! The Orosco sisters stared aghast. Her dark skin was pallid; her eyes shone like smouldering embers under the shadow of brows thick as edges of fur. Her nostrils were expanded like those of a young horse of the pampas. She shook and stammered and choked as she tried to explain.

Subsiding into chairs, the Orosco ladies sat and heard it all, heard with murmurous, broken ejaculations the insults that had been heaped upon the daughter of the Montezumas, heard the most dreadful and unseemly things said of the esteemed, the admirable *Senor*

O'Hara. The senoras had been watching this little love-affair, tending it with sedulous, fostering care, dreaming of the happy day when the daughter of the Montezumas should be led to the altar by the gallant Senor O'Hara.

And now to hear such frightful things! The senoras all wept. But the Senora Cabrillas declared it was a baseless calumny, that Mr. Thomas O'Hara was a noble young man, whose actions were inspired by a spirit of the loftiest chivalry. The evil intentions imputed to him she brushed aside with unbelieving hauteur. It was the lady—said the Senora Cabrillas, who had not lived twenty years in California for nothing—it was the lady who had invented the story in a spirit of jealousy and malice. Her sisters wiped their tears and stared, awe-stricken, at this woman of a vast experience.

"Yes," said the senora, nodding at them with an air of pugnacious defiance, "you may be sure; it is the lady, and she wants him for herself. She is——"

A knock at the door cut short further revelations as to the depths of female perfidy to which the Senora Cabrillas had penetrated. Six mellow feminine voices chorused "Pasa vo," and the portal, swinging back, disclosed the figure of Mr. Thomas O'Hara.

There was a profound, solemn silence. Mr. O'Hara, who generally found one or two of the Orosco sisters when he called on the senorita, was not prepared for this assembled family concourse, and, blushing with manly disquietude, stammered his greetings and then turned to the senorita. But he stopped bewildered before the sombre indignation of the eyes that usually shone so softly upon him. The senorita's forbidding, fiery glance dismayed Mr. O'Hara even more than the steady, investigating stare that the Orosco sisters fastened so ruthlessly upon him. He turned from one to the other in distressed embarrassment.

"Why—what—what are you all sitting and staring at me for, like half a dozen Patiences on monuments?" he said with feeble gayety.

The Senora Cabrillas cleared her throat, and spoke with slow, judicial gravity.

"It is, Senor O'Hara, that a lady has made calumnies of a so great unpleasantness about you, and has observed such matters to our much admired Guadalupe, that anger has prostrated her senses. We disbelieve, senor, these repeatings of the lady. We know your noble heart," the senora ended with fine magnanimity.

"Calumnies against me! A lady!" ejaculated the visitor in overwhelmed bewilderment.

"It is now that our most dear Guadalupe is still suffering from her recent enragement. The heart is quite—*déchiré*," said the senora, with a pensive shrug of her shoulders, and indicating her own cardiac region with a directing finger-tip.

Mr. O'Hara, wheeling about, looked in piteous inquiry at the

black-browed Guadalupe. She returned the look with level-gazing hauteur, and said in Spanish, slowly and with extreme majesty,—

"Your friend the Senorita Drury has been here. She has told me many things of you."

"Beatrice Drury? Down here? I don't understand. What has she told you? What could she tell you to make you angry with me?" cried the young man in a frenzy of despairing perplexity.

"She has said here to Guadalupe, the daughter of the Montezumas, that she was a Greaser," proclaimed the Senora Cabrillas with the hushed solemnity befitting the mere repetition of this word of doom.

At the sound of this execrated appellation, fraught with insult to be wiped out by blood alone, the Orosco sisters all burst out together in Spanish:

"She called her an Indian and a Greaser!"

"She said American caballeros never married Mexican senoritas!"

"No: she said caballeros like the Senor O'Hara never married Greasers!"

"Ah, the wicked cat! Senor O'Hara, it was jealousy. You, senor, in your manly ignorance, do not know what it is—the jealousy of women."

"She's a wicked, deceitful girl," said the gentleman of manly ignorance; "you mustn't believe anything she said."

"Did I not tell you," cried the senora, rolling a glance of challenging triumph over the assemblage, "the senor was a man of noble heart? He says Senorita Drury speaks falsities when she would say that his dispositions towards our esteemed Guadalupe are of a wicked and unreligious kind."

"Of course she does," said Mr. Thomas O'Hara, rallying to the vindication of his character with impetuous zeal. "If she said anything like that, she's telling lies: that's all there is about it. No one could—could think more of the senorita than I do."

"Is it not so, my sisters?" cried the declamatory Senora Cabrillas. "He admits it here to us, of how deeply he thinks of the dear Guadalupe. And she says, this wicked girl, that American caballeros never desire to marry Mexican senoritas."

This was too much for the sisters, and again they broke out in animated, staccato chorus:

"She said you were a wicked man, senor."

"She said you did not truly love our good, our respectable Guadalupe."

"She said you would never, never think of marrying her."

"That you were making a scandal."

"That it was but the badinage, the amusement of idle minutes. That you had no love, only cruelty to break the poor Guadalupe's heart."

"It's all a pack of lies," cried the exasperated senor, terrified by

the picture of himself called up by the Orosco ladies' words. "There's not a syllable of truth in it. Guadalupe must know that."

"I said so. I declared it to our estimable Guadalupe when I found her here just now in her state of so recent enragement. I have said to her before, 'My child, rest in peace; this noble caballero loves you from the deeps of his heart. He comes here only that he may one day lead you by the hand to his esteemed mother as his choice from the many maidens who surround his path.' And it has been as I have said. Praise to the saints! Smile upon the senior. He pines in your displeasure."

Mr. Thomas O'Hara, bewildered, dazed, happy, turned and looked with eloquent eyes at the silent figure with down-drooped, pensive face. The Senora Cabrillas touched her hand. She moved, looked up, and let her full, dark glance rest upon Tom O'Hara, who felt suddenly that he floated on waves of rapture. She made a murmurous sound of hesitating reluctance, evidently to signify that she was not all pacified.

"You have heard him," said the Senora Cabrillas, pushing her gently forward. "He says it was false, that he loves you, and desires you to be his wife."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. O'Hara, vivaciously emphatic; "that's it exactly. Oh, Guadalupe, don't you believe in me?"

The seniorita, thus apostrophized, paused for one tremulous, irresolute second, then held out her hand and let it light softly in Tom O'Hara's. As his fingers closed on it she blushed richly over her dark face, and turned away her head like any other little girl who did not resemble a Spanish princess or boast of the blood of Aztec kings. Mr. O'Hara, in the presence of the six staring witnesses, then kissed the warm, brown cheek, and the Orosco sisters began to clap their hands like people at a play.

It was a brilliant betrothal. To celebrate the great event they brought out the two bottles of champagne that Guadalupe had from her father and that Pancha kept in the bottom of a trunk. Then the company pledged the health of the *fiancés*, and after that the Orosco sisters escorted the future bridegroom down the stairs. Out in the street, under the shadow of the blue-roofed balcony, there was more lingering for renewed congratulations, and then Tom O'Hara turned and, facing the sunset, walked towards home. He was still dazed and hardly knew how it had all come about, but there was a great sense of lightness and joy at his heart. When he recalled the feeling of the warm hand crushed inside his own, the light of love in the darkly-shining eyes looking into his with a tender, new shyness, he felt like a god descended among men. The Orosco sisters stood in a picturesque cluster and watched him out of sight, their romantic hearts swelling with pride and happiness. In the window above Guadalupe too watched him in a silent ecstasy of love.

Geraldine Bonner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Daughters of Babylon. By Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens.

When two such workmen as Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens collaborate, we are justified in expecting something unusual. We have it in *The Daughters of Babylon*, a tale of the Jewish captivity.

As a matter of course, Mr. Barrett's portion of the work is well done, and it is to his stage experience that we are indebted for the dramatic intensity of the tale; his work in this book is even better than that in *The Sign of the Cross*, which, like *The Daughters of Babylon*, was published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Hichens has again exerted the faculties which made the *Green Carnation* the talk of the reading world; some portions recall the keen psychological insight manifested in *An Imaginative Man*. In fact, the whole book is a revelation to those who have become accustomed to look upon collaborations as necessarily lacking in some important particular.

The Daughters of Babylon is of double interest just now, in view of the fact that Mr. Barrett is making a tour with a dramatization of the story, and is expected shortly to appear in the United States.



Mr., Miss, and Mrs.
By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

Few writers are better acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men than is Mr. Bloomingdale, who is known to many readers as "Karl," of the *Philadelphia Press*. His experience in newspaper work has been of great advantage to the author, who has been enabled thereby to obtain his facts at first hand, and to do full justice to the men and women of whose lives he writes so interestingly.

Among the stories may be mentioned *An Unfinished Tale*, *The Man Who Reformed*, *An Unproductive Romance*, *The Man in the Case*, *The Wind-up of Bohemia*, *John Martin's Wife*,—but all are worth considerably more than a cursory perusal, and even the best-intentioned comparison is odious.



The Taming of the Jungle. By Dr. C. W. Doyle.

Although Mr. Kipling has made us acquainted with the lower animals of the great Indian jungle, he has touched only cursorily upon its human inhabitants, with whom—always excepting *Mowgli*!—*Kaa*, *Bagheera*, and the *Seonee Pack* are at deadly strife,—the endless struggle for existence.

Dr. Doyle has chosen his characters and incidents from the lives of the people of the Terai,—“the great tract of jungle that skirts the foot-hills of the Himalayas, in the Province of Kumaon,” as he describes the land. Of the people he says that “they pass lives of Arcadian simplicity among scenes

that surpass Ida and Olympus in beauty, and which vie with the glades of Eden, as Milton and Tennyson described them . . . they conform, as might be expected, to their environment. Life among them is found at first hand: their loves and hates are ingenuous, and present social aspects that must vanish before the march of civilization."

It is of these loves and hates that Dr. Doyle writes, taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by a long residence in this part of India. He is a native of Landour, a small station almost in the shadow of the Himalayas, and was at school at Mussoori, an adjoining station. His subsequent education was obtained in Calcutta, London, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. Dr. Doyle practised medicine in England for a time, but is now resident in California. His literary work is rapidly gaining recognition, and one cannot but hope that *The Taming of the Jungle*—Lippincott—will soon be followed by a worthy companion.

The Wind-Jammers.
By T. Jenkin Hains.

Under this somewhat odd title, the author contributes a collection of meritorious short stories, dealing with the lives of those who live on or about the sea. Mr. Hains

thus explains the title in the third tale of the series, *Off the Horn: a Tale of the Southern Ocean*:

"Rough, hard men were the 'wind-jammers,' as they were called, who earned the right to live by driving overloaded ships around this cape [Horn], from 50° south latitude on one side to 50° south latitude on the other. With the yards 'jammed' hard on the back-stays, they would take advantage of every slant of the wind, until at last it would swing fair, and then away they would go, running off for the other side of the world with every rag the vessel would stand tugging away at clew and earring, sending her along ten or twelve knots an hour toward the latitude of the trade-wind.

"Men of iron nerve, used to suffering and hardship, they were, for they had to stand by for a call to shorten sail at any hour of the day or night. Their food consisted of salt-junk and hard-tack, with roasted wheat boiled for coffee, and a taste of sugar to sweeten it. Beans and salt pork were the only other articles to vary the monotonous and unhealthful diet. As for lime-juice, it existed only in the imagination of the shipping commissioner who signed-on the men."

Altogether, the sixteen tales which comprise this collection are well worth reading, and the book is a worthy successor to *Captain Gore's Courtship*, Mr. Hains's earlier production, which appeared in Lippincott's *Lotos Library*.

Infatuation. By B.
M. Croker.

"Maria's Misfortunes" form the theme for *Infatuation*, the latest of Mrs. Croker's popular novels. Maria's chief misfortune consists in her dependence upon a tyrannical aunt; her "infatuation," a faithful love for a worthless cad. A story ever old, truly; and yet, ever new. Nor does it lose interest at Mrs. Croker's hands,—though such an assurance is all but gratuitous.

Infatuation is the February number of Lippincott's *Select Novels*, and is deserving of a high place among its predecessors in that series. It is published in two bindings,—paper and cloth.

A Trooper Galahad. By Captain Charles King.

Captain King is again in his element—the great Southwest—in *A Trooper Galahad*, the latest long story from his pen. The pursuit of a band of outlaws furnishes the flavor of war for this tale; one at first rather misses his old friends, the Indians, but soon becomes reconciled to their absence, during the long chase through what was “frontier” at the time of which the tale is written. The interest of the story is in no way marred by reminiscences of *The Deserter* and others from the pen of the same author. In fact, one rather likes the remaking of old acquaintances among the characters. So the book is distinctly enjoyable, and it will be read by multitudes,—even by those to whom fiction in general is of but slight interest.

A Trooper Galahad was first issued as the complete novel in a recent number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, the publishers of which now offer it in regular book form.

The Altar of Life.
By May Bateman.

The scene of action in this novel vibrates between England and India, and, it is almost needless to say, the “fast” Anglo-Indian society has supplied both plot and characters for the book. But at this point, the resemblance to the proverbial “seventh-commandment novel” ceases, and Miss Bateman sets herself to show that “. . . the noblest paradox of all is, now as ever, the love of man for woman and woman for man.

“This may be helpful or hindering, permanent or elusive, divine or human,—since each love in itself contains the elements of what is transitory and eternal,”—as the author phrases her theme. It is much to her credit that, starting from this stand-point, she has built up a strong story, which rings true in every sentence.

Miss Bateman makes her *début* in this country with *The Altar of Life*, which is the January number of Lippincott's series of *Select Novels*. She is well and favorably known in her own country, however, and a bright future for her on both sides of the Atlantic can safely be predicted, if all her work comes up to the standard of this book. Issued in two bindings,—paper and cloth.

A Text-Book of Physics. By J. H. Poynting and J. J. Thomson. Illustrated.

We have here a treatise upon *Sound*, the first of five volumes in which these well-known scientists have planned to cover the whole field of Physics. The other volumes are *Properties of Matter*, *Heat*, *Magnetism and Electricity*, and *Light*; they are to be issued—by the J. B. Lippincott Company—at regular intervals.

It is the avowed purpose of the authors that these text-books shall be “chiefly for the use of students who lay most stress on the study of the experimental part of Physics, and who have not yet reached the stage at which the reading of advanced treatises on special subjects is desirable.” To this end, only the phenomena of special importance are treated, and the mathematical methods are of an elementary nature. This feature renders the work available to the multitude of students who are not far enough advanced to use properly the works of other great physicists, such as Helmholtz and Lord Rayleigh.

The ten chapters into which the volume is divided treat of The Nature of

Sound and its Chief Characteristics, The Velocity of Sound in Air and other Media—Reflection and Refraction of Sound, Frequency and Pitch of Notes, Resonance and Forced Oscillation, Analysis of Vibrations, The Transverse Vibrations of Stretched Strings or Wires, Pipes and other Air Cavities, Rods—Plates—Membranes, Vibrations Maintained by Heat—Sensitive Flames and Jets—Musical Sand, and The Superposition of Waves; a copious Index enhances greatly the value of the work. Of the illustrations, one can say only that they are worthy of association with the text, which is at once readable in style and lucid in explanation.

**Principles and
Methods of Teach-
ing.** By Charles C.
Boyer, Ph.D.

"A Manual for Normal Schools, Reading Circles, and the Teachers of Elementary, Intermediate, and Higher Schools,"—to quote from the sub-title.

Following the initial section—which treats of Psychology, thus laying the foundation for the succeeding portions of the book—comes the elucidation of the Principles of Instruction. A plan for Methods of Teaching is elaborated in the third section, which is, indeed, the major part of the volume. The plan as outlined by Dr. Boyer includes the minutiae of a course of Object-Lessons, of lessons in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Composition, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Drawing, Manual Training, Physiology, Physical Culture, and Singing, embracing the whole scope of the average school curriculum. Not the least valuable portion of the volume is the list of Reference Books for Collateral Reading, by means of which the work planned by the author may be exhaustively supplemented in detail.

Of Dr. Boyer's qualifications for the task he set himself, there can be but small need to speak. That he fills ably the chair of Pedagogics in the famous Keystone State Normal School (Kutztown, Pa.), is a sufficient guarantee of his experience as a teacher; while the great success of his earlier works is a living proof of his ability to write acceptably upon his specialty.

Both author and publishers—J. B. Lippincott Company—are to be congratulated upon this work.

**Letters of Walter
Savage Landor.**
Edited by Stephen
Wheeler. With
Portraits.

The editor here presents a collection of public and private letters, written by Landor between 1838 and 1863; they throw much light upon the private character of this gifted man, than whom few have more persistently or with better success eluded classification by ordinary standards. The popular verdict has always been adverse to Landor, both as

a man and as an artist; indeed, it is not to be denied that his life—on the surface, at least—was distinctly unpleasant, and that it was marred by many sordid and disagreeable episodes. Still, the fact that, beneath the outer shell of imperious irascibility, behind a nature impracticable almost to the verge of grotesqueness, men of such varied opinions as Southey, Francis, Julius Hare, John Forster, Dickens, and many others, recognized a character of innate nobility, is surely an index to the man as he really was. And it must be confessed that their judgment is amply confirmed by the personality revealed in these letters.

Of those on public subjects, little need be said, except that they embody earnest opinions upon many of the burning public questions of Landor's times.

They are chiefly valuable as showing that, while their writer may often have been mistaken in his facts,—sometimes even in his deductions from facts unimpeachable in themselves,—his pen was always at the service of the weak and oppressed. The first letter—which was addressed to Daniel O'Connell, M.P.—is dated September 25, 1838; the last, May 17, 1855.

To the majority of readers, the private letters will be the more interesting. Written to Mrs. Paynter, a friend of his boyhood, or to her daughter Rose,—now Lady Graves-Sawle,—they are instinct with a tenderness for the ties of friendship, with a great natural kindness, which does much to explain the secret of Landor's hold upon those whose forbearance he must often have sorely taxed. There are portraits of Miss Rose Paynter, to whom the majority of the letters are addressed, of her sister, and of Landor himself,—the last taken from a sketch made about 1840.

Altogether, both editor and publisher—Lippincott—are to be congratulated upon having brought out a volume which will be influential in fixing, once for all, Landor's place among men.

Photography: its History, Processes, Apparatus, and Materials. By A. Brothers. Illustrated.

The volume here presented by Mr. Brothers—than whom none is more competent to write on this subject—is an exhaustive treatise upon every phase of the photographic art. And, though one is often tempted to exclaim against the prevalence of "book-photography," even the most exacting caviller will grant that this volume must soon become a necessity to every photographer, professional or amateur.

The author has divided his book into five parts: Introductory, Processes, Apparatus, and Materials Used in Photography, as well as the Applications of Photography, and certain truly Practical Hints. In the Introductory, we find an interesting Historical Sketch, and instructive chapters on the Chemistry of Photography, the Optics of Photography, and Light in Photography. An especially interesting section is that on Radiography, where the X-ray apparatus is described. In fact, the whole range of the subject has been treated minutely and comprehensively.

The illustrations are particularly interesting, especially the full-page plates, which are reproduced from photographs. Among them, the half-tone copper etching of Melrose Abbey, reproduced from a photograph taken in 1844, may be particularly mentioned, as may also a colored print, *The Chess Players*, reproduced by the heliochrome process, in which only three impressions are needed to produce the most elaborate color scheme. But the book—published by the J. B. Lippincott Company—must be examined to be fully appreciated.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. By A. de Burgh. Illustrated.

Elizabeth of the ill-fated house of Wittelsbach; by the favor of God and the love of Francis Joseph, Empress of Austria—few royal personages have excited more interest and sympathy in the minds and hearts of the whole civilized world. And justly so; for, with the single exception of Victoria of Great Britain, none has so deserved the respect and homage of humanity.

The author of this charming memoir—published by the J. B. Lippincott

Company—has here collected much valuable material, embracing the whole life of Elizabeth, from her girlhood to her assassination and burial. The book treats of Elizabeth as Princess, Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary; as a Woman, Philanthropist, Friend, and Mistress, Student and Reader, Architect, Sportswoman, Traveller; of her griefs and trials; of her whole life, in fact, including the events which rendered her practically a recluse during the latter years of her life. The illustrations are eighty in number, and include portraits of many people most prominent in the life of Elizabeth; there are also numerous views of her various residences, including those of the Achilleon, her palace in Corfu. The pictures of Elizabeth herself are interesting in the extreme, representing all periods of her life, from girlhood up to a snap-shot taken at Kissingen only a few months before her death.

After reading of the personality here revealed, one cannot but wonder, with the bereaved Emperor, "That a man could be found to attack such a woman whose whole life was spent in doing good and who never injured any person. . . ."

Mnemonics. By
Kikujiro Wadamori.

This volume is devoted to the elucidation of the author's system of Mnemonics, which science he defines as that "which treats of the practical application of systematic acts and methods bearing upon the cultivation of a Natural or Uncultivated Memory." We find chapters on Memory Objects, on Fundamental Processes and Methods, on the Memorizing of Numerals, Foreign Languages, Sentences and Speeches, Poetical Compositions, Personal Names, and Unfamiliar or Unknown Things or Events; the application of Mnemonics to the Study of Sciences has also a chapter.

Professor Wadamori's system is distinctly a new departure in the cultivation of memory, inasmuch as it not only makes use of the "association of ideas,"—the basis of all memory-systems,—but formulates the principle of "transformation," whereby an impression to be memorized is brought—strictly by rule, thus eliminating any unnecessary effort of the memory—into logical connection with the associated idea by means of which it is to be memorized. His explanations are lucid and logical, and the system seems to be feasible, even without teacher other than this volume,—indeed, numerous testimonials from users in Japan testify to the work he has been enabled to do during the last few years.

The author is now in the United States and has recently submitted to some very severe tests of his ability to memorize by his system familiar and unfamiliar objects and names. One hundred and twenty digits were memorized in less than thirty minutes, and were repeated both forward and backward. Twenty-five unfamiliar words—such as *Eureka*, *Miantonomoh*, *Salaam*, *Embonpoint*, *Magnifical*, etc.—were memorized and repeated without perceptible effort and with but one error, the whole test occupying but fifteen minutes. The names and ages of those present were also acquired with seeming ease. Professor Wadamori should find a wide field for his system, which he is introducing to the American public.



1899... 35th ...1899

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL,

\$1 000 000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate	\$2,000,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,510,090.17
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	251,120.97
United States Bonds	14,000.00
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	3,614,632.58
Railroad Stocks and Bonds	6,658,373.37
Bank Stocks	1,066,122.50
Other Stocks and Bonds	1,462,300.00
Total Assets	\$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,399,372.80
Present value, Installment Life Policies	507,041.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers	490,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment	230,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest	400,000.00
Total Liabilities	\$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders	\$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898	16,087,551.00

Insurance on Installment Plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	1,382,608.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	\$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	22,464,596.75

TOTALS.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898	\$2,633,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

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A TRUE FRIEND.—Fuddy.—“Norbin is a pretty sick man, I guess. He has changed doctors not less than three times in a fortnight.”

Duddy.—“I know. They are all friends of his, and in case of his death he is determined nobody shall know for certain which one of them it was who killed him.”—*Boston Transcript*.

THE DANISH LANGUAGE.—Julian Ralph, who made a tour of the European continent, found it difficult to master the Danish language. “The Danes,” he wrote from Copenhagen, “are not satisfied with the alphabet. They have invented a twenty-seventh letter, which is an O with a mark run through it, diagonally, from north-northwest to south-southeast, and this amazing letter comes in most of the words. They are so proud of it that they paint it, all by itself, in heroic size on the front of the second stories of the tram cars.

“I always used to think that when a British or Russian or Swedish prince came here to get a wife all he had to say was, ‘Wjill yjou mjarry mje?’ But I didn’t know a great deal of Danish then. In fact, I only knew the word ‘tandstikker,’ which means ‘rancid match,’—at least I think so after using those matches all over the world. Since I have come here I’ve not only discovered the O with a skewer through it, but I find that the language is so impossible that the Danes themselves have given it up.

“They spell Copenhagen Kjøbenhavn, Kiøbenhavn, Copenhague, Coepenhavn.”

WHAT HE SAW.—The bright boy’s mother is cultivating his bump of observation:

“Now, Johnny,” holding up a picture-card, “shut your eyes and tell me what you saw on this card.”

“A cow, a barn, a horse,” rattled off the bright boy glibly.

“What else?”

“Nothing.”

“Oh, yes! Think, now. What did you see behind the cow?” referring to the trees in the background.

A moment’s reflection.

“Her tail!” shouted Johnny ecstatically.—*Pearson’s Weekly*.

A SCOTCH JOKE.—At Scotch weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one of those occasions a newly married couple, relatives of the bridegroom, determined to carry out the observances of this custom to the letter.

The bridegroom heard them discussing their plans, and despatched a messenger to the carriage, which stood waiting, with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage.

No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders and entered the vehicle. Then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming, “Hey, Mr. Dougall, there’s your hat!” and donned his own, amid the cheers of all present. Mr. Dougall was the unhappiest-looking man in Scotland for some time after that.
—*London Telegraph*.



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BICYCLES**

"the 20 year old wheels."

\$40

is the 1899 price, the very lowest
the RAMBLER price can go—
this is bottom.

NO bicycle is worth more,
none at a lower price is RAMBLER
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TEUTOBURG FOREST.—The Teutoburg forest, where Arminius defeated Varus and put an end to Roman progress in Germany, is a wooded, mountainous region, located partly in the principality of Lippe and partly in Prussia, extending at first, under the name of Egge, in a northerly direction through the territory of Pendenborn to Driburg, then northwest to Bevergern, five miles east of Rheinne, on the Ems.

THE PRIVATE PIG.—The number of pigs kept by the colliers and artisans of the north of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a live animal of some sort, and, though dogs, guinea-pigs, cage birds, and homing pigeons are attractive, his fancy animal is usually a pig. He admires this on Sunday afternoons, and groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prizes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pit hand.

The sties in which these animals live are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railway sleepers, but it is interesting to learn that when the author was acting as a peripatetic judge at the colliers' show he found young pigs as blooming and healthy as possible, and that, small though the colliers' back yard is, he always contrives that his pig-sty shall be thoroughly ventilated and look towards the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls and condemn them to rheumatism, cold, and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has long been famous for the best cured hams in the world.—*London Spectator*.

WORSE.—Professor.—“Sorry to hear, Jorkins, that your wife has left you.”

Jorkins.—“She might do worse.”

Professor.—“Worse?”

Jorkins.—“Yes. She might come back again.”—*London Fun*.

HOW TO BE POSTED.—A supposititious conversation in the *London Academy* between a journalist and his solicitor gives an amusing picture of the manner in which some people, not literary, regard books and bookmen. The dialogue runs as follows.

“Literary men,” said Tregarthen, “have a curiously exaggerated opinion of their importance. Do you suppose that I don’t think for myself? Because I do, pretty continually. And why should I pay six shillings to this friend of yours—what is his name?—to do my thinking for me?”

“But don’t you feel any curiosity when you see the advertisements of a new novel, with a taking title, say, Anthony Hope, or Hall Caine, or H. G. Wells, or—”

“Certainly. And if I do I take the opportunity when I am invited out to dinner of asking the girl next me to tell me about the new novel. Girls can generally give you a good idea of the last new novel. And when she has told me about it I am extremely glad that I haven’t wasted my time by reading it. I manage to get a pretty good notion of current literature that way. Now and then I read a book,—I admit that,—but that is only when I take a girl in to dinner who tells me of a plot that doesn’t bore me to death.”

“Then you depend entirely on the most incompetent of critics?”

Tregarthen ate his cold beef in silence for a few moments.

“Girls are not so silly as they look,” he said.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people use it

WHEN Spring comes, almost every one wants to get out and rake leaves and dig in the earth. There are dignified men and women who have admitted that they wanted to make mud pies.

But what's the use of making flower beds, and weeding and watering, if your seeds fail to come up, or come up poor and spindling and never bloom? It is the "know how" that is necessary, together with reliable seeds, that will cause your garden spot to bloom perennially, and prove a constant source of health and pleasure. You must begin, of course, with your soil—its quality and preparation—and then the seeds best adapted to your climate. Miss C. H. Lippincott, 319 S. Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn., is the pioneer seedswoman of America. She will send you the daintiest catalogue published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds, from which you can select a choice collection for your garden at very reasonable prices, if you will write and ask for it. If it does not contain all you want to know, you can write to her and she will be very glad to give you further information. She grows her own seeds, and they are reliable, so you need never have the experience of learning that your Spring gardening is all for naught, after it is too late to plant again.

STRANGEST IN THE WORLD.—The strangest clock in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. Here an ordinary clock-dial is a huge gong. Beneath, scattered on the ground, are heaps of artificial skulls and the various bones of human beings, twelve in all. When the hands mark the hour of one the number of bones necessary to a human figure come together with a snap, the skeleton, by invisible mechanism, springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returns to its pile and falls to pieces. At noon or midnight the spectacle presented by the bones uniting to form twelve skeletons is described as very awe-inspiring.

SOROSIS AND BREAD.—At a meeting of Sorosis, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mrs. Jennie Lozier Payne, a talented member of that well-known women's club, said that the first thing in importance for a woman who would interest herself in practical methods for cultivating the art of home-making, is a knowledge of purchasing and cooking food.

It is a fact that too many women intrust those important functions of house-keeping which most directly affect the comfort and health of the family to those least interested in the family's welfare.

In these days of adulterated foods it is the imperative duty of every house-keeper, no matter what her social position or number of servants, to know for herself the character of quality of whatever comes upon her table.

There have been several cases recently reported where whole families were seriously poisoned by the use of alum baking powders which had found their way into the kitchen through the zeal of a grocer's clerk. A timely visit to the pantry would have prevented these occurrences.

The effect of the continued use of alum in food is to produce dyspepsia, gastritis, and many nervous affections and irregularities of the heart's action. The danger to the public from alum baking powders is recognized as so great that some States have already passed laws prohibiting the sale of such alum powders unless they are branded so as to warn their purchasers. Restrictive laws of this kind are not, however, general as yet, and where alum baking powders are not branded as such or their sale prohibited by law the house-keeper must, if she regards health, use her ingenuity to keep the poisonous articles from her kitchen. She will find it better to avoid the use of new or doubtful brands until they have been analyzed. The purity of all powders may be suspected if sold at a price lower than the price of the best standard brands. We know Royal to be a first-class cream of tartar powder, and if consumers make sure that this brand is supplied to them by their grocers they will be certain of a pure, healthful article. Every one knows the healthful quality of cream of tartar. It is derived from grapes and makes a pure, clean, wholesome baking powder. There is no hesitation in recommending the Royal brand to all who are in doubt as to the article they have been using, inasmuch as the United States government tests have placed that brand at the head of all the tartrate powders.—*Medical Journal*.

READING THE SIGNALS.—The captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washington tells a story of an Irishman he shipped. Pat wanted to get from Washington to Norfolk, and had no money. His story excited the sympathy of the ship-master, who finally agreed to let him work his passage.

Pat was willing, but densely ignorant of all things maritime, and no real sea duty fell to him until the vessel was sailing down Chesapeake Bay with a fair wind and plenty of sea-room. The captain then told Pat to take a turn at lookout forward, and instructed him to report promptly anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position he sang out,—

"Ah, captain!"

"Well, Pat?"

"There's something out here foreinst the boat."

"What is it?" said the captain, to test Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of an approaching steamer being visible.

"I raly couldn't say for shure, sur," says Pat, "but I sushpect it's a drug-store. There's a red and a grane light."—*Washington Post*.



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Solid Life Insurance

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1847**

**Purely
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**Assets
Exceeding
\$34,000,000**

**Surplus
Over
\$4,000,000**

Consists in the payment of death losses out of the premiums paid by members, and embraces also the payment to members during their lives of certain sums which they have saved.

The last-named function is an important one, as the wretchedness of an old age of poverty is second only in its terrors to the condition of widows and children deprived of their support.

It takes nothing from the prudence of life insurance for others to have insurance for one's self.

Modern adaptations are such that one may protect his family and himself in a single contract involving no greater cost than to forego a part of the interest on the premiums paid.

Here is an actual result :

POLICY No. 15,986

Issued July 16, 1874, on the life of Edward J. Ansonge, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Mich., was a Twenty-Year Endowment for \$2000.

The gross premiums were (\$6.84 x 20)	\$136.80
Dividend allowed in reduction of premium	537.43
Net cash payment	1399.37
For twenty years' insurance and an endowment of	2000.00

You may learn what you wish (no obligation imposed) by addressing

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE

921-23-25 Chestnut Street

"SIR," said the master of Balliol in his parting address to a distinguished alumnus, "your fellow-students think highly of you, the tutors and professors think highly of you, I think highly of you, but no one thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."

A FORGOTTEN POET.—The centenary of Thomas Haynes Bayly passed unnoticed in this country, but there are rumors to the effect that some celebration was attempted in his native town, Bath. He was born there on October 13, 1797. He wrote many dramas, which are dead, and a number of lyrics, which now and then reappear out of the limbo to which they were long ago consigned. "I'd be a Butterfly" and "Oh, No, We Never Mention Her" are still recalled by some loyal delvers into the past of minor verse. Mr. Andrew Lang likened Bayly's songs "to the strains of a barrel-organ, faint and sweet, and far away," but has addressed him nevertheless in these urbane lines:

"Farewell to my Bayly, farewell to the singer
Whose tender effusions my aunts used to sing!
Farewell, for the fame of the bard does not linger,
My favorite minstrel's no longer the thing.
But though on his temples has faded the laurel,
Though broken the lute, and though veiled is the crest,
My Bayly, at worst, is uncommonly moral,
Which is more than some new poets are at their best."

New York Tribune.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The old story about the French marquis who opined that the Almighty would think twice before damning a gentleman of quality doubtless finds an echo in all genuinely "armigerous" bosoms, but there is another tale in Evelyn's Diary which puts what I believe to be the English position as pointedly as the other does that of the ancient regime: "March 10, 1682.—V. told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the gallows and gave him some advice that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman,"—i.e., with courtesy and consideration. Everybody would admit that breeding has not a little to do with gentle instincts, but three generations may be trusted to do as much as thirty.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE FARMER WAS READY.—A well-to-do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him. The merchant was known for his crankiness, and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However, the farmer always kept a wary eye on him.

Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him, "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance, the other day when I was dining at your table it suddenly came into my mind to kill you, though I had nothing in the world against you. I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me."

"Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I knowed all about your failin's in that line, an' I wasn't asleep when I saw your hand go to your hip. My son John was standin' in the hallway back of you with a shotgun levelled at you, an' you just did save your bacon by changin' your mind. Ef you hadn't, he'd er blowed daylight through you!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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No delicate parts.

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The small indicator can be set back
to zero like a stem-winding
watch, after each trip, without
affecting grand total on the large
register. Same positive action as
the other famous model.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

THE Tribune Almanac was first published in 1838 under another name. It has appeared every year except one, since that date, continuously confirming and enhancing its original claim to the confidence of the country. In recent years its size has been extended to meet the requirements of a growing population, with a greater complexity of interests, and now contains a much more varied assortment of topics. By rigid compression and expert management, it yet remains compact and portable, while extraordinarily comprehensive. We observe that the 1899 number contains the Constitution of the United States; the salient features of the Constitution of New York; the Charter of the Greater New York; a complete history of the War with Spain, including the Treaty of the Joint Commission in Paris; and the Monetary Systems of the world; full returns of the elections in the several States and Territories; electoral and popular vote for each President since the election of George Washington; the War Revenue Bill; a complete summary of Acts passed to date by the present Congress; History of the Annexation of Hawaii; and many miscellaneous topics.

THE WAY OF FATHERS.—“That’s just the way with fathers,” complained Bobby. “When my wheel was new, an’ I liked to work at it, paw always pumped it up, an’ now I got tired of the work so has paw.”—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

MAGICAL CLEVERNESS.—Dr. Conan Doyle must have some of the peculiar aptness of Sherlock Holmes, the detective who walks his pages. But, as *The Bookman* tells us, he refers his idea of the character to an old professor of medicine at the Edinburgh University.

This man would sit in the patients’ waiting-room, with a face like a red Indian, and diagnose the people as they came in, even before they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms and he would give them details of their lives.

“Gentlemen,” he would say to the students standing about, “I am not quite certain whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight callus or hardening on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb. That is a sure sign that he is either the one or the other.”

His deductions were very dramatic.

“Ah,” he would say to another man, “you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, gentlemen, how did I know that? He came into the room without taking off his hat, as he would go into an orderly-room. He was a soldier. A slightly authoritative air, combined with his age, shows that he was a non-commissioned officer. A rash on his forehead tells me he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there.”

AT BOMBAY all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

TEN YEARS OF REBUFF.—Anthony Hope wrote for ten long discouraging years before the slightest recognition of his work came to cheer him. He worked with passionate enthusiasm all the week, and, as a great lark, Sunday afternoon had tea with his quiet English sisters, consuming toasted muffins and the mildest type of rectory gossip. Thus he lived and toiled, and not until “The Prisoner of Zenda” made its author famous did he ever attend the most innocuous form of literary gatherings.

When the “Dolly Dialogues” had gone into many editions and was the talk of the town, an admirer, acquainted with Mr. Hope’s anomalous inexperience, arranged that he should meet a very vivacious *élégante*, as nearly like Lady Dolly as London society could afford. It was very funny to see the diffident Mr. Hope, his face wreathed in bashful smiles, drinking in the lady’s gay chatter and evidently in an ecstasy of pleasure. It was having his characters vivified with life before his eyes.

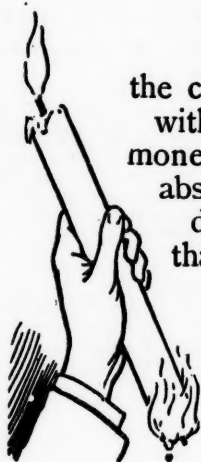
The novelist is a tall, slender man, whose shoulders are slightly stooped, his head decidedly bald, and manners reserved, yet delightful, by reason of the profound deference he pays to the opinions and remarks of other people.—*Boston Traveller*.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.—Clerk.—“Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.”

Mr. Muldoon (dealer).—“Sind ’em saft wood.”

“They will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast.”

“Be jabers, thot’s so. Wet it.”—*New York Weekly*.



You're burning

the candle at both ends, when you use soap with **Pearline**—throwing away some of the money that **Pearline** saves. The easy work, the absence of rubbing, the quickness, is all due to the **Pearline**. **Pearline** does all that the soap is meant to do or can do and more besides. Soap doesn't help and isn't necessary.

Soap is simply extravagance, so is too much **Pearline**. 607

Pearline — no soap.

TWO EXTREMES.—MANKIND SEEK THE "STAFF OF LIFE" IN PECULIAR PLACES.—Mankind have run into two extremes as regards wheat flour. The Grahamites have ground up the whole grain, smut, silex, coat, beards, and all, believing that the human stomach needs rasping and scratching to keep it in a wholesome condition. This, so far from being the case, has weakened the nerve powers of the stomach and alimentary canal, producing indigestion, dyspepsia, and chronic diarrhoea.

The other extreme has been owing to a demand for white flour. These people have taken off not only the thin outer husk, but have stripped the grain of its mineral salts, phosphates, and gluten, thus making a white flour to please the eye, while it starves the body; one utterly unfit to sustain human life: a flour of which the chief ingredient is starch, producing a bread on which a dog would starve.

The Franklin Mills Company, of Lockport, N. Y., have produced a flour free from these objections. They simply remove the thin outer husk of the grain, and grind the entire wheat into fine flour, thus retaining all the nourishing properties of the wheat.

Those who want good, wholesome bread—bread which is, indeed, "the staff of life," should procure the "Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat." Your grocer can supply you with this flour: if he will not do so, order direct of the mill.—*The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Review*.

DUMAS AND HIS MONEY.—Dumas the elder was not in the habit of counting his money, but did once, leaving it on the mantel while he left the room for a few minutes. When he returned and was giving some instructions to a servant, he mechanically counted the pieces over again and found a louis missing. "Well," he said, with a sigh, "considering that I never counted my money before, I can't say it pays."

AN attempt to acclimatize ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

He lived in a cave by the seas,
 He lived upon oysters and foes,
 But his list of forbidden degrees
 An extensive morality shows.
 Geological evidence goes
 To prove he had never a pan.
 But he shaved with a shell when he chose.
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

He worshipped the rain and the breeze,
 He worshipped the river that flows,
 And the dawn and the moon and the trees,
 And bogies and serpents and crows.
 He buried his dead with their toes
 Tucked up—an original plan—
 Till their knees came right under their nose.
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

His communal wives at his ease
 He would curb with occasional blows,
 Or his state had a queen, like the bees
 (As another philosopher trows).
 When he spoke, it was never in prose,
 But he sang in a strain that would scan,
 For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

ENVOY.

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
 But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
 For, as every Darwinian knows,
 'Twas the manner of primitive man!

ANDREW LANG.

QUEER ANSWERS BY PUPILS.—Some exceedingly ludicrous answers to examination questions by young pupils are recorded in the *Boston Traveller*. "In a training school for girls," says the journal, "one maiden said that a robin had web feet, and that a sparrow had eyes on both sides of its head to enable it to see around a corner." In political and legal lore the pupils were all at sea. One said a "bill" is permissible when it is allowed to pass the first time: it is retrospective when it has to be considered again. Charlestown was said to be a naval arsenic. Children, too, give some queer definitions. Backbiter was said to be a flea. Blacksmith is a place where they make horses, because you can see them nailing the feet on. A horse is an animal with four legs, one in each corner. Ice is water that went to sleep in the cold. Little sins are cracked commandments. The nest egg is the one the hen measures by. The four seasons are pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar, and stars are the moon's eggs."

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PAPER CURRENCY OF NORWAY.—Norwegian paper currency is printed on cinnamon-brown paper, and the bills are about the size of the "shinplasters" used in the United States in the time of the civil war. These bills are rarely seen in this country, for they circulate little among the common people from whom emigrants to America are drawn.

DIPSOMANIACS in Sweden, when put under restraint, are fed almost entirely on bread steeped in wine. In less than a fortnight they loathe the very look and smell of liquor, and when liberated generally become total abstainers. In Russia a similar treatment is followed with good results.

WHEN the strings of two violins are in exact unison and one string is bowed, the other will begin to vibrate.—HELMHOLTZ.

KHYBER PASS.—The Khyber Pass, the northwestern gateway of British India, and one of the four chief passes which unite our possessions with Afghanistan, is the narrow winding defile, wending between cliffs of shale and limestone rock six hundred to one thousand feet high, which runs through the Khyber range, the northernmost spurs of the Safed Koh Mountains, between Peshawur and Jelalabad. Its highest point is three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, on the ridge connecting the Khyber with the Safed Koh range, and forming the watershed of two small streams, the one flowing northwest to Jelalabad and the Kabul River, the other south-southeast towards Jamrwo, the last British outpost, ten and a half miles from Peshawur. The pass lies along the beds of these torrents, and, especially in July and August, is subject to sudden floods. The gradient is generally easy, except at the Land Khana Pass, but it is covered with loose stones, which become larger as the head of the stream is reached.

To the north of the defile lies the Khyber range, to the south the Bara spur of the Safed Koh divides it from the Bara valley, the river of Peshawur. The mountains which shut it in vary in height from six thousand to seven thousand feet. Here and there on the vast promontories of rock which run out into the defile rise Buddhist dagobas, monuments of the time, a century after Alexander the Great, when the "great doctrine" of Sakya Muni reigned throughout Northern India. Here and there "written stones" bearing Greco-Bactrian inscriptions are to be seen in the mountains, while dolmens of unknown origin disposed in rings resembling the stone circles of Stonehenge rise at the entrance of tributary gorges.—*London News*.

AN INSINUATION.—Mrs. Ginger.—"How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you?"

The Maid.—"I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am."—*Boston Transcript*.

MOST COSTLY LEATHER IN THE MARKET.—The most costly leather now in the market is known to the trade as "piano-leather." American tanners years ago discovered the secret of making Russia leather, with its peculiarly pungent and lasting odor, but the secret of making piano-leather is known only to a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use,—the covering of piano-keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are prepared almost entirely in America. It is a particular kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather, a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in the West, which collects the skins of this deer from the Indians and the half-breed hunters, who supply the market. When the skins are returned to this country as piano-leather, they cost the piano-manufacturers from fifteen to eighteen dollars a pound. The world's supply of this invaluable and necessary material is supplied by the Kutzenman family of tanners, who have six establishments in Germany, the largest in Thuringia.—*Washington Star*.

ROCKING-CRADLES for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

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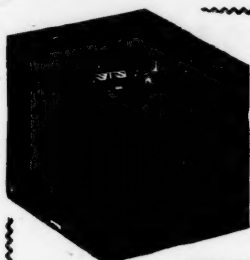
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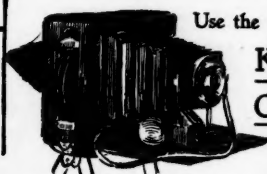
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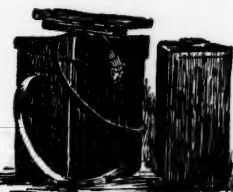
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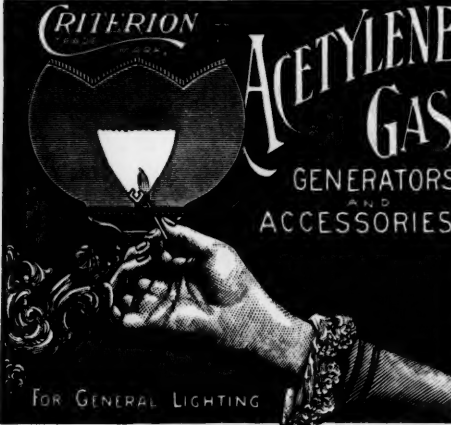
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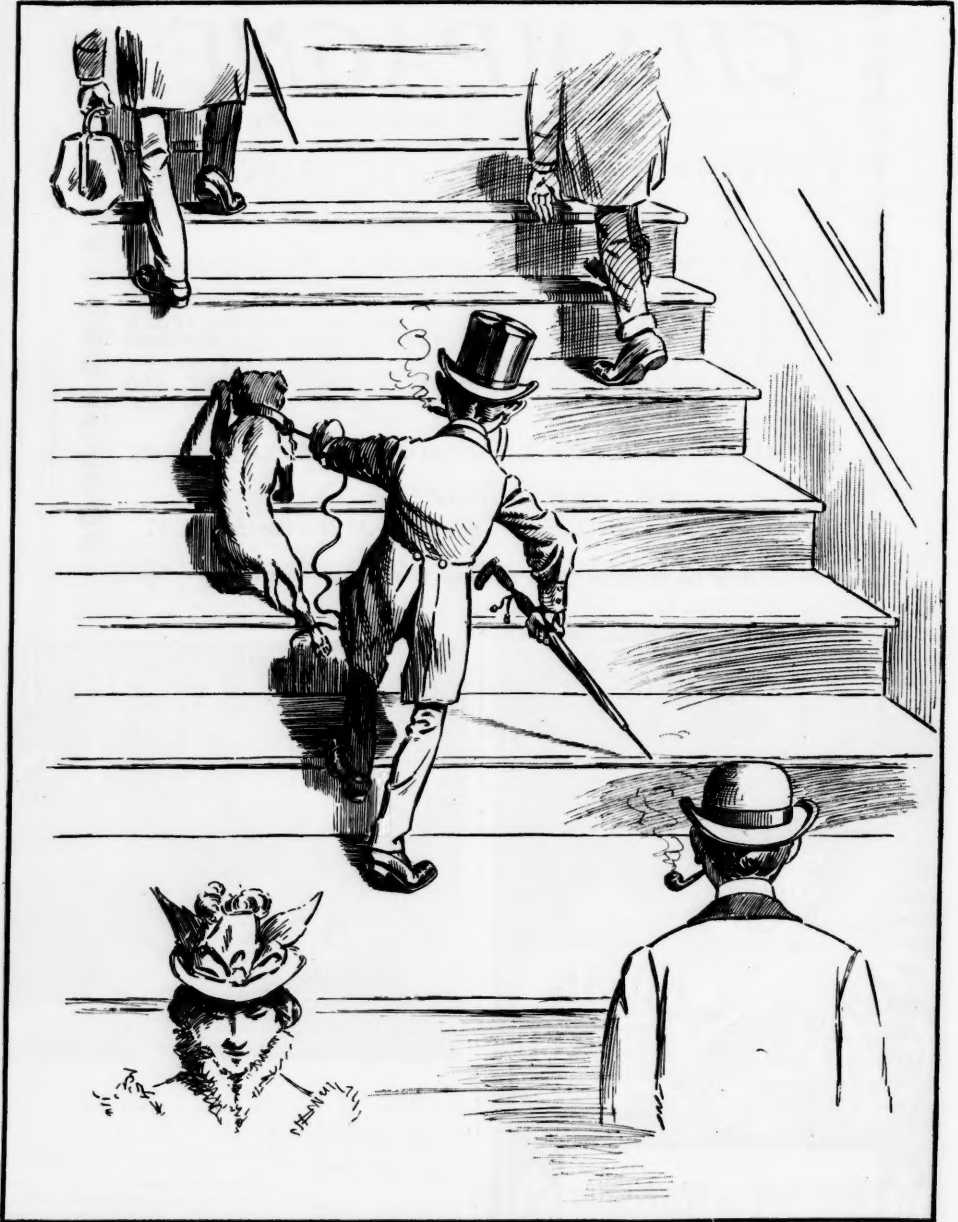
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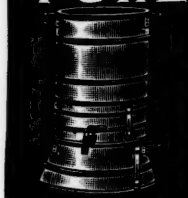
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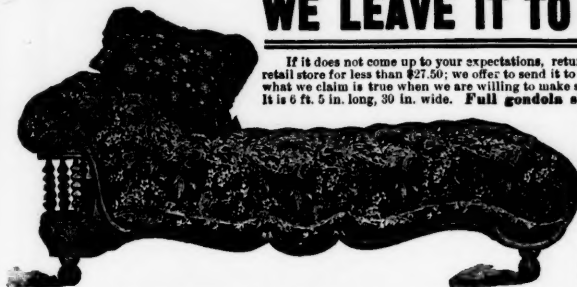
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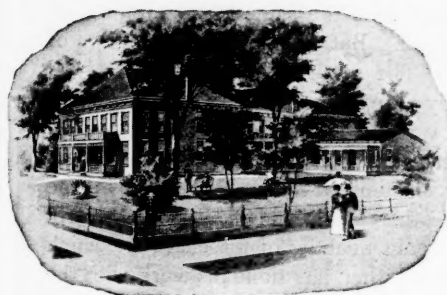


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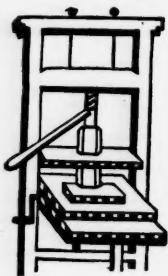
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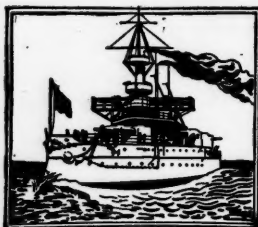
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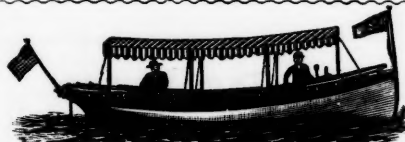
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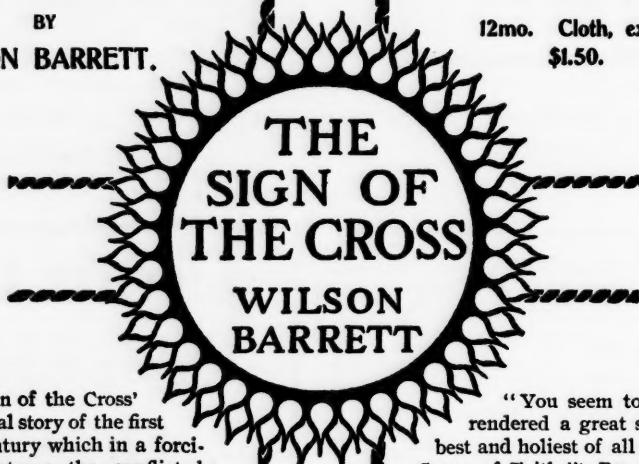
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